

# THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXI.

DECEMBER, 1885.

NO. 2.

## THE CITY OF TEHERÂN.

### FIRST PAPER.

THE present capital of Persia owes its importance to the fact that it was made the seat of government by Shah Aga Mohammed, the founder of the dynasty of the Khajârs, about a hundred years ago. Teherân (the circumflex is used in this article, to mark the accents, in proper names) is an old city; it was called by Pietro de la Valle the city of plane trees; and its well-ordered bazaars had a wide repute in his time. But until it became the capital it could not be considered in any sense a rival of Ispahân or Shirâz, or other important and ancient cities of Persia. The monarchs of the Khajâr dynasty have been men of ability and enterprise, and their capital, from being a small, comparatively unknown town, has become one of the most flourishing and active cities in the East, with a growing population of nearly two hundred thousand souls. Although it possesses few such noble examples of ancient architecture as one finds at Ispahân, yet a sketch of Teherân will give one a very good idea of life in Persia, while its suburbs present most of the features peculiar to Persian scenery.

On approaching Teherân by way of Resht on the Caspian, one ascends upwards of six thousand feet; and on reaching the Kharzân Pass, it would seem that a corresponding descent would lead to the great plains of central Persia. But, on the contrary, the southern descent is but two thousand feet; this accomplished, the traveler finds himself on a vast plateau four thousand to five thousand feet above the sea level. Teherân consequently occupies a lofty position, while appearing to be on a plain of ordinary elevation stretching east, west, and south as far as the eye can see. This accounts for the ease with which

in that region one gets short of breath with any unusual exertion, a difficulty which passes away after the lungs have become accustomed to an otherwise delightful atmosphere.

There could hardly be a greater contrast of scenery than that presented by the two sides of the pass above mentioned. On the north side, the mountains concentrate the moisture from the Caspian, and numerous streams descend to the sea. This abundance of humidity produces a vegetation almost tropical in variety and luxuriance. The road winds through primeval forests of extraordinary density and beauty. The venerable gnarled trunks are green with moss or embraced by the long tendrils of clambering vines. Often the emerald gloom of the forest is brightened by the vivid scarlet blossoms of the pomegranate gleaming like glints of light. Near the sea are noble lawns and vistas of green fields, old granges, thatched huts of the peasantry under superb masses of overarching foliage, and moist rice-fields where women wade bare-legged and regardless of veils. But in the forest lurk the panther and the tiger and the frequent and persistent mosquito; while the deadly miasma rises from the steaming rice-fields, there being few who are not wasted or destroyed by the all-pervading fever.

But as one begins to ascend the mountains he becomes aware that he is entering upon scenery of a different character—so different, indeed, that he seems to have passed into another hemisphere. The atmosphere is also entirely different. On the north side the damp heat causes the perspiration to start as if from a steam-bath; while the air on the ridge is dry, and although the temperature is even

higher, the heat is far less relaxing. When, therefore, the excessive dryness of the Persian climate is mentioned, exception should always be made of the Caspian provinces of Gilân and Mazanderân, the air of which is quite the reverse of dry.

Probably no drier atmosphere than that of Teherân exists except in Sahara. But this, after the stranger becomes acclimatized, is favorable to pulmonary, nervous, and rheumatic complaints. The spring and autumn are exceedingly delightful; in summer the heat in the city ranges from ninety-five to one hundred and ten in the shade, but is endurable because of its dryness, provided caution is exercised against exposure to the direct rays of the sun. The Europeans and many of the Persians generally spend the summer in the numerous and attractive villages nine or ten miles from the city, fifteen hundred feet higher, on the talus of the Shimrân. During the day a brisk breeze from the south-west blows like a trade-wind, and at night a cool gentle wind from the mountains lowers the temperature an average of ten degrees Fahrenheit. In the Shimrân the temperature ranges in summer from seventy-two to ninety degrees, rarely reaching the latter figure.

The Shimrân is a part of the great Elburz

chain which extends from the Caucasus to Merv. Shimrân or Shim-Îrân means the Light of Persia. Gradually ascending directly from the walls of Teherân, the range at a distance of only ten miles soars with sudden precipitousness to the enormous height of thirteen thousand feet above the sea. During the whole summer snow is seen on the summit, while in winter it is clothed with a dense mantle of ermine to the plains. Nothing more magnificent in the way of mountain scenery could be imagined. From every part of the city, as I write, the glittering ridge of the Shimrân is seen above the house-tops, or forming a magnificent background at the end of the streets leading north and south. In summer these mountains are, it is true, nearly destitute of vegetation, but the grandeur of the rock formations and their varied color fully compensate for the absence of verdure.

North-east from Teherân, about forty miles distant, is another feature of the landscape which, when it has been once seen, can never be forgotten. I certainly shall always remember the moment when, on my way from Casbeen and yet ten miles from Teherân, we turned a sharp corner in the road, and the mighty peak of Demavênd burst on my view



A STREET IN TEHERÂN, NEAR THE PALACE.

for the  
it pro  
solitu  
avênd  
riously  
have  
and  
plac  
to tw  
of the  
nearl  
age in  
grees  
feet  
vicini  
lation





THE SHAH, NUSR-ED-DEEN.

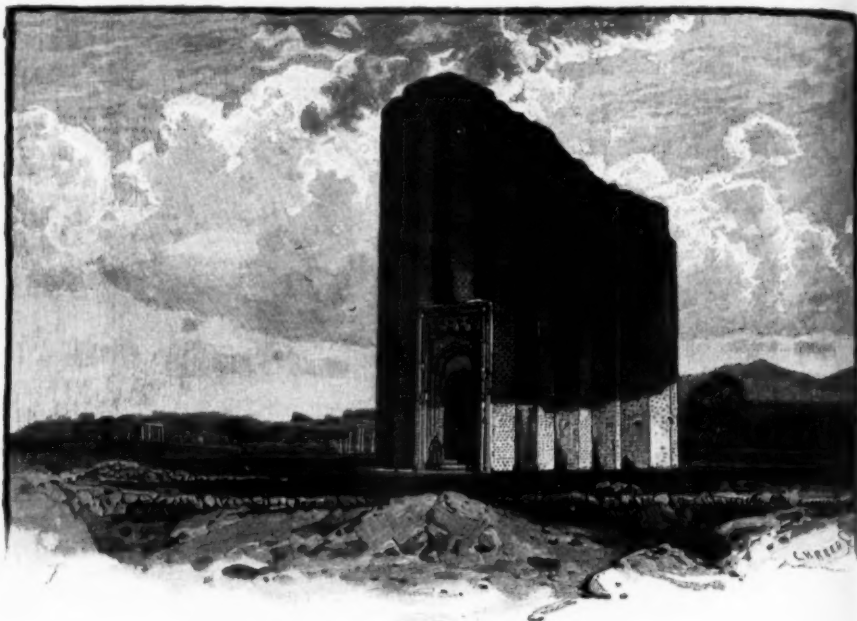
for the first time. Although still so distant, it produced an overpowering impression of solitude and sublimity. The height of Demavend by barometrical pressure, has been variously estimated by the few adventurers who have reached the summit; the most recent and the most reliable calculations agree in placing it at nineteen thousand six hundred, to twenty-one thousand feet above the level of the sea. The form of the peak is very nearly pyramidal, with the extraordinary average inclination of thirty-six to thirty-eight degrees. Soaring, as it does, nearly ten thousand feet above any mountains in the immediate vicinity, it is invested with a spirit of regal isolation. The peak springs out of a vast wind-

ing crater two thousand feet deep and of great extent, called the Valley of the Lar. I visited this tremendous scene of desolation in summer, scaling the Aftcha Pass, thirteen thousand feet high. The Lar River, which winds through the valley, is well supplied with fine trout, many of which festooned my tent-pole and sated appetites made keen by the mountain air.

The mountains make a curve to the southwest of Teherân, terminating in a rocky ridge two thousand feet high. Around the base of this ridge is the site of the ancient city of Rhages, reputed to have had a million inhabitants in the time of Darius. In later ages the city was called Rheï, although by modern Per-

sians still known as Rhazec.\* Rhages is mentioned several times in the Book of Tobit. The abundance of salmon in the Persian rivers north of the Elburz, and the facility with which they are brought to Teherân, packed in ice, seem to suggest that the fish mentioned in

was captured and destroyed in the thirteenth century by Hulagu, the Mogul.† The ruins of Rheî are still found at intervals of considerable space, including a number of dilapidated towers. The peasants have picked up coins, gold necklaces, and bracelets there. But no



RUINED TOWER AT RHEÎ, NEAR TEHERÂN.

the Book of Tobit, in connection with the city of Rhages, belonged to that species. It is, however, singular that so little is said about this great city by ancient writers. It has not even separate mention in classical dictionaries. Yet Rheî was the capital of the Arsacidæ or Parthian dynasty, and later, in the twelfth century, of the celebrated Alp Arslân. The city

regular exploration has been made, although, if the Government were willing to grant permission, there can be little question that valuable discoveries would reward the intelligent explorer.

On a ledge overlooking the site of Rheî is the Parsee cemetery of Teherân, a white spot on the purple side of the bare mountain con-

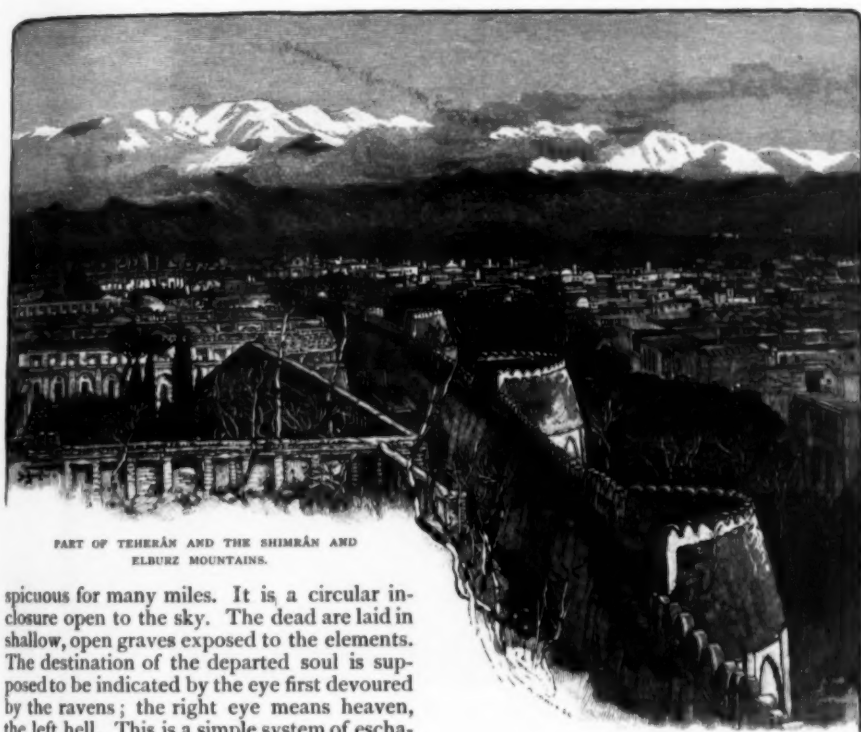
\* It must be admitted that Rawlinson inclines to the theory that Rhages stood, not at Rheî, but on the site of the city whose ruins are near the village of Shahr-i-Veramin, in the district of Veramin, about thirty miles south-east of Teherân. The basis of this opinion appears to be the statement of Arrian as to the distance from Rhages to the defile called Pylæ Caspiæ. But here Rawlinson and others who accept his conclusions must concede that their argument is possibly a begging of the question; for the exact position of the Pylæ Caspiæ is yet far from being a settled question. On the other hand, a personal observation of Veramin leads me to see nothing in the style and character of the antiquities at that place to indicate that they antedate the mausoleum or brick tower of Rheî, of which an engraving accompanies this article. While the widely spread ruins of Rheî thus suggest the former existence

of a much larger city than we are led to infer stood at Veramin, it is also an important point that the general traditions of the Persians themselves are altogether in favor of Rheî.

† Naizmudin, a Mohammedan author who was a native of Rheî and escaped with his life at the great destruction of that city by the Moguls, says: "Could there well be worse slaughter than there was in Rheî, where I, wretched that I am, was born and bred, and where the whole population of five hundred thousand souls was either butchered or carried into slavery?"

We who live in the present more favored age and more favored lands, find it difficult to realize the enormous crimes of history; so astounding are they that we pass them over without consideration, for the imagination fails to grasp their horrible details.

spicu  
closur  
shallo  
The c  
posed  
by the  
the le  
tology  
satisf  
Six m  
Rheî,  
dûl A  
fession  
sians  
the so  
the c  
his so  
the S  
betwe  
brillia  
given  
even  
less,  
who  
or fol  
cies  
mero  
lic th  
But  
their  
ment  
the o  
that  
orga  
espi



PART OF TEHERÂN AND THE SHIMEÂN AND  
ELBURZ MOUNTAINS.

spacious for many miles. It is a circular inclosure open to the sky. The dead are laid in shallow, open graves exposed to the elements. The destination of the departed soul is supposed to be indicated by the eye first devoured by the ravens; the right eye means heaven, the left hell. This is a simple system of eschatology, although its results cannot always be satisfactory to the friends of the departed. Six miles from Teherân, and near the site of Rhei, is the celebrated shrine of the Shah Abdûl Azeem, a famous saint of the Sheâh profession. The Turks are Sunnees, but the Persians are Sheâns, deeming the Holy Hussein, the son of Alee, to have been the true heir to the caliphate. But the Holy Hussein and his sons were slain by the caliph accepted by the Sunnees; hence an irreconcilable feud between the two sects. The Persians are a brilliant, intellectual race, vivacious, much given to lively conversation, speculation, and even religious skepticism. There are, doubtless, numerous intellectual Persian gentlemen who accept some form of Sufeism. The Babs or followers of the Bab, who founded a species of Mohammedan Pantheism, are also numerous, notwithstanding the fact that in public they practice the rites of Mohammedanism. But the Mollahs or hierarchy consider, from their point of view, that a theocratic government must depend largely for perpetuation on the outward profession at least of the doctrines that gave it birth. The Mollahs are thoroughly organized, and are strengthened by a strong *esprit de corps*. No one dares openly to defy

their authority. Believers and unbelievers are therefore united in devoting the Sunnees to the bad place. Their religious festivals come often enough to afford relaxation in making pilgrimages to the numerous shrines of the saints, into which as well as into the mosques no Christian can enter without risking his life. Meshéd enjoys great celebrity as a shrine, for there lies buried Imâm Rhezâh, one of the twelve holy Imâms who descended from Alee and Fathiméh. Koom is another resort of great sanctity, for, besides containing the bodies of several hundred saints, the mother of the Prophet is reputed to be enshrined in its holiest sanctuary.

But there is no sacred resort in Persia more celebrated than that of Shah Abdûl Azeem, which is so conveniently situated near the capital that, at a moderate estimate, it is visited annually by three hundred thousand pilgrims from Teherân alone. The gilded dome over the tomb of the saint may be seen for a great distance glittering like a star over the plain.

Here, then, surrounded by such scenes of natural, historic, and ethnic interest, lies the capital of Persia. But the city of Teherân



A THEOLOGICAL STUDENT.

merits description not only for the charms of its environments, but likewise for its own special attractions. It was formerly surrounded by battlemented walls, but as the city has developed and spread in every direction the old walls have been razed. Earthworks, supplied with a deep fosse and laid out after the modern system of city defenses, are now thrown around the entire circumference of Teherán, at a sufficient distance to allow space for the expansion of the population. Numerous avenues lead out of the city to the roads of Casbeen, Hamadán, Shímrán, Yusefabád, Doshantépé, and elsewhere. A magnificent gateway has been erected where each of these roads enters the city. While they are alike in general style, each has a character of its own. A description of the gate of Shímrán will give one an idea of the later Persian system of constructive decoration, which began soon after the Saracenic invasion, and probably reached its culmination in the time of Shah Abbas, although arriving early at a high degree of excellence.

Whatever relates to Persian art is of importance, for no nation has ever borrowed so little from others in the arts, or lent so many

architectural and decorative ideas to other schools. The ancient Greeks had the double capacity to borrow art ideas from Egypt and Persia, and to adapt them to the materials and needs of their own climate and religion. The Arabs in Spain and Portugal, when they sought to beautify the Peninsula with admirable constructions, invited Persian artists to found there what is called Saracenic architecture. The results affected in hardly less degree the Christian architecture of those and the neighboring countries. One has but to reside a few months in Persia to find on every hand the germs of the Saracenic school, and the types of forms reproduced under other conditions elsewhere. Like all true architecture, that of Persia has always been constructive, combining at once use, adaptation to the materials at hand, and a harmonious blending of form and color. The principal features of the Persian Saracenic are the arch, glazed bricks or tiles of various colors, elegant designs in mosaic composed of small bits of glazed brick, and stucco-work. The Gate of Shímrán is a lofty central arch, supported by deep arched niches on either side and smaller ones above. The effect of what might perhaps seem a heavy design is lightened

by  
the  
an  
azur  
in

arch  
many  
Achi  
reari  
enga

But  
hand  
the  
the g  
which  
inclo  
ble tr  
alwa  
the b  
a pla  
taken  
ces, i  
grace  
a han  
and f  
v

by graceful turrets or pinnacles rising from the roof. The entire fabric is incrustated by an outer layer of orange-yellow, black, and azure bricks, highly glazed and arranged in elegant geometric designs. Over the main

square is entered through six stately gates; the two on the south side lead one to the *anderoon*, or woman's quarter of the palace, and the other to the palace itself, the foreign office, and the quarters of the Naib Sultanéh,



PARSAE CEMETERY, NEAR TEHERÂN.

arch is a colossal mosaic painting, including many colors, which represents Rustém, the Achilles of Persian legend, mounted on a rearing steed and armed with a coat of mail, engaged in a fierce conflict with his enemies.

But of the many city gates of Teherân, the handsomest is probably the large one before the ark or citadel on the north. It faces the great square of the Department of War, which is in itself a handsome and imposing inclosure. In the center is an octagonal marble tank one hundred and fifty feet long and always full to the brim. At each corner of the basin an enormous cannon is mounted on a platform. The four sides of the square are taken up with barracks and government offices, in two uniform stories, constructed with graceful arches, and including on the east side a handsome balcony supported by light pillars and faced with mosaics of glazed tiles. This

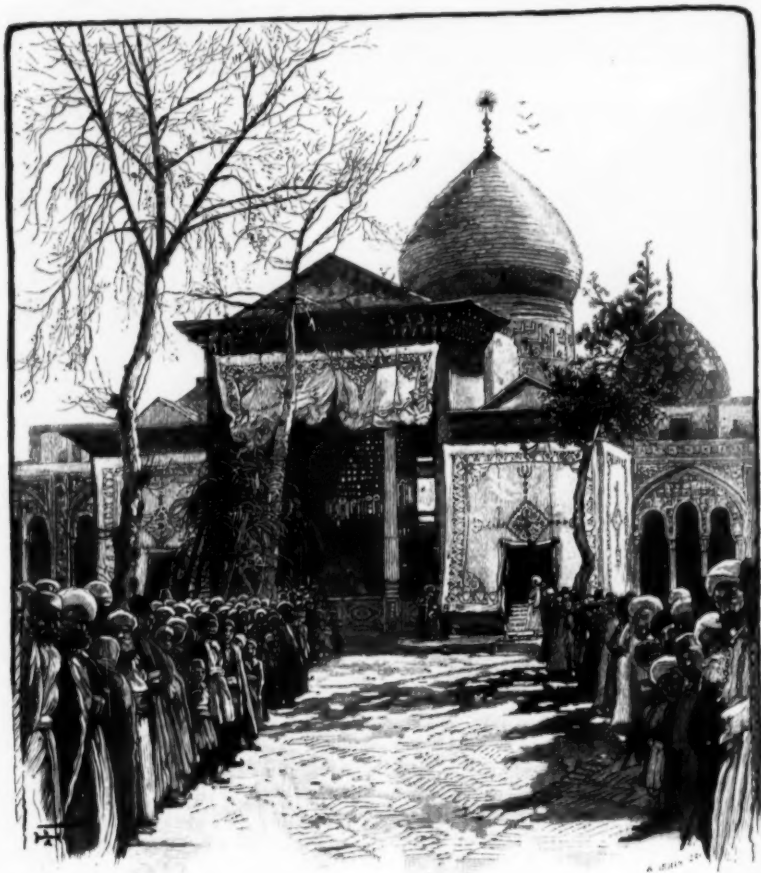
or Minister of War, who is the third son of the Shah. The latter gate I have already alluded to. It is probably seventy feet high. Above the central gate the wall is pierced by a smaller arch, protected by a balustrade. Above fly the colors of Persia—the Lion and the Sun on a green ground. At sunrise and at sunset a band of musicians collect in this lofty gallery with horns, cymbals, and kettle-drums, and hail the hour with nondescript music such as Beethoven and Mozart never dreamed of. It is curious that, notwithstanding the highly cultivated artistic sense of the Persians, they have no better notion of the harmonies of sound. This does not appear to be for lack of a musical ear, for their stringed instruments are capable of fine expression, and the military bands instructed by Europeans, I am informed, very soon seize the *motif* of European music. At the diplomatic dinner given



by the Naib Sultanéh on the eve of the birthday of the Shah in 1884, the various national tunes, including "The Star-Spangled Banner," were played with spirit and effect.

The architectural decorations already described are not confined to the public buildings

nished with seats and niches and roofed by an arch. Above is a *balâhané*, or lodge, provided with curtains and perhaps stained-glass windows. Strange to say, the street entrance itself is a low, square, modest door, simply relieved by heavy knockers of figured iron or brass.



PILGRIMS AT THE SHRINE OF SHAH ABAS ABDÔL, NEAR TEHERÂN.

of Teherân. At every turn one discovers the love of beauty inherent in the national character. The arched doorways of the shops are decorated with a mosaic of glazed tiles or bricks, or with the peculiar honeycomb work so notable at the Alhambra. This is done in stucco, often colored and gilded, sometimes in a rude but always a thoroughly effective style. The entrances to the houses are generally ornamented in this manner, and are formed by the recession of the street wall in a semicircle, fur-

Through this unimposing entrance one passes into a darksome passage, which but little suggests the spacious and attractive court to which it leads. The court is paved, but laid out in the center with trees and shrubbery around a tank stocked with gold-fish. If the house belongs to a man of position, the first court is surrounded by the servants' rooms, offices, and stables. This, however, does not prevent the walls from being abundantly decorated with *gatch*, or stucco-work. Thence

we pro  
dered  
age ar  
as ent  
wildern  
this  
howev  
The fi  
fact th  
the se  
ture.  
ing th  
ingless  
moder  
It doe  
tion m  
constr  
and c  
can re  
The C  
theno  
princi  
thetra  
archit  
Hous  
Ho  
day l  
Achaz  
the sa  
sense  
nary  
in an  
the P  
nor s  
the fa  
circu  
prods  
hatch  
bench  
it on  
of wo  
holds  
towar  
such  
const  
and  
bark  
not;  
to sh  
gatch  
skill  
the  
a flu  
capit  
fancy  
rule  
some  
line,  
cept  
and  
man

we proceed to the chief court, which is rendered attractive by a wild luxuriance of foliage and flowers. Here is the main dwelling, as entirely secluded as if in the heart of a wilderness instead of a large city. Sometimes this building is of two stories; in general, however, it is only one lofty story in height. The first glance at the windows reveals the fact that the Persian architects are masters of the secret of successful decorative architecture. They appreciate the importance of massing the effect instead of scattering it by meaningless details, as in most Renaissance and all modern European and American architecture. It does not matter how exuberant the decoration may be, provided it is as far as possible constructive and relieved by simple lines and comparatively blank spaces. Thus only can repose, so essential in art, be obtained. The Greeks understood this. Study the Parthenon as the finest example extant of this principle; study also the façade of the Cathedral of Chartres as an example in Gothic architecture; and compare these with the new Houses of Parliament in London.

However Persian art may at the present day be inferior in grandeur to that of the Achæmenidæ, the Sassanidæ, and the Sefavees, the same love of beauty, the same fine artistic sense continue to inspire even the most ordinary workman. What implements they used in ancient times we know not; but to-day the Persian artisan has neither rule, compass, nor spirit-level. He is commonly ignorant of the fact that the diameter is the third of the circumference; his gimlets and augers are prods turned by a bowstring; he has no hatchet, but only an adze, and no carpenter's bench. If he desires to plane a board, he puts it on the ground; and if he would saw a block of wood, he squats on the ground himself and holds it between his toes, drawing the saw towards himself. Wood is scarce, and with such tools hard to work. If pillars are to be constructed, the trunks of poplars are raised and simply stripped of their branches and bark. They may be crooked, but that matters not; the master workman tells his subordinate to shape the timber into an elegant pillar with *gatch*. Depending only on his eye and the skill of his hand, this simple artisan applies the plaster round the trunk in the form of a fluted pillar and crowns it with a graceful capital and cornice, showing a lively inventive fancy. If judged by the strict application of rule and compass, these decorations may sometimes deviate slightly from a straight line, but of the artistic beauty of the conception there can be no question. Walls and ceilings are tastefully decorated in like manner.

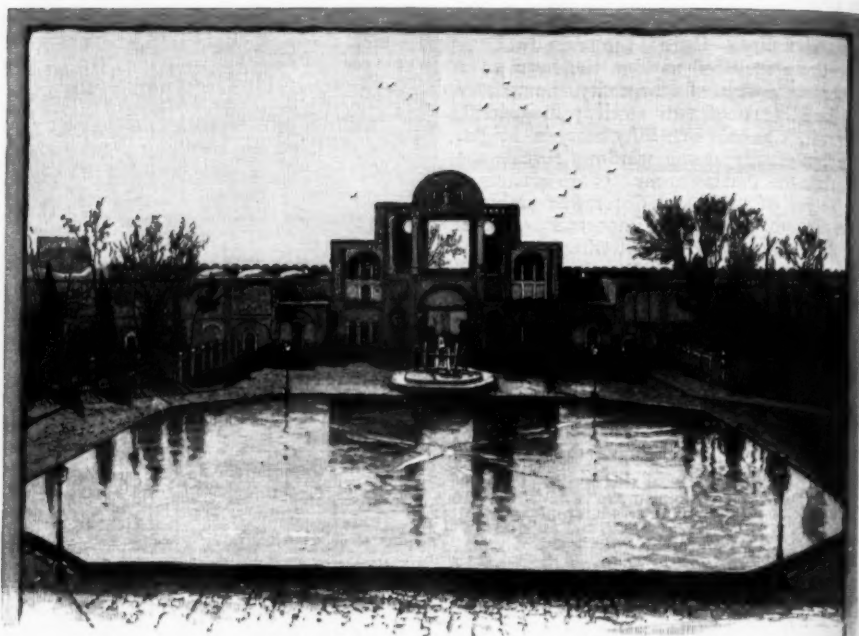


A GUEBRE OR PARSEE.

Now I have spoken of the windows of Persian houses as exponents of the national taste. Instead of piercing the wall of each apartment with several square, decorative apertures, the architect of Teherân groups all in one large square central window reaching from floor to ceiling. This is again divided by mullions into three or four spaces. The sashes are filled with small square or diamond-shaped panes of stained glass. Both the exterior and interior effect is very agreeable, while in warm weather the entire side of the apartment can be thrown open like a piazza by raising the sashes.

The larger apartments are often divided by partitions of sashes and mullions similar to the windows. In winter the rooms can be thus reduced in size, while in summer a current of air circulates everywhere, aided by picturesque wind-towers or shafts on the roof called *badgêr*. The doors are closed by superb portières, and the floor, which is invariably of earth beaten hard, is covered with a matting overlaid with rugs and carpets. Latterly the Persian gentleman of Teherân, when receiving Europeans, has learned to offer them chairs; but when by themselves the Persians always sit on the floor, resting on their heels, but with cushions behind them. This posture must be acquired in childhood to be endurable.

Adjoining this court is the anderoon, or house devoted to the feminine portion of the family. It has a court of its own, and is as sacred from the impertinent eyes of men as if



GATE BETWEEN THE SQUARE OF THE DEPARTMENT OF WAR AND THE CITADEL.

it were a convent. The master of the house alone has access to the anderoon. And when he is there no one must disturb him; neither may one open a window overlooking any part of such an establishment.

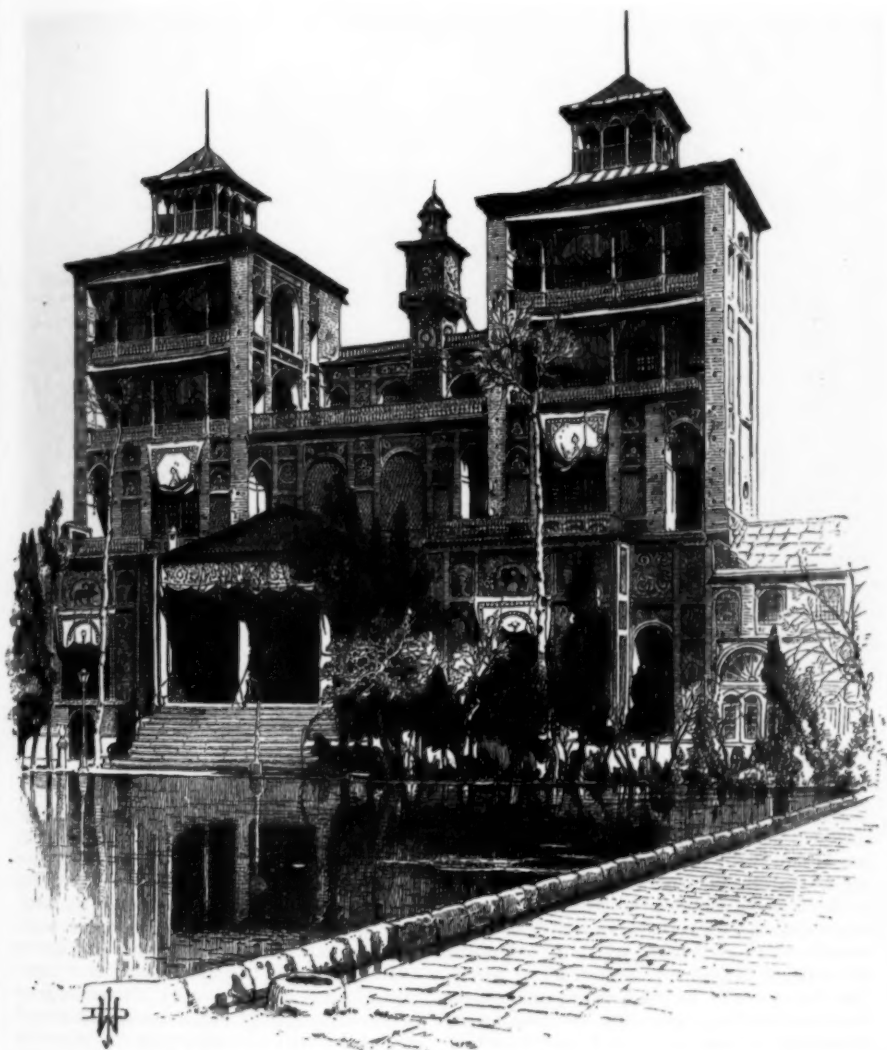
After what has been said of the charms of a dwelling in Teherân, it may be a surprise to learn that even the most costly mansions are constructed of sun-dried bricks and that the flat roofs are of mud. But in a climate like this these bricks are very durable. Some of the towers of Rheî, still standing after twelve centuries, are of this seemingly perishable material. Lightness combined with strength is often gained in Persia by building a wall of square sun-dried bricks, ingeniously arranged in hollow cubes as in a block-house. They are cemented together by a layer of *cargel*, or mortar mixed with straw, over which, in turn, follows a coat of white plaster. Where great strength is required the angles are fortified by a layer of burnt bricks. Such a wall will stand for ages. It is interesting to watch the builders at work. They wear long tunics, which are tucked into their girdles when working, displaying a length and muscular development of limb I have never seen equaled elsewhere. The one above sings out in musical tone, "Brother, in the name of God, toss me a brick." The one below, as he throws the

brick, sings in reply, "O my brother (or, O son of my uncle), in the name of God, behold a brick."

Less can be said, however, in favor of the roofs of mud. The only reason why they should be used is the rarity and costliness of wood in central Persia; perhaps, also, because a roof of great density better protects the house from the long, penetrating heat of summer. In that temperature also lies the safety of these roofs. Heavy undressed timbers are laid across the walls. Over these comes the lathing. In the better houses square, broad burnt bricks are laid on the lathing and over these a layer of mud ten to twelve inches thick; but generally the bricks are dispensed with. During the summer such a roof becomes very hard, and when the surface is made slightly inclined to allow the water to run off, long and heavy rains are required to penetrate it. After the wet season the surface is rolled again for the next winter. With these precautions such roofs last a long time in Persia. But there comes a time with most of them when a little seam appears in the ceiling; then follows a trickling stream, and the occupants, thus warned, remove the furniture without delay to the adjoining apartment. If the rain continues, the ceiling falls in. Occasionally one hears of fatal accidents or very narrow escapes from falling roofs in

Teher  
avoid

The  
Teher  
that is  
sians,  
notice  
If the  
sent t  
fashion  
the ran

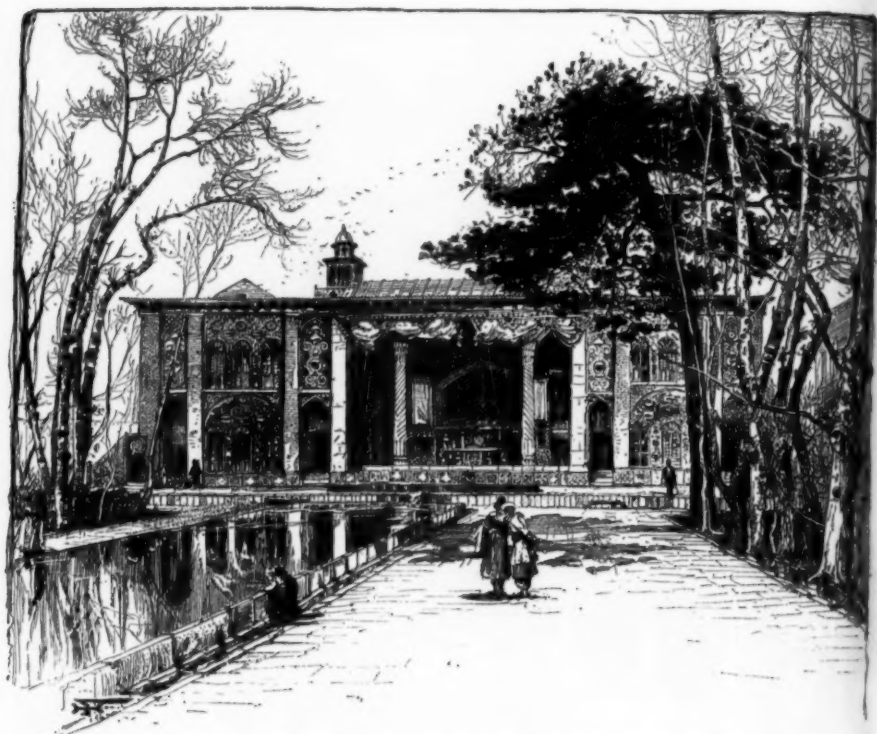


PAVILION OF THE ANDERÖÖN, OR WOMEN'S APARTMENT, ROYAL PALACE, TEHERÂN.

Teherân, but accidents may generally be avoided by proper precaution.

The manners of the courtly occupant of this Teherân mansion are guided by an etiquette that is indeed "a law of the Medes and Persians, which changeth not." The visitor sends notice an hour or two previous to calling. If the visit is one of importance, notice is sent the previous day. You will go in a fashion suited to your social position and the rank of the host. Whether on horseback

or in a carriage, you will be accompanied by a number of mounted attendants. As you approach the house, servants, mounted or on foot, come forth to meet you, and one returns with speed to announce your coming. A dozen attendants escort you to the reception-room. According to your relative rank, the host meets you at the foot of the staircase, at the door, or at the upper part of the room. The question of seats is one also requiring the utmost circumspec-



PAVILION OF THE ROYAL PALACE, TEHERÂN, WHERE THE SHAH HOLDS A GRAND RECEPTION AT THE NO ROOZ OR PERSIAN NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

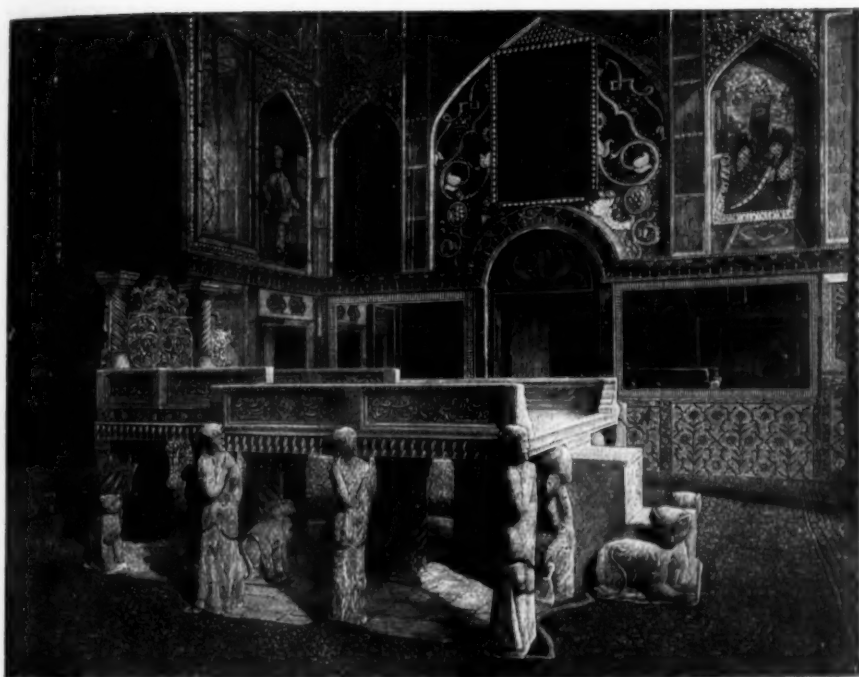
tion in observing the various shades of rank. If your rank is superior to that of the host, you are invited to occupy a sofa alone, at the upper corner, while the host sits on a chair or on the floor at your right. The left is more honorable than the right in Persia. If of equal rank, he occupies the sofa with you; but if you are inferior, then the positions are reversed. The upper corner of the room is in any case the most honorable position. If a number are present of various ranks, each one knows his place at a glance. The passing of refreshments is also a matter of undeviating strictness, the number and quality depending upon the time of day and the character of the guest. The *kaliân*, or water pipe, offers a fine opportunity for a display of Persian manners. According to precept and custom, a Mohammedan cannot smoke the same pipe with a Christian, and, except on rare occasions when the host is a man of progressive views, a separate pipe is furnished for a European visitor. But among Persians it is the custom for the highest in rank to receive the pipe first, offering it to each in turn before smoking himself. For

an inferior to accept the offer is an incredible offense against good manners. But each in turn after this ceremony takes a few whiffs at the pipe, all taking care to eject the smoke from the bowl before offering it to the next. The attendants on such an occasion leave their shoes at the door and retire backwards.

When one goes through the streets of Teherân by night, the effect is even more singular than by day. Except in the Arsenal square and around the ark or palace precincts and one or two neighboring streets, where gas has been introduced and recently also the electric light, darkness reigns in Teherân after twilight; no one goes abroad without a lantern, while the rank of a gentleman is indicated by the number and size of the lanterns carried before him. Often the brass top and bottom of these lanterns are wrought in cunning designs, displaying to advantage the rich fancy and skillful handiwork in metals for which Persia has been and continues to be justly famous. An efficient police force organized by the Count of Monteforte keeps the streets sufficiently quiet and secure, but there is one danger which one is

liable  
I refer  
or was  
ference  
which  
loss of  
instan  
Th  
Persia  
probab  
count  
wood  
Durin  
and a  
crops  
the g  
of the  
on th  
natur  
plied  
tain  
great  
moun  
the p  
These  
condu  
ducts  
these





MARBLE THRONE WITH GILDED CARVINGS IN THE PALACE, TEHERÂN.  
 PORTRAIT OF FETH ALI SHAH, GREAT-GRANDFATHER OF THE PRESENT SHAH, IN THE PANEL ON THE RIGHT.

liable to encounter in the streets of Teherân; I refer to the openings over the *connaughts* or watercourses. It is inexplicable, the indifference shown regarding these traps, into which many an unwary victim falls, often with loss of life, sometimes, indeed, dropping in an instant into oblivion.

The system of supplying Teherân and other Persian cities with water is remarkable and probably unique. There is scarcely a civilized country so poorly supplied by nature with wood and water as Persia south of the Elburz. During the short winter there is some rain and snow, upon which are dependent the crops of the neighboring district of Veramîn, the granary of Teherân; but the remainder of the year there is absolutely no rain, except on the extreme mountain-tops. The question naturally arises, how are the cities to be supplied with water, for it cannot always be obtained by digging wells that are necessarily of great depth. But the snow and rain on the mountains feed the streams dashing down the precipices or the springs near their base. These streams and springs are tapped and conducted to the city by subterranean aqueducts called *connaughts*. In order to carry these ducts in a straight direction, shafts are

dug at intervals of thirty to eighty yards. The earth thrown out of the shaft forms a hillock which is allowed to remain. Thus the landscape is marked by many hundreds of these elevations resembling ant-hills. The mouth of the shaft is left uncovered, and hunters or travelers by night must take good care not to fall in. The water thus obtained is naturally expensive, and each person pays a proportionate sum per month for the supply for his garden or household. Teherân is provided with no less than thirty of these aqueducts, excavated at immense cost and labor.

The city of Teherân properly consists of the old part, and the new called the European quarter. In the latter are the English, French, Turkish, and United States legations. The Austrian, German, and Russian legations are in the old quarter. The number of Europeans in Teherân is about three hundred, but they probably constitute not one-fortieth of the population of the European quarter, in which many Persians of wealth and station have elegant gardens and residences, among which may be mentioned the extensive and beautiful gardens of the Mohper-ed-Douléh, or Minister of Mines and Telegraphs, and of the Prince Governor of Ispahân, the oldest son

of the Shah, called the Zil-i-Sultán. Here also are two spacious gardens of the Shah, and the new public garden. The former, for the benefit of the public, are inclosed by a fence instead of a lofty wall, and the latter is open to all and commands a noble prospect over the Shimrán and Mount Demavénd. The broad streets of this quarter are lined with shade trees. The main avenues run north and south, and towards evening the Persians enjoy strolling there and gazing upon the ridge of the Shimrán, roseate in the light of the setting sun.

But in the old quarter, occupied by over one hundred thousand people, the streets are generally narrow and tortuous, relieved at intervals, however, by squares beautified in the center by vast tanks and picturesque clusters of mulberry-trees and *chevârs*. Here, also, are the covered bazaars, considered to be the most interesting and complete in Persia. In threading these streets and bazaars, whether

on foot, on horseback, or in a carriage,—for there are over five hundred European carriages in Teherán,—one sees the advantage of having attendants to clear the way. Without them it would be very difficult to proceed, as there are no sidewalks, and the way is often blocked by a motley throng of veiled women, beggars, porters, fruit-venders, donkeys, horses, and camels. These attendants use no ceremony in jostling every obstacle out of the way, laying the lash on man and beast alike, and bestowing various epithets, of which the most common is, "O son of a burnt father!" From time to time a grave, handsome, heavily bearded and turbaned priest, mounted on a donkey or mule, gives a wonderfully ancient and oriental aspect to the scene, as he moves with immense dignity through the surging throng, followed by mounted attendants bearing his saddlebags and kaliân.

S. G. W. Benjamin.



#### SAINT ELIZABETH.

SAINT ELIZABETH, laden with bread,  
Seeks her people sore bestead  
With hunger heavy and long.  
Home rode Louis with jest and song:  
"What bearest thou, Elizabeth?  
Hast thou no courtier left,  
Of knights art thou bereft?  
Nay, blush not, my sweet love;  
Nay, tremble not, my dove,  
Unfold thy robe that I may see  
What thou dost bear so secretly."

With sweetest shame and cheeks of red,  
Forth she showed her stores of bread.  
Lo! nought his eyes doth greet  
But rarest flowers full meet  
For hands and brow so sweet.  
"Ah, fair saint, ah, sweet love,  
Mine eyes can see the Dove  
Alight on thy fair golden head,  
Turning thy bloom again to bread."

T. T. Munger.

## A CHILD OF THE AGE.

### I.

HE was a *mauvais sujet*; at all events that is what they called him—a bad lot. He grew so accustomed to the epithet that he ceased to resent it. Very likely there was something wrong about him, a natural perversity, a rebellious and undisciplined spirit. He could climb like a squirrel and swim like a seal; but those were not accomplishments which were highly appreciated in his home. Every Greek verb he had learned had been accentuated upon his back with a horrible bamboo cane; and yet he was far from being an expert on accents. He hated Greek with an intense and refreshing hatred; and he could express himself on the subject with an ardor and emphasis which showed linguistic powers of no mean order. Had he not been an only son, and a very handsome one at that, he would have been shipped to sea before he was fourteen years old; but a gentleman of position and wealth cannot afford to have it known that he has disposed of an only son in that fashion. And it was this consideration rather than any parental tenderness which induced Judge Gamborg to persevere in his discipline a few years longer, just to see what it might lead to. He had not much hope, it is true, that the result would be anything to boast of; but then he did not demand much. He had long ceased to be ambitious for his son. If the lad would only *look* like a gentleman, it would be something by way of encouragement. The Judge would sometimes, in a mood of humorous despair, offer a premium of twelve cents for every day that Harold staid combed, clean, and with skin and clothes in proper repair. When, at the end of such a day, the boy received the little silver piece with the head of King Oscar I., he would pocket it triumphantly, yet with the reflection that it was hard-earned money. The success of these experiments sometimes would make the Judge sanguine, and he would indulge the hope that perhaps Harold might, in time, be able to enter the University, and become a respectable man. The wildest colts, they say, sometimes make the best horses; and if the degree of wildness were to indicate the measure of future excellence, Harold would be a wonderful man indeed. He would stop at nothing short of the premiership. From his earliest boyhood he had shown that he felt at home in exalted posi-

tions. His favorite haunts were roofs, glaciers, and mountain-tops. Often he would sit astride the roof-tree of the house, singing or shouting against the wind, while his hair was blown wildly about his head, and the starlings and swallows, whose nests were under the gable, flew screaming about his ears. Then he laughed and was glad. On the glacier which was but a few miles from his father's house, he leaped and climbed like a goat from ledge to ledge, thrusting his steel-spiked boots into the ice, and reveling in the excitement and danger. The whippings with which he expiated these unlawful expeditions, he regarded as, on the whole, a fair price which he paid for the sport; and they never discouraged him from repeating the offense. In the world, as he knew it, the bamboo cane belonged to the normal order of things, and was to be accepted, along with other ills, with manly stoicism.

It was a miracle that he grew up; if he had come to an untimely end, his mother and his sister Catherine would have shed some decent tears, perhaps, but would have comforted themselves with the reflection that it was only what might have been expected. In fact, there was no one who would not have been resigned to any calamity which would have removed him to a distance where he would cease to be a source of trouble. But there is no relying upon calamities, and they never come to those who at heart would welcome them, though tearfully. But when the boy one day, having secured a box of cartridges, arranged them in geometrical figures in his mother's cane-seat chair, and Mrs. Gamborg unsuspectingly took her dinner seated upon this formidable battery, then the Judge was thoroughly aroused, whipped the boy, and sent him away to school. There was no possible danger connected with that cartridge experiment, but the idea was yet so terrible to Mrs. Gamborg that she fainted dead away, and when she came to refused to say a word in the boy's favor. So away he went, and when, at the age of eighteen, he came back, he had actually entered the University. There was great rejoicing that summer over the returned prodigal, and the fatted calf was not spared. But when the festivities were over, the family found to their dismay that Harold's transformation was less complete than they had supposed. He had brought home all sorts of strange and wicked notions, and not even a

regard for his mother's weak nerves would restrain him from uttering them. He walked to and fro on the floor with his father by the hour, disputing with him, and contradicting the old gentleman with an audacity which made the ladies open their eyes wide in amazement. And the Judge was at times himself so overcome that he had to sit down and be fanned while Catherine ran for a glass of water. It was shocking, incredibly shocking, to be told in his own house that any common peasant or laborer had the same right to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" as himself — Judge Ralph Thorwald Gamborg! That the French Revolution was not the work of the devil, but a just uprising against tyranny, a legitimate result of a deplorable condition! That it might become the duty of a good citizen to oppose with his vote and influence His Majesty the King, when he went wrong! Were such heresies ever before uttered in a respectable house? They were far worse than that gunpowder plot which might, if it had not been for the miraculous interposition of the Lord, have launched Mrs. Gamborg prematurely into eternity. But what could you expect of a boy who at fourteen could thus wantonly imperil his mother's life? No, there was no denying it; he was a *mauvais sujet* — a bad lot.

There was a singular unanimity in the family respecting this point. A man who could believe and unblushingly assert that at a pinch, a Methodist might possibly be saved, and perhaps even a Mohammedan, — what could he be but an abandoned wretch? For, in Norway, it is well known that it is only Lutherans who are saved, because all respectability is Lutheran. But in spite of his determination never to engage in another dispute with such a wicked man, the Judge could never refrain from throwing down the gauntlet to his son at the dinner-table; and when his arguments (on the irrefutability of which he had privately prided himself) were ruthlessly demolished, he would jump up and pace the floor with excited gestures and at last sink down exhausted in a sofa, while the women with anxious faces fanned him and gave him brandy and consulted in whispers about the propriety of sending for the doctor. The glances which on such occasions they sent Harold over their shoulders were by no means pleasant, and the contemptuous imperturbability with which he received them only deepened their conviction regarding his inherent depravity. A man who would not abandon his wicked sentiments, even though he saw that they made his father ill, must be bereft of every vestige of human feeling.

It was one evening after such a dispute that he went roaming discontentedly along the beach; his restless spirit chafed against its bars, and he looked with defiant longing toward the mountain-tops behind which the great wide world spread out so gloriously. There was a soft summer twilight diffused beneath the sky, but the western horizon was still bright and the forest traced a black jagged line against the afterglow of the sunset. The surf was high, and the thunder of its retreat went rumbling through the rocky caverns with a mighty roar. He stood still for a long time and listened; along the whole line of the coast this tremendous cannonading was at this moment going on. The thought somehow soothed him; he sat down upon a stone and leaned his head upon his hands; it was Nature's tumultuous lullaby to his grief; all cares seemed evanescent in the presence of this mighty voice. And yet of what avail was it to persevere in a struggle which brought suffering, ever renewed; and joy to no one? Was there any duty which could bind a man to a life which thus daily crippled his growth and paralyzed his energy? No, he would rebel; he would break his chains, he would defy heaven itself rather than submit to this gradual smothering in reproachful kindness, this silent condemnation on one side and outspoken tyranny on the other. A pair of cormorants were fighting with harsh screams on the ledge of the rock above him, and tufts of black feathers were blown past him, whirling fantastically in the breeze. He glanced up and watched their combat with a fierce sympathy; that was, at least, an honest way of deciding a difference. The screams grew louder, and a curious crowd of gulls and auks gathered around to enjoy the sport. They whirled in snowy eddies about the crag and flapped, screaming, their large wings, now nearly touching the contestants, now again drifting seaward in wide elliptical lines, and ever again returning. With every moment the sympathetic commotion grew wilder, until suddenly a great black bird came tumbling down the ledges of the rock, and fell helplessly among the stones. The other rose triumphantly into the air, followed by a clamorous crowd of admirers. Harold arose and picked up the bleeding cormorant, which was half stunned by the fall, and from an impulse of pity thrust his knife into its heart. Then he flung it at his feet and gazed mournfully at it.

"It is no use disguising it," he murmured; "father and I, even if we never come to blows, are as deadly to each other's peace and happiness as were these birds in their blind fury. I don't know if the quick murder is not preferable to the slow and gradual one."

He  
instin  
he ha  
"N  
he  
aga  
night,  
Fir  
then p  
He fo  
girl,—  
blue c  
smoot  
"H  
out so  
"I  
breath  
ran wi  
He  
"W  
he ask  
"W  
fight,  
bird to  
"W  
"Th  
that is  
"Bu  
have b  
"I d  
pout w  
"I do  
deserv  
He  
ing chi  
"Yo  
most c  
that sy  
how th  
celebra  
himself  
there o  
"Ye  
answer  
dead b  
has be  
who su  
if addr  
way, no  
maltrea  
He s  
stood  
with co  
"If  
he said  
"then  
have a  
"Ha  
bioualy,  
in earn  
rather -

He sat long pondering, clenching his fists instinctively at the thought of the indignities he had silently suffered.

"No, by Jupiter! I will stand it no longer," he cried, springing up and shaking his fist against the sky. "I will go away this very night, and the farther the better."

Fired with resolution, he turned hotly about; then paused with an exclamation of wonder. He found himself face to face with a young girl,—a slender, delicate thing, with large blue child-eyes and blonde hair which fell smoothly over a pale, narrow forehead.

"Hilda," he cried, "what are you doing out so late?"

"I saw the cormorants fight," she said breathlessly; "I came to separate them. I ran with all my might, but I came too late."

He could not help smiling at her eagerness.

"Why did you want to separate them?" he asked kindly.

"Why, of course, because it is wicked to fight, and because I didn't want the poor bird to get hurt."

"Which one?"

"The one that was most hurt; the one that is dead."

"But how do you know but that he may have been the one that commenced the fight?"

"I don't care," she answered with a pretty pout which expressed contempt for his logic. "I don't like any one to be hurt, whether he deserves it or not."

He smiled again as one smiles at an amusing child.

"You are in that respect different from most creatures, Hilda," he said. "Look at all that sycophantic crowd of gulls and auks, how they are screaming themselves hoarse, celebrating the victor, while no one troubles himself about the poor rascal who lies dead there on the sand."

"Yes, I trouble myself about him," she answered, stooping down and patting the dead bird. "Poor thing, how shockingly he has been maltreated! I care for every one who suffers," she added commiseratingly, as if addressing the cormorant; "if I had my way, no one should be permitted to strike or maltreat any one."

He scarcely listened to what she said, but stood regarding her pretty stooping figure with compassionate interest.

"If you care for those who suffer, Hilda," he said with a sort of mournful flippancy, "then you ought to be very fond of me. I have a bad time of it."

"Have you?" she asked, looking up dubiously, as if questioning whether he was in earnest. "I thought you were rather —"

She paused and looked away in embarrassment.

"Now, out with it: you thought I was a bad lot; wasn't that it?"

"No, not exactly that," she protested feebly and with increasing bewilderment, "but — but —"

"But something very near to it," he supplied, smiling. "Is that what they have told you?"

She stood shifting her weight from one foot to the other and looking anxiously over her shoulder, as if watching for a chance to run.

"I wish you wouldn't ask me such questions," she said, with little gasps between each word, like an excited child. "Good-night!"

"Hold on a minute," he responded, seizing her gently by the arm. "You needn't be afraid of me; I sha'n't bite you. Now sit down here on this stone and talk with me. I am a very harmless fellow, I assure you."

She yielded to his strength rather than to his words, and seated herself timidly upon the stone. "They have been telling tales about me to you, Hilda," he said, stooping down to catch the glance of her eye; "my sister Catherine has told you that I am violent, hard, and unfeeling; is it not so?"

"She has told me that you contradict your father," answered the girl evasively. "But it isn't she alone. Everybody says you are such a wild fellow."

"Well, if everybody says it, I suppose it must be true," he muttered sadly. "But I was born that way, Hilda. I am a sort of an Ishmael whose hand is against everybody and everybody's hand against him. But I thought you were not like the rest, and that was the reason I spoke to you, and held you back when you tried to run away."

He was a little ashamed of making such a bare-faced bid for her sympathy, but he was determined to win her good-will, and in so good a cause a little stratagem might well be excusable. The fact was, the barrenness of his life had become oppressively apparent, and a hunger for sympathy had taken possession of him. As he sat gazing into the clear, bright face of the girl, with its dimpled roundness and large frank child-eyes, he marveled at his own obtuseness in having never before discovered its attractiveness. He knew that in this unawakened nature there was a fund of sweet devotion, which, in all likelihood, would be given to him who should be the first to demand it. To maidens of this type there can be no question of choosing; like the wild flowers by the wayside, they passively allow themselves to be chosen. But to Harold this willing surrender was so touchingly virginal, it



seemed to heighten rather than diminish the delights of the choice.

They had been silent for several minutes, but the thunder of the surf filled the silence and made it unnoticeable. She sat leaning forward, with her hands folded in her lap and her head thrown backward. She was beginning to feel at ease and her timidity had vanished.

"Do you know," she said, turning suddenly toward him, "that Lars the shoemaker's wife had twins yesterday and they had no clothes for the poor little things, and they would surely have taken their death of cold, if they hadn't had a basket of carded wool; and when I was up there this morning it was the funniest thing to see the two little brown shriveled-up things burrowing about like kittens in a basket of wool. Mother and I have been at work all day piecing things together for them, and I had just been up there with food and clothes when I saw the cormorants fighting and stumbled upon you."

"Why, that was very extraordinary," he remarked, with an effort to appear interested.

"Extraordinary? Why, not at all; it is the commonest thing in the world. The people here are so very poor, you know; to feed and clothe the living is about all they can do; and the women have to work so hard that they have no time to make preparations for the unborn."

The wholly impersonal candor with which she spoke amused and yet touched him, and her utter unconsciousness that the subject she had chosen for their conversation was, to say the least, unconventional, placed her innocence in a new and bewildering light. It was odd that her mother and father, who were both (in a rural way) cultivated people, had not given her some idea of the world's etiquette. But then, of course, the world was so remote from their secluded little valley, and they themselves had been so long away from it that probably the necessities of the hour, rather than deference for the social ideals of their youth, shaped their duty, speech, and intercourse.

He must have allowed his features to express some of the wonder which he felt; for she suddenly paused in her rapid narrative and remarked dubiously, "Of course, you know Lars the shoemaker."

No, he had been so long away from home that he had no longer any vivid recollection of Lars the shoemaker.

"Why, is it possible?" she cried in astonishment. "Why, he remembers you perfectly. He used to make your shoes always when you were a little boy; and he just told me that you were terribly hard on shoes. 'I'd rather make boots for a yearling colt,' he said, 'than for that harum-scarum lad of the Judge's.'"

"Why, he was pleased to be complimentary," said Harold laughing.

"No, not at all," she replied with amusing literalness; "he has nothing against you, of course, now, because it is so long ago; but the Judge used to scold him and use very hard language to him because you wore your shoes out so rapidly."

Harold was about to say that he was much obliged to Lars for bearing him no ill-will for his treatment of his boots, but a regard for her feelings, which were as genuine as they were transparent, checked his tongue. Her interest in the twins and the importance she attached to their father's opinions added two fresh touches to her character, which now stood out in his mind with charming completeness. She needed now no further encouragement to talk. She chattered on with delightful vivacity about Thore Gimlemo, who believed that his wife was possessed by the devil, and put her, head foremost, into a tub of cold water in order to make it as uncomfortable as possible for the evil spirit, until the poor woman was well-nigh drowned; about Mikkel Ramstuen's wife, who was a witch and had been seen riding across the sky on a broomstick, and Truls Ostmarken, who had fallen in love with a gypsy girl and had given up house and home and joined the gypsies. Wasn't it terrible? And his poor mother, they say it broke her heart. She had been around to console her, and had read her the chapter in the Bible about him who hateth not father and mother and son and daughter for my sake is not worthy of me; but she had taken on at such a rate that she (Hilda) had been frightened, and had gone away, although her conscience had since sorely accused her. She meant to go up to the farm in a day or two and comfort the poor woman again, hoping that by that time she would be more resigned.

In this strain she chatted away for nearly an hour, he throwing in an occasional monosyllable, or a tentative remark which was calculated to stimulate her garrulity when it showed signs of flagging. But through all her insequent talk there ran a vein of philanthropic sentiment which animated the homeliest details and made them appear beautiful. He saw her in spirit, like a bright ministering angel, moving among the poor, the sick, and the unhappy, cheering them with her sunny voice and her ever-ready sympathy. And what was sweetest of all, she was animated by no heroic feeling, and quite incapable of understanding what such a feeling meant; she was conscious of no lofty mission, but followed unreflectingly the impulses of a kindly heart and a helpful nature. Even her little excursions beyond the bound-

daries of convention seemed part of the same impulsive and lovable nature, and deepened his respect for her.

They walked home together in the twilight, he accompanying her to the gate of the parsonage.

"Your father does not approve of me, I believe," he said, as he pressed her hand in parting, "or I should call upon you to-morrow."

"But I will make him approve of you," she answered confidently. "He calls me his little tyrant, and I think he is right. I always make him think as I do. If he didn't, I would refuse to iron his fluted ruff. I am the only one in the house who can do it properly."

"Why, you are a terrible tyrant — a regular Nero."

"A regular what?"

"A regular turtle-dove."

"No, that is not what I am," she responded with innocent earnestness; "but do you know what of all things I should like to be?"

"I have no idea."

"The good fairy in the story-book who steals in unseen, and stoops over the baby in the cradle, kisses it, and lavishes her good gifts upon it."

"And can you guess what I would like to be?"

"No; tell me."

"The baby in the cradle."

She did not at once comprehend his meaning, but as it dawned upon her, the blood mounted slowly to her cheeks and spread over her neck and forehead. She dropped her eyes, but in a moment conquered her embarrassment and met his gaze frankly.

"You should not say such things to me," she whispered a little tremulously; "father would not approve of it."

"But you can make him approve of it," he cried, laughing. "There is always the fluted ruff." And lifting his hat he hastened away.

## II.

AFTER that first meeting scarcely a day passed that they did not meet, until the pretense of accident became a transparent fiction. He had not been wrong in anticipating an easy conquest. To use an expression of Schiller's, he had gently shaken the tree and the fruit had fallen, ripe and golden, into his lap. Neither was an adept in the civilized art of flirtation, and the serious dénouement of the affair had been visible to both of them from the beginning. Therefore when the proposal came it caused her no surprise, but only a little maidenly flutter; and she yielded to his caresses shyly, yet with a luxurious sense of

surrender, humility, and utter self-effacement. She gloried in his protecting arm, his masculine ease and superiority, his calm security in the possession of her love. She laughed and wept with joy when he conducted her into her father's study, and holding her by the hand asked for his consent to their union; and the quiet assurance with which he met the bewildered little pastor and disposed of his faint objections filled her with pride and delight. A little harder was the battle with his own family, but even that was easier than she had anticipated. For when the Judge had conquered his first disappointment he readily persuaded himself that an early marriage (even though it were an unambitious one) was just what was needed to give his son stability of purpose and drive the revolutionary whims out of his brain. And when he had reflected sufficiently, he began to congratulate himself on this unexpected turn of affairs, and only marveled that he had not himself had the ingenuity to devise so simple a remedy. Harold was already gentler and more tractable than he had been; there could be no doubt that marriage would still further improve him.

"With wife, children, and property, no man can afford to be a radical," said the Judge, rubbing his hands contentedly; "and Harold will soon be well ballasted with all these blessings. I shall have the happiness before I die of seeing him a corpulent landowner, who proposes the king's health at official dinners."

This vision of his son as a stout, middle-aged dignitary, who has a salute fired from his pier whenever a high official personage passes in the steamboat, pleased the Judge exceedingly. He was quite ready to retire from the stage as soon as he should have assured himself that Harold was equipped for the responsibilities of this illustrious rôle. In spirit he saw Harold decorated with red ribbons and stars, seated on the platform on public occasions, or advancing in dress-coat and white kid gloves to shake hands with His Royal Highness Prince So-and-so, or His Reverence the Bishop when he made his annual visit to the parish. The Judge was himself rich and influential, and there was nothing in the way of official honors which his son might not legitimately aspire to, as soon as he should have completed his legal studies. Nor was the old gentleman in the depth of his heart unaware of the fact that his son was more richly endowed than himself; and it was therefore the more important that he should be made to employ his talents in the cause of conservatism and oligarchic government. Collecting rents and dining traveling magnates seem, to men of his ilk, the most dignified occupation to which genius can aspire.

The wedding was celebrated with more pomp and ceremony than were agreeable either to bridegroom or bride; but as tradition prescribed how weddings in the Gamborg family were to be conducted, and the parson by a very liberal check was indemnified for his outlay, there was no one who had the courage to grumble. Hilda in a satin dress, which had once been white, but was now yellow with age, and laces which had adorned half a dozen of Harold's ancestresses, was so overpowered by her own magnificence that she scarcely dared breathe. She had to pinch her arm in order to convince her dazed mind that she was really herself; her individuality seemed so completely merged in the august family into which she had entered, that she felt like a mere ghostly personification of the bridal character—the typical Gamborg bride. She was not the first of the series, nor was she likely to be the last; and like her predecessors she was not above wishing that the original bride for whom this venerable gown had been made had possessed an ampler waist, which would have made respiration a less hazardous experiment. But sufferings endured in so great a cause are never without their compensation; she began to feel an added respect for herself as joint heir to all the venerable traditions which gave luster to the Gamborg name. Nevertheless, the transition from homespun to satin had been too abrupt not to involve a considerable degree of discomfort; and as the long and eventful day lagged toward its close, she yearned more and more ardently for an escape into her wonted deshabille.

The daily routine of life in great families is often a very dull one; dullness seems, in fact, a kind of dignified historical attribute of greatness. In the intolerable leisure with which she was burdened as a member of her father-in-law's household, she had abundant time and opportunity to reflect upon the distinction which had been conferred upon her; and the women of the household were ever ready to furnish food for that species of reflection. She was not permitted to resume her former free-and-easy habits, roaming around the valley on charitable errands, and what they were pleased to call the quixotic streak in her nature was by daily admonitions systematically repressed. Her pauper friends and dependents could no longer be reached except through the formidable machinery of subordinates which the great house provided, and every generous impulse was strangled in an intricate web of proprieties. Her husband, who seemed to be earnestly striving to please his parents, was deeply absorbed in his study of law, and when he was with her he displayed

a nervous restlessness which she was at a loss to account for. It was evident that something was smoldering within him which he was vainly endeavoring to repress; and when she began to talk with the hope of diverting him, she made the humiliating discovery that she had lost the power to entertain him. Her harmless gossip, which once he had found so amusing, struck him now as trivial, and he had not the grace to conceal the fact that he was bored. He made once or twice the attempt to discuss with her his aspirations toward a freer and wider sphere of activity, and gave vehement expression to his impatience with the traditional barriers which here on all sides hemmed him in; but she only gazed at him in childlike wonder, then with a sense of insecurity as if she feared that his reason was affected. Her little circumscribed soul had never felt any longing beyond its round of daily duties, and she could not comprehend why any one who was kindly treated and suffered neither from cold nor hunger should yearn for foolish and unattainable things. In her simple, practical life there had been no room for sentimental sufferings, and accordingly no sympathy with afflictions of such an intangible order. She insisted upon finding physical causes for her husband's discontent, and he submitted with a sort of humorous despair to being coddled with elder-tea, Hoffman's anodyne, and mustard-leaves, rather than go to the trouble of explaining to her what he knew would be unexplainable. In some respects she was a stronger character than he, and under her playful tyranny veiled inflexible little purposes, which she invariably carried out. They had, however, this in their favor, that they were always for somebody else's benefit. Paradoxical as it may sound, she had lived so long in others that she had ceased to take any vital interest in herself. She derived all her gratifications, as it were, second-hand, through her interest in the lives of those who closely or remotely touched her own. She had from her childhood managed in this benevolent fashion her father and mother, and every one else who had come in contact with her, and it was therefore a constant discomfort to her to feel her superfluity in the Gamborg household, where there were already managers more skilled than herself, whom she could not hope to deprive of their power. She took her revenge in an innocent fashion, by contemplating the time when the reins should have been handed to Harold, who, of course, in turn would hand them to her. The only cloud upon this radiant vision was her dread that Harold might possibly have a screw loose, and thus be ill qualified for succeeding to the family power and dig-

nity  
and  
con  
shal  
cold  
hol  
for  
mor  
she  
wife  
and  
her  
drift  
fath  
patri  
tice  
of bl  
stole  
in sp  
firm  
little  
child  
this  
rejoi  
moth  
the  
num  
she h  
this  
whol  
to di  
regar  
cham  
detra

In  
daug  
hensi  
was  
world  
world  
laced  
oppre  
great  
ing;  
son,  
the  
messe  
ple w  
opini  
and s  
at the  
or the  
on a  
lifted  
gaits  
in th  
dorm  
in hu

nity. He certainly did act and talk strangely; and she had once seen him stand on the balcony, after a slight dispute with his father, shaking his clenched fist against the sky. A cold shudder had run over her at the time; she had not dared to ask him for an explanation, for fear that the explanation might prove even more irrational than the act. And yet, when she thought proudly of herself in her housewifely dignity, with a lace cap on her head and a large bunch of keys depending from her waist, she found her hopes for Harold drifting in the same direction as those of his father, and she pictured him fondly as a stout patriarch in a judge's uniform, dispensing justice with a mild and firm hand. A large flock of blonde-haired, blue-eyed children invariably stole into this picture; and she punished them in spirit when they were naughty, for she was a firm believer in discipline, and patted their little yellow heads to comfort them in their childish griefs. When finally number one of this long procession arrived, there was great rejoicing in the Judge's house, although the mother found it hard to reconcile herself to the fact that it was a girl. In her reveries number one had always been a boy, and as she had already become well acquainted with this imaginary son, and had arranged his whole future for him, it seemed cruel in him to disappoint her. She had a much higher regard for boys than for girls, and had always championed the male valiantly against his detractors.

## III.

In the autumn of 187-, when Harold's daughter was two months old, some apprehension was felt in the valley that the world was coming to an end. And it was true; the world was coming to an end — the old feudal world, with its rigid class distinctions, its gold-laced, star-spangled officials, its pharisaism, oppression, and absolute vetoes. There was a great ado in the valley — Björnson was coming; Björnson, the people's champion, Björnson, the King's enemy; Björnson, the poet, the orator, the republican. The exciting message ran from mouth to mouth; and people who had never been supposed to have an opinion suddenly straightened themselves up and spoke like men. Peasants who had stood at the roadside, hat in hand, when the Judge or the pastor was passing, now kept their hats on and only nodded. Stooping heads were lifted, round backs grew straighter, shambling gait firmer. There was something inspiring in the message, which awakened many a dormant mind, and rekindled the manhood in humble souls. Apathy grew into discon-

tent; discontent into aspirations and resolves. Men gathered in groups at court, at weddings and funerals, and especially on the church green, to discuss the attitude of Parliament and the King's claim to an absolute veto. There was but one voice — they would stand by their representatives, and defy the King. Their history furnished enough of precedents for such action, while it furnished none for submission. They would give Björnson a rousing welcome, and they would do as he said; they would take courage and elect an Opposition candidate for the Storting. The excitement grew in widening rings, and ruffled at last the peace of the Judge's cozy dining-room. It was told that some of his tenants meant to qualify as voters by having worthless marsh-land deeded to them. The Judge had himself cordially approved of the proposition, and had even helped them to obtain the land, taking it for granted that they would vote with the Government. But now it was told that they were Björnsonians, and talked bitterly of the King. It was at dinner that the Judge, as usual, gave vent to his indignation at this treachery, and announced his intention to discharge from his employ every one of his subordinates who dared vote for the Opposition. He felt so sure of the approval of every one present that words seemed scarcely necessary; and yet he could not help noticing that while every one else applauded, Harold remained silent.

"Well, Harold," he said, turning with ill-concealed irritation to his son, "you were a loud enough declaimer on politics formerly; how is it that you have suddenly lost the use of your tongue?"

"Because I don't agree with you, father," answered Harold quietly.

"What! don't agree with me? You gosling, you! You mean perhaps to say that you disapprove of my intention to punish my recreant tenants?"

"I do," replied the son imperturbably.

The Judge put down his wine-glass with such force that half of its contents was spilled on the table. He pinched his eyes together with a malicious expression and clinched his teeth. He could have crushed his son. He hated him. But the presence of guests restrained him from any act of violence.

"Perhaps you would favor us with the conclusions at which your wisdom has arrived," he observed with forced self-command.

"With pleasure." But just as he had raised his head to speak, Harold met a pair of blue eyes fixed imploringly upon him. He understood what they meant, and resolved to ignore his father's sarcasm.



"I am afraid," he said, suddenly checking himself, "that our views are so widely divergent that discussion would only arouse ill feeling, and, moreover, be profitless."

"Ah, indeed, I expected that," was his father's mocking reply. "Where arguments would fail, cowardice comes to the rescue."

There was a moment of painful silence, and it was a relief when somebody had the kindness to choke, whereupon his neighbor gave him a slap on the back, thereby giving a pretext for much forced hilarity. Harold meanwhile had risen and left the table. His wife, to whom his movement was unexpected, also half rose from her chair, but after a brief hesitation again seated herself. It would look too much like a demonstration, she thought; and her father-in-law, although he was not averse to making scenes himself, thought sensational conduct very ill-bred in others. In the next moment, however, she regretted her prudence; her heart ached for Harold; and yet, although it grieved her to think that he was unhappy, she could not quite in her heart of hearts approve of his rebellious attitude toward his father. Why did he for the sake of mere opinions—things which were of no earthly consequence to anybody—offend the old gentleman, who was evidently willing enough to be kind to him, but could not bear to be contradicted? Why not humor him and say "yea," which was always much easier than saying "nay" and provoking ill feeling and discussion? Thus reasoned the sage little Hilda while her husband was marching along the beach through a howling storm, nursing wild and desperate thoughts.

It was the day after this episode that Judge Gamborg surprised the parish by announcing himself as a candidate for the Storting. Pressure had been brought to bear upon him, it was said, from high official quarters, but he had hesitated to assume the responsibility until last night, when he had arrived at a sudden resolution.

He felt a vast fund of force within him, and he was resolved to expend it at whatever sacrifice of individual comfort, in preserving the bulwarks of society and combating the dangerous elements which were beginning to assert themselves in the country. In quelling rebellion in society at large he would also put an end to it in his own home. By family tradition, by talent and social eminence, he was pointed out as the man to lift the Conservative banner and lead it to victory. There was an immense agitation in the parish. The pastor preached political sermons Sunday after Sunday, and demonstrated clearly that a number of Biblical tests had been inspired with special reference to the present situation in Norway.

He showed that society must inevitably go to pieces if the Liberal candidate, a young peasant named Thorald Berg, was elected; and he proved from the Bible that no man could be a Liberal and a Christian at the same time. In fact, he identified the cause of Christianity so absolutely with that of Judge Gamborg and conservatism that there seemed no escape from the conclusion that it was the fate of Christianity rather than that of the ministry Stang which was to be decided at the impending election. The Judge, who sat tall and imposing in his front pew, approved highly of these discourses, and repeated the gist of them at dinner for the benefit of one member of his family who had hoped to escape them by remaining at home.

Harold, under the influence of his wife, had been as neutral as possible during the last weeks, and had avoided all chances of collision with his father. He understood perfectly well that it was animosity to himself, a stubborn determination to assert his sway, which had induced the latter to accept the nomination for the Storting. But consideration for his wife and child and his own future—considerations which were constantly being urged upon him by the wife in question—made him curb his rebellious temper and tame his eager tongue. He had just succeeded in convincing himself that this submission to the inevitable was the part of prudence and not necessarily ignoble, when the name of Björnson rang through the valley, and the wild cheering from the steamboat landing announced to him the arrival of the great orator. He put on his hat and walked disconsolately up the hill-side toward the forest, in order to be as far away from temptation as possible. But the cheering pursued him, floating clearly through the still mountain air, which carries distant sound with wonderful distinctness. Several times he paused, wrestled with himself, and again continued his dismal march. Whenever, drawn by the alluring sound, he turned about and his purpose began to waver, he seemed to see his young fair wife, with her babe in her arms, standing in the road, barring the downward path. He was now close up to the forest; it was early in the day, and the sun was but a few hours above the eastern mountain-tops. He sat down upon the stump of a felled tree, and gazed out upon the beautiful fiord-valley. The air was teeming with sunshine; the fiord lay smooth and glittering in the bright light, and the huge inverted mountain-cones shone with their snowy peaks in its depth. The angel of peace was abroad; all nature rested in blessed security. The seagulls drifted lazily above the water; the patient fishermen sat in their boats gazing down into



the green luminous deep, where the fishes moved placidly among the stones and the pale, filmy seaweeds which swayed gently with the passing current. Round about stood the mountains, in hoary majesty, stern and immovable as they had stood for centuries past; but down on the pier stood a few hundred men, shouting themselves hoarse over an innovator who had come to disturb this blessed peace. Was there not, perhaps, some truth in the pastor's perpetual admonition that peace was the highest of all earthly blessings, for which reason Christ was called the Prince of Peace? Was it right to arouse discontent and aspiration in the bosom of men who had hitherto cherished no higher desire than to have enough to eat while they lived and to go to heaven when they died? *Æsthetically* that little band of roaring enthusiasts down on the pier were a discordant phenomenon, and marred the harmony of a perfect day. Harold looked out over the wide fields of waving wheat; he saw the tall chimneys of the stately mansion which would in time be his; and a sensation which had hitherto been alien to his nature gently stole over him. It was the indolence of possession, the rich man's repugnance to change. He began to comprehend his father's animosity to Björnson and his progressive followers, and he saw himself, in spirit, as the proprietor of his inherited estate, perpetuating the benevolent despotism of his predecessors. The cheering of the crowd came floating faintly up to him; Björnson had made a speech; hats were thrown into the air, and the shouting would have no end.

At this moment his reflections were interrupted by the sound of hoof-beats near by. He looked up and saw his father riding slowly along the bridle-path which led up into the glen. It was an unusual thing for the Judge to be out riding at this time of the day, and it was still more extraordinary for him to depart from the beaten highway. The Judge liked to be seen, and professed no love for nature in her uncultured state. It was therefore obvious that he was running away from Björnson, or rather from the irritation which it would cause him to see the obnoxious orator received with homage and honor. The scene on the pier had given him a foretaste of what was in store for him, and he had concluded that his temper could not bear the strain of more such demonstrations. The sight of his son, whom he suspected of sympathizing with the agitator, did not under such circumstances affect him pleasantly.

"What are you doing here?" he asked gruffly; "admiring the landscape?"

"Yes."

"Admiring fiddlesticks! Why don't you go down to your friend there and give him a fitting reception?"

"I hadn't thought of it, but if you are anxious to have me go, I will have my name put on the committee."

The Judge had longed for a provocation to lose his temper, and Harold's answer served his purpose.

"I tell you, boy," he cried, growing purple in his face, "that I am in no joking humor to-day; and I warn you, once for all, that if you dare to go near that fellow while he is here in the parish, I shall—I shall whip you as if you were a stripling. He ought to be in the penitentiary instead of being permitted to range round the country, insulting the King and inciting the people to disregard their superiors and despise their betters."

Harold sat for a moment still, gazing fixedly into the air. Then he arose and walked quietly down the hill-side.

"Where are you going?" cried his father after him.

"Away."

"If you dare disobey me—" The Judge's voice failed him, and with a hoarse shout of wrath, he broke into a paroxysm of coughing.

"That remains to be seen," answered the son, striding across the fields toward the farm where Björnson was to hold his meeting.

#### IV.

HAROLD walked on with large steps, seeing nothing, hearing nothing, and only conscious of one defiant purpose: to assert his independence against such unbearable tyranny. By one angry wave of feeling all his conservatism had been swept away, and he burned to speak out loudly and freely the convictions which he cherished, and which had given dignity to his life. He wished to commit himself irretrievably as a safeguard against further attacks of cowardice. Wife and child and landed estate, for which he would but a moment ago have sold his soul, seemed now scarce a feather's weight in the balance.

It was a couple of miles to the farm where Björnson was to speak; several hundred peasants had already gathered there, and the road leading up from the pier was black with people. A platform had been erected under a great tree on the shady side of the house, and a man who, in honor of the occasion, had provided himself with an asthmatic brass horn, sent melancholy echoes careering away over the mountains. Harold took this to be a signal that the meeting was opened, and he redoubled his speed. He saw Björnson ascend the platform, and heard the cheering break out afresh. No one

noticed the young student as he approached within hearing distance, but as he pressed eagerly forward people gazed at him in astonishment and made way for him; and yet from the looks they sent him he perceived that they were animated by no friendly feelings toward him; it was but a remnant of the innate respect which they had been accustomed to show to "gentlefolks."

"Look there," he heard some one saying behind him; "there is the Judge's Harold. I bet he means mischief."

"I scarcely think so," answered the one addressed. "He used to be a lively chap when he was a boy. But the old man has taken the spunk out of him. They say he thrashes him yet."

With blazing eyes Harold turned around and glared at the men; but they returned his gaze quietly and seemed in no wise disturbed. They felt their power to-day and the dignity of power. The orator had now fairly warmed up to his subject; he paced up and down the platform, tossing his blonde mane of hair back from his forehead, flinging forth laconic sentences which clung to the memory like burrs. Then the words came thicker and faster, and his voice rang now softly and persuasively, now sharp and inspiring like a battle-cry. Harold stood riveted to the spot. His whole soul was aroused; he trembled with delight. It seemed inconceivable to him that he ever, even in thought, could have been unfaithful. There breathed a warm, all-embracing love for humanity through the orator's words, and it was this which touched Harold and made him feel his own unworthiness. What had, in times past, inspired his defiance to the paternal authority, had been a mere personal resentment, and perhaps a vague, youthful enthusiasm for great but half-comprehended ideas. But this man's speech throbbed with a nobler passion. Here were no vague moonshiny ideals, but definite purposes rationally conceived and eloquently elucidated. It was glorious to hear this rushing cataract of speech, plunging resistlessly onward, carrying the listener along on its mighty current. In his narrow and cramped life, hedged in by a Chinese wall of traditional proprieties, through which no large idea could penetrate, how often, oh, how often he had hungered for a breath from that fresh world of thought in which he had moved during his student days! And here, as by a miracle, he was suddenly in the midst of it. It blew and hummed about him like strong summer breezes, alluring his soul with bewildering melody.

For two hours Björnson spoke, and the peasants stood or sat in groups in the grass listening with thoughtful faces, and now and

then with quiet nods of approval. But Harold, in whose breast the mighty words had aroused a storm of emotion, stood gazing with an excited expression at the orator's face, and no sooner had the word been declared free than he sprang upon the platform. A murmur of displeasure ran through the assembly.

"Down with him!" cried some.

"No, let him speak!" shouted others. "Let us have fair play."

And Harold spoke. The flood-gates of speech had been opened within him, and his words came with a glorious spontaneity and force; thoughts large and radiant tumbled forward, one pressing hard upon the other; and the world, as it lay shimmering at his feet, seemed an ocean of light. The crowd was at first dumfounded. "Isn't this Harold, the Judge's son?" they asked, marveling. Yes, surely, it was Harold, the Judge's son; he was speaking apparently against his own father.

"The candidate of the right," he was saying, "worthy and honorable as he is, could in no sense really represent this district, for he knows not its people, does not sympathize with its wants, is remote from its aspirations. He is by birth, by character and position, wedded to the ancient oligarchic régime which it is your duty and your privilege to overthrow. Take courage, then, and vote honestly and fearlessly, allowing no external consideration to restrain the free expression of your choice."

A great cheering here interrupted the speaker; for it was well known throughout the valley that the Judge had threatened all his tenants with the loss of their holdings in case they dared to vote against him, and that upon the so-called "marshmen," whom he had himself helped to qualify as voters, he had exercised all the restraint in his power. That the son had disapproved of these arbitrary proceedings had also been vaguely surmised, but that he should dare stand up in public and enter the lists against him upon whom his whole future depended was more than anyone had expected. Nevertheless it seemed a great and courageous deed, and excited universal admiration; for no one doubted what was in store for the young man when he should have returned to the paternal mansion. Harold, however, was little troubled by such considerations. The longer he spoke, the more eloquent he became, the more persuasive grew his voice, and the more forcible his argument. For all the time this thought burned within him: "I have been unfaithful, and I will do penance for my unfaithfulness. I will cut off my retreat into the land of indolent

security and ease. I will stand by my colors. I will be true to myself and take the consequences."

The meeting lasted until late in the afternoon. Wherever Harold went he was met by friendly glances and hearty words. Many pressed up to him to shake his hand. The distrust with which they had viewed him as a member of that official bureaucracy which sits like a huge nightmare upon Norway's breast, impeding her breath and smothering her cries, had suddenly vanished, and for the first time they looked upon him as one of their own. And he, too, felt a warm sense of fellowship spreading beneficently through his soul; he felt himself free and happy, and he felt, what had been a mere empty phrase to him before, that he was a Norseman. He walked about with Björnson, and talked with him as he had never talked with any man before; for he had never before known the happiness of being completely understood. He laid his soul bare before him, and went away with a new strength and trust throbbing through his being. He knew now a man cast in the heroic mold — a poet, a prophet, a warrior. A great liking had sprung up between them; they had felt strongly drawn to each other from the first moment. And when Harold went to face his father's wrath, something like a consecration seemed to have descended upon him, hallowing his life to a great and noble work.

A drowsy red light was spreading from the late sun over fiord and valley, as Harold in his exalted mood marched slowly homeward. There was something strangely unreal in the long-familiar scene, as if he had waked from a dream the vividness of which made reality seem pale and phantasmal. Everything was hushed, water and air were oppressively still; but it was not the spontaneous stillness of sleep, but a sultry silence which rested heavily upon the sense. It was as if Nature were holding her breath. A foreboding of a catastrophe of some sort took possession of Harold; yet his courage in no wise deserted him. He saw in the anxious look of his wife, who stood waiting for him at the garden gate, that the story of his exploits had preceded him, and that he would thus be spared the trouble of explaining.

"O Harold!" she cried tremulously, running to meet him, "don't let father see you. He is furious with you, and there is no knowing what he might do should he find you to-night. The sheriff was here an hour ago, and he has told him something that has incensed him terribly."

They were standing in the shadow of a great walnut-tree at the entrance to the gar-

den. She put her arms about his neck and clung to him weeping.

"You will never do such a thing again, Harold dear," she said imploringly. "For my sake, for baby's sake, you will not do it."

He stood for a minute pondering, "Listen, Hilda," he said at last firmly, "henceforth you must make up your mind whether you will follow me or father. I have my work too in the world, and whether it leads to poverty and shame or to wealth and honor, I have no choice but to do it."

"Oh, that is that horrid Björnson," she cried, bursting into a fresh fit of weeping. "I know that hateful spirit which I have so long tried to quell in you, and now he has come and undone it all. We were so happy until he came."

"You may have been happy," he answered sternly; "I was miserable."

"But baby, Harold, baby!" she exclaimed with a pitiful appeal; "what is to become of baby if you break with father?"

"It will have an honest man for a father instead of a knave."

"Do you call your father a knave?" she ejaculated, gazing at him in horror.

"No, child, no! He may be honest enough, but I could scarcely continue to please him without being a knave. I am appalled to think how I have day by day lapsed from my true standard of rectitude, how I have dragged my manhood in the dirt, how I have become degraded and contemptible in my own eyes, and all in order to please my father. Now I have done with all that; henceforth I intend to please myself."

He spoke with a half-suppressed vehemence which fairly frightened her. He had always been gentle in her presence, and she had insensibly come to look upon him as an easy subject for management. She drew back from him now and regarded him with an air of reproachful dignity.

"What terrible riddles you utter," she said, shaking her head. "An evil spirit has taken possession of you, and it is useless to talk to you. Only one thing I must beg of you, for your own good, and that is to ask father's pardon, in case I can induce him to forgive you on that condition. If you will go over to the parsonage and sleep there to-night, I know I can get everything arranged by to-morrow morning."

It would have been amusing, if it had not been sad, to see her implicit trust in her own little shallow arts of management. Men were born to make trouble in the world, she reasoned, and it was the province of women by their superior diplomatic subtlety to smooth things over and reestablish pleasant relations.

The principles which were at stake she calmly ignored as little more than twaddle, fixing her mind the more intently upon the only important issue—the reestablishment of domestic peace upon the easiest conditions. The grunt of impatience with which her husband greeted her benevolent proposition convinced her still further of the correctness of her view; but perceiving that reasoning would be of no avail, she resolved to resort to a much more effective weapon—tender cajolery. But unfortunately she had not yet devised a natural transition to affectionate tactics, when heavy footsteps were heard on the gravel, and the Judge's portly figure was seen looming up among the flower-beds and the blooming hawthorn hedges.

"Run, Harold," she whispered imploringly; "for God's sake, run."

"I shall not run," answered Harold stubbornly.

"But he might strike you, dearest," she continued in the same anxious voice, sinking down upon her knees and smothering her rising sobs. "He is in such a terrible rage."

He made no answer, but, disengaging himself from her arms, stepped out from the shadow of the tree and faced his father. The old gentleman did not at once see him; he was standing in the gravel walk, meditatively decapitating an aster with his riding-whip. He expended a good deal of energy in the operation, as if giving vent to a latent animosity. As he caught sight of his son standing but a few feet from him, he gave a start, and clutching his riding-whip tightly, advanced a step; then, at the sight of Hilda, forcibly restrained himself.

"Go into the house, Hilda," he commanded sternly. "I wish to speak alone with— with—this gentleman here."

"No, I will not go away," she replied excitedly; "I won't let you hurt Harold, and I know that is what you intend to do."

The Judge, disdainful to reply, turned to his son with a peering, malicious look, and remarked in an ominously pleasant tone: "You have been distinguishing yourself, I am told, as a patriotic orator. You spoke, I believe, against your father, whom you described as a scamp, and an unscrupulous monster who restrained the dear innocent peasants from the rightful exercise of their suffrage. Wasn't that it?"

"It is true and not true," answered the son, leaning with folded arms against the tree. "I said nothing about you that I have not already said to you."

"Ah, how very good of you!" The Judge here drew a step nearer, holding with a tremulous grasp the whip-handle, which shook

perceptibly in his hand. "And I too will do nothing of which I have not already given you warning. You know what I promised."

Here he darted forward with the whip raised above his head, but in the same instant Hilda had flung herself upon her husband's neck, shielding him with her body. Harold remained immovable; he had lifted his arm to ward off the blow, but his face betrayed neither fear nor anger.

"I give you warning, father," he said, with slow and solemn emphasis, "that if you dare strike, it is the last time you will ever see my face."

"You miserable coward," cried the old man, suddenly losing control of himself, "if you think the petticoats will protect you—"

And before Harold could raise his hand again, the whip whizzed about his ears, and he felt a stinging pain across his cheek and forehead. Hilda, pale and cowering, fell down upon the grass and hid her face in her hands. The Judge, anxious to reach the house before his wrath should give way to shame, strode ruthlessly across the flower-beds and was soon out of sight. Harold, too stunned, by the moral rather than the physical effect of the blow, to think, stood gazing fixedly into the air; but there was something like a veil before his eyes, and a rushing sound as of water in his ears. Half absently he touched his face, and felt a great welt extending from the left cheek across the nose to his forehead. He bowed his head and groaned; the degradation of it was terrible. His wife, at the sound of his groan, suddenly recovered herself, rose, and went toward him; but at the sight of his face she again burst into tears, put her arms caressingly about him, and kissed his swollen cheek.

"Let us go over to the parsonage, Harold," she whispered; "stay there to-night. I will go up and get baby."

"We are going farther than the parsonage, dear," he answered brokenly. "Go and get the child."

Although but dimly comprehending him, she obeyed; it was a relief to have some duty to perform which required motion. The twilight was spreading under the great trees; the sun had sunk behind the mountain-tops, but a dim yellow light lingered in the upper regions of the air and tinged the western cloud-banks. There was something feverish in this light which dazed the sense like the atmosphere of a lurid romance, in which all things seem possible. It seemed easy to Harold to take a great resolution now, a resolution which he had meditated before, but which in the broad daylight of reason had appeared wild and impossible. He would take his wife



and child to America, and there found a new home and a new existence. He had friends in Bergen of whom he could easily borrow enough money to pay their passage. A defiant exultation suddenly broke through his burning sense of wrong, as he imagined his glorious independence of thought and deed on that remote shore, where no paternal authority and no cramping traditions could reach him. He opened the garden gate, walked out upon the pier, and made a boat ready to receive his wife and child; twenty minutes elapsed before they came, and he began to grow impatient. Nearly every trace of Hilda's recent emotion had vanished, as she came bearing the child in her arms and with a valise in her disengaged hand. She was again the busy, bustling mother. The mother had conquered the wife.

"Hand me baby," he said, standing in the boat, and stretching out his hands to receive the child.

"Tell me first where you are going," she said, pausing at the top of the stairs.

"To America."

"To America!" she cried, "in an open boat!"

"We can catch the Bergen steamer which will pass here at ten. Come, there is no time to be lost."

"But, Harold, you will not — you cannot — oh, Harold, do come back to me," she wailed in irremediable despair; "father will surely forgive you."

"But I will not forgive him. Would you like to see the scene of to-day repeated?"

"No, but I cannot go with you. Think of baby in that wild, terrible America. You should sacrifice your own feelings to baby's welfare, Harold."

"Feelings! yes, feelings I can sacrifice, but not my honor, my usefulness, my self-respect. You can persuade me no more, Hilda. Will you follow me, or will you not?"

"Oh, this is cruel," she broke out with renewed vehemence. "If you could only speak, baby, and restrain your father from his terrible folly! Oh, do not leave us, Harold, do not leave us!"

"Then you will not come?"

He had seized the oar and was about to push the boat from the pier.

"Yes, stay, I will follow you!"

With reluctant steps she descended the stairs; but as he eagerly held out his arms to receive her, she turned abruptly away, and looked up toward the stately pile of masonry which traced its outline darkly against the sky.

"Oh, my God!" she moaned, "I cannot, I cannot."

With a vigorous thrust of the oar the boat flew out into the water. With an aching heart

he stood gazing at her, as the distance between them slowly widened. Then he seated himself, and the thud of his measured oar-strokes fell heavily upon Hilda's ears. A terrible sense of desolation stole over her. She wished she had chosen differently. She wished she had followed him. But something still restrained her from calling him back. As a last wild hope she sprang up the steps, and from the end of the pier held the child out over the water in her outstretched arms. "Harold!" she called with a loud voice of anguish, "Harold!"

The oar-strokes ceased for a moment, but there came no answer. The figure in the boat grew dimmer and dimmer, and faded away in the twilight.

The black hull of the steamer hove into view, paused in the middle of the fiord, shrieked dismally once, twice, thrice, and again broke a path of foam through the calm waters. Hilda hugged her child tightly to her breast, and gazed out into the thickening twilight. An empty boat came drifting seaward with the tide. She knew what that meant.

## V.

A YEAR had passed since Harold's flight. It was again summer; the thrushes sang through the long light nights in the birch-groves; the lilies of the valley grew in nodding clusters, filling the mountain glens with their faint fragrance; and the meadows were bright with pansies and violets. During all this time Harold's name had rarely been mentioned in his father's house. It was understood that the Judge had forbidden it. Since his defeat for the Storting by a few dozen votes, he felt more bitterly toward his son than ever before. It was he who had encouraged rebellion among the dependents of the estate, and blasted his father's hopes of political distinction. Such unnatural crimes could not be too severely punished. It cost a considerable effort on the old gentleman's part, however, to persevere in this attitude. Once or twice, when letters came to Hilda bearing American stamps, he was sorely tempted to break his resolution. He walked nervously up and down the floor, fidgeted with his watch-chain, and cast uneasy glances toward the letter. As for the ladies, they preserved a well-studied indifference in the parlor, but the moment Hilda had retired to her own rooms Miss Catherine was sent by her mother to ascertain how the prodigal fared. And when they heard what a hard time he was having (though this could only be read between the lines), they melted toward him, and kissed the baby and cried over it. It was



evident that Harold's letters concealed more than they told; but in a half-humorous way which had the singular effect of making the three women cry, he related that he had acquired a number of new accomplishments—that, in fact, since his arrival in America he had been a coal-heaver, a brakeman on a railroad, a supernumerary in a negro minstrel show, and that now he had advanced to the position of a miner. He owned a claim in a Colorado mining camp, which might, for aught he knew, some day make him a millionaire. It was the wide range of possibility in the thing which fascinated him. He gave descriptions of the life in the camp, full of a kind of lugubrious humor with which it was his wont to cloak his wretchedness. The ladies suspected as much, but each, for fear of distressing the others, refrained from saying what she thought. Each pretended to be delighted at Harold's cheerfulness, his excellent prospects, and his "interesting mode of life," and their sham hilarity was pathetic to observe. Hardly had they separated before each burst into tears; for everybody's heart had been wondrously softened toward the prodigal since he had gone so far away, and seemed lost to them. They reproached themselves in secret for their harsh treatment of him; and the little wife, who had no harsh treatment to reproach herself with, upbraided herself bitterly for having failed him in the hour of his need, for having broken her vow made at the altar. Mrs. Gamborg, who had been one of the foremost believers in his depravity, found herself contemplating his errors in a more lenient spirit, and there were even moments in which she censured her husband for his inconsiderate severity. Of course, she would not for the world have the Judge suspect that she disapproved of his conduct; but really, that blow had opened her eyes and set her thinking. It was, after all, but the father's spirit which was revealing itself in the son, and how could it be that the same line of conduct could be laudable in the one and criminal in the other? Miss Catherine, too, began to have revelations of a similar sort, though, of course, she was too wise to let any one suspect that she was undutiful enough to disapprove of her father. Even the parson, who had preached the celebrated political sermons, began to look askance at the Judge, when he saw his daughter's pale cheeks and hushed dispirited manner, so different from her joyous energy and light-heartedness in former days.

"The line must be drawn somewhere," he remarked to his wife, who always cordially agreed with him; "parental authority is no longer unlimited; and to strike a grown-up son on account of a political disagreement is

brutal and barbaric. I doubt if we ought to allow our daughter to remain under the roof of a man who is capable of such conduct."

The wife, who cherished a similar doubt, was not slow to second this sentiment, and the result was that Hilda and her child took up their abode at the parsonage. The Judge, strange to say, offered no strenuous opposition, although he knew that the large, empty house would be doubly desolate without Hilda and his grandchild. He had aged terribly within the last months. His combative temper seemed to have deserted him; he was a vain man, and with all his pride very dependent upon the admiration of his fellow-men. His loud self-assertion was not an indication of strength of character, but rather of an exaggerated conceit, nourished by the constant adulation of his family and dependents. The withdrawal of this homage cut the Judge to the quick, and his uneasy conscience, which brooded on the wrong he had done his son, saw in every evidence of disrespect the finger of Nemesis. That much of it was due to the democratic spirit which during the last years had invaded even the remote mountain valleys of Norway, he was incapable of comprehending. Yet, in most instances, he was undoubtedly right; the whole valley had become the champion of his absent son, and his avenger. When he stepped from his carriage at the gate of the church-yard, people turned their backs or walked away in order to avoid greeting him; the pastor no longer waited to commence his sermon until Mr. Gamborg was in his seat; his boatmen, who rowed him to court in his large twelve-oared barge, answered curtly when he spoke to them, and plainly showed him their ill-will. It was no consolation to him to know that the story of his maltreatment of his son had been enormously exaggerated; his dignity forbade him to justify himself. He would have liked very well, too, to reinstate the tenants whom he had "evicted" after the election, had only his dignity permitted; not because he pitied their misery, but as an indirect expiation of the wrong done to his son. But it was that accursed dignity of his which stood in the way of all his good resolves.

In the meanwhile he suffered as he had never suffered before. Not only through his vanity and his thirst for praise did he receive many a wound, but these surface hurts roused the regions of his soul next within, and stirred the depths into tumult. His wife and his daughter, who had always seemed so near to him, and been his stanch partisans through right and wrong, had, somehow, drifted away from him; and the thought tormented him that they undoubtedly had read all Harold's

letter  
ignor  
year  
ing a  
hims  
ask  
bidd  
form  
and  
ents  
and  
on th  
often  
along  
Chan  
obse  
broa  
room  
half-  
lamp  
sleep  
was  
and  
hims  
mere  
the w  
down  
start  
easily  
the w  
table  
unloc  
seize  
ribbo  
the k  
hims  
rupti  
letter  
Engl  
had  
dress  
Judge  
He h  
and  
with  
foun  
New  
age  
separ  
cleve  
smile  
know  
he (t  
of w  
but t  
at th  
over  
but i  
a pa  
deep  
reduc

letters, and deceived him by their pretended ignorance. He would himself have given a year of his life to know what Harold was doing and how he fared, but how could he divest himself of that cherished dignity of his, and ask the questions which he had himself forbidden? After much meditation the Judge formed a plan which seemed both ingenious and feasible. He invited Hilda and her parents to dinner on Mrs. Gamborg's birthday, and during the evening he absented himself on the plea of pressing business (as he was often in the habit of doing), and hastened along the beach toward the parsonage. Chance favored his design; he entered unobserved by the front door, mounted the broad, dusky stairway to his daughter-in-law's room, and peered cautiously through the half-open door. There was a small spirit-lamp burning on the table; the child was sleeping peacefully in its cradle, and the nurse was absent. The Judge was out of breath, and he paused on the threshold to compose himself; his heart ran riot and the blood hammered in his temples. The floor creaked under the weight of his portly figure as he stooped down to kiss the sleeping child, and with a start he straightened himself and gazed uneasily about him. He stole on tiptoe up to the window where a little mahogany writing-table stood, and placing the lamp upon it, he unlocked one of the drawers and eagerly seized a package of letters tied with a pink ribbon. With a tremulous hand he untied the knot, and after having once more satisfied himself that he need have no fear of interruption, he began to read. It was the first letter, in which Harold told of his arrival in England and of a dangerous adventure he had had in Liverpool. The coolness and address with which he had acted excited the Judge's admiration; he read on breathlessly. He had himself never been out of Norway, and his son's description of the great world with its wonderful sights interested him profoundly. Then came the next letter, from New York, which dealt chiefly with the voyage and queer types of men from widely separated climes. The descriptions were very clever and full of vivid touches. The Judge smiled with pride and delight; he had never known that his son was such a talented man; he (the Judge) was himself scarcely capable of writing such a letter. Time slipped by, but the Judge took no note of it; he was now at the coal-heaving period, which was passed over lightly and humorously by the writer, but in which a loving ingenuity would read a pathos too sad for tears. The Judge was deeply moved; to such need had his son been reduced, and yet been too proud to appeal to

his father for aid. He had preferred to heave coal with hands unused to toil, rather than humiliate himself before a father who had wronged him. Such a feeling the Judge could understand; it appealed mightily to him. Vehemently aroused, he arose, heedless of the sleeping baby, and began to pace the floor excitedly.

"He is my son indeed," he cried, "my own son, my own, my own!"

The tears coursed down his cheeks, his broad chest heaved; then, eager to continue the narrative, he flung himself upon the chair at the writing-table and was soon deeply absorbed in the next letter. His features changed with every varying emotion; he had completely forgotten the situation. He did not hear the light creaking of the stairs without, nor did he see the shadow which paused in consternation on the threshold, then slowly stretched across the floor until it reached the white window-curtain, where it bent cautiously over his own. A hand was laid lightly upon the Judge's shoulder. He started up with a bewildered exclamation. But in an instant he recovered himself, and seizing Hilda by the arm drew her gently up to him.

"Child," he whispered, "will you help me?"

"Help you, father?" she asked, gazing into his face with joyous, tear-dimmed eyes.

"Bring my son back again," begged the old man brokenly, and turned away to master his emotion.

"Yes, father, I will bring him back to you," she answered.

"God bless you!" he exclaimed.

## VI.

THE pastor, although he was not fond of America, and had often made warning allusions to the Union in his sermons, was nothing loth to accompany his daughter on her daring expedition. It availed him little that he spoke in his farewell sermon of the solemn call of duty, and alluded feelingly to the many dear ties which bound him to his home; his eagerness to get away and take a little jaunt in the world was so great that he caught himself twenty times a day forgetting his rôle of a martyr to duty. The Government, it appeared, valued so highly his political sermons, though they had been somewhat scarce of late, that it could ill afford to spare him, even for a limited time, but agreed with him that such herculean efforts of intellect must involve a terrible expenditure of cerebral tissue, and further concluded that so valiant a servant of the state had well earned his leisure.

The Judge in the meanwhile occupied his

leisure in divesting himself of his dignity. His first act after his daughter-in-law's departure was to summon his evicted tenants and announce to them that they were at liberty to resume their holdings and to entertain whatever political opinions they pleased.

"You know," he said pleasantly, "my son and I have not always agreed in political matters. If I could not persuade him, how much less can I expect to control my tenants? I am an old fellow, and perhaps don't see things as clearly as I thought I did. But I have a son who is abreast of the age. He will soon come home and take my place."

He made haste to write to Hilda what he had done, so as to clear away every obstacle to his son's return. He grew as light-hearted as a boy when the letter was sent, and talked freely with everybody about Harold's American experiences and his expected return. He felt a glow of paternal pride when he related how manfully "the boy" had struggled with adversity and only made light of it, and it gave him a thrill of pleasure to perceive with what respect his son was regarded in the valley, and how near he seemed to be to the hearts of all.

It was one morning early in October, I think, that the Judge was seen standing at the end of the pier spying anxiously into the distance through a field-glass. Six small cannon were placed along the beach, and Hans, the groom, stood with a fuse in his hand, watching for the Judge's signal. The flag was fluttering feebly from the top of the tall flag-pole; and the twelve-oared official barge, gayly decorated, lay gently bobbing upon the water.

It was early in the morning, and the sun had not yet appeared above the mountain-peaks, although there was a great yellow blaze in the eastern sky, and the highest peaks to the north had caught some stray shafts of light, and flashed with a dazzling radiance. There was yet a touch of frost in the air, and a light smoke hung over the fiord, and drifted lazily seaward. To the westward the fog seemed denser, and as there was scarcely any breeze, the Judge's field-glass was of no avail. Suddenly and silently the steamer's huge hull loomed out of the fog, and the Judge was so amazed that he came near forgetting the signal which was to give the rest of the family warning. Bang, bang, bang, went the cannon, and the steamer, which would not be behindhand in politeness, banged away in return; the twelve oarsmen in the barge cheered; the ladies came running down upon the pier breathless, and were scolded for their tardiness. Then out shot the barge through the light morning mist, and within a few minutes hove alongside the steamer. A stairway was lowered, and the Judge ran up the steps like a youth of twenty. A tall, handsome, bearded man grasped his hand at the head of the stairs and pressed it warmly. The Judge met his eyes and gazed into them for a moment silently. Both understood the meaning of that glance. Each asked the other's forgiveness and received it. Then, with an utterly irrational movement, the Judge turned abruptly away and embraced—the pastor. It was a grievous mistake; the embrace had been meant for Hilda. But perhaps the Judge was excusable. His eyes were dimmed with tears.

*Hjalmar H. Boyesen.*

#### THE INTERPRETER.

OH, well these places knew and loved us twain!  
The Genii softly laughed to see us pass,  
To kiss our blessed hands up climbed the grass,  
And on our pathway danced a flowery train;  
To counsel us each aged tree was fain,  
And all its leafy accents we could class;  
By symbol-circles on its polished glass,  
By chiming shallows, still the brook spake plain.  
Now all is changed: I look and list in vain;  
As one who sits and hears a solemn mass,  
In other language, in an alien fane,  
So I without thee in these haunts, alas!  
Am nature's stranger—so must I remain  
Till, sweet interpreter! thou come again.

*Edith M. Thomas.*

## THE PRIVATE HISTORY OF A CAMPAIGN THAT FAILED.

BY MARK TWAIN.



**Y**OU have heard from a great many people who did something in the war; is it not fair and right that you listen a little moment to one who started out to do something in it, but didn't? Thousands entered the war, got just a taste of it, and then stepped out again, permanently. These, by their very numbers, are respectable, and are therefore entitled to a sort of voice,—not a loud one, but a modest one; not a boastful one, but an apologetic one. They

ought not to be allowed much space among better people—people who did something—I grant that; but they ought at least to be allowed to state why they didn't do anything, and also to explain the process by which they didn't do anything. Surely this kind of light must have a sort of value.

Out West there was a good deal of confusion in men's minds during the first months of the great trouble—a good deal of unsettledness, of leaning first this way, then that, then the other way. It was hard for us to get our bearings. I call to mind an instance of this. I was piloting on the Mississippi when the news came that South Carolina had gone out of the Union on the 20th of December, 1860. My pilot-mate was a New Yorker. He was strong for the Union; so was I. But he would not listen to me with any patience; my loyalty was smirched, to his eye, because my father had owned slaves. I said, in palliation of this dark fact, that I had heard my father say, some years before he died, that slavery was a great wrong, and that he would free the solitary negro he then owned if he could think it right to give away the property of the family when he was so straitened in means. My mate retorted that a mere im-

pulse was nothing—anybody could pretend to a good impulse; and went on decrying my Unionism and libeling my ancestry. A month later the secession atmosphere had considerably thickened on the Lower Mississippi, and I became a rebel; so did he. We were together in New Orleans, the 26th of January, when Louisiana went out of the Union. He did his full share of the rebel shouting, but was bitterly opposed to letting me do mine. He said that I came of bad stock—of a father who had been willing to set slaves free. In the following summer he was piloting a Federal gun-boat and shouting for the Union again, and I was in the Confederate army. I held his note for some borrowed money. He was one of the most upright men I ever knew; but he repudiated that note without hesitation, because I was a rebel, and the son of a man who owned slaves.

In that summer—of 1861—the first wash of the wave of war broke upon the shores of Missouri. Our State was invaded by the Union forces. They took possession of St. Louis, Jefferson Barracks, and some other points. The



*The Seat of War.*

Governor, Claib Jackson, issued his proclamation calling out fifty thousand militia to repel the invader.

I was visiting in the small town where my

boyhood had been spent — Hannibal, Marion County. Several of us got together in a secret place by night and formed ourselves into a military company. One Tom Lyman, a young fellow of a good deal of spirit but of no military experience, was made captain; I was made second lieutenant. We had no first lieutenant; I do not know why; it was long ago. There were fifteen of us. By the advice of an innocent connected with the organization, we called ourselves the Marion Rangers. I do not remember that any one found fault with the name. I did not; I thought it sounded quite well. The young fellow who proposed this title was perhaps a fair sample of the kind of stuff we were made of. He was young, ignorant, good-natured, well-meaning, trivial, full of romance, and given to reading chivalric novels and singing forlorn love-ditties. He had some pathetic little nickel-plated aristocratic instincts, and detested his name, which was Dunlap; detested it, partly because it was nearly as common in that region as Smith, but mainly because it had a plebeian sound to his ear. So he tried to ennoble it by writing it in this way: *d'Unlap*. That contented his eye, but left his ear unsatisfied, for people gave the new name the same old pronunciation — emphasis on the front end of it. He then did the bravest thing that can be imagined, — a thing to make one shiver when one remembers how the world is given to resenting shams and affectations; he began to write his name so: *d'Un Lap*. And he waited patiently through the long storm of mud that was flung at this work of art, and he had his reward at last; for he lived to see that name accepted, and the emphasis put where he wanted it, by people who had known him all his life, and to whom the tribe of Dunlaps had been as familiar as the rain and the sunshine for forty years. So sure of victory at last is the courage that can wait. He said he had found, by consulting some ancient French chronicles, that the name was rightly and originally written *d'Un Lap*; and said that if it were translated into English it would mean Peterson: *Lap*, Latin or Greek, he said, for stone or rock, same as the French *pierre*, that is to say, Peter; *d'*, of or from; *un*, a or one; hence, *d'Un Lap*, of or from a stone or a Peter; that is to say, one who is the son of a stone, the son of a Peter — Peterson. Our militia company were not learned, and the explanation confused them; so they called him Peterson Dunlap. He proved useful to us in his way; he named our camps for us, and he generally struck a name that was "no slouch," as the boys said.

That is one sample of us. Another was Ed Stevens, son of the town jeweler, — trim-built, handsome, graceful, neat as a cat;



PETERSON D'UN LAP.

bright, educated, but given over entirely to fun. There was nothing serious in life to him. As far as he was concerned, this military expedition of ours was simply a holiday. I should say that about half of us looked upon it in the same way; not consciously, perhaps, but unconsciously. We did not think; we were not capable of it. As for myself, I was full of unreasoning joy to be done with turning out of bed at midnight and four in the morning, for a while; grateful to have a change, new scenes, new occupations, a new interest. In my thoughts that was as far as I went; I did not go into the details; as a rule one doesn't at twenty-four.

Another sample was Smith, the blacksmith's apprentice. This vast donkey had some pluck, of a slow and sluggish nature, but a soft heart; at one time he would knock a horse down for some impropriety, and at another he would get homesick and cry. However, he had one ultimate credit to his account which some of us hadn't: he stuck to the war, and was killed in battle at last.

Jo Bowers, another sample, was a huge, good-natured, flax-headed lubber; lazy, senti-

men  
natur  
and  
a suc  
train  
way.  
and s  
fellow  
He w  
made  
The  
quite  
starte  
of the  
how, I  
of the  
what  
We  
and s  
midni  
direct  
town;  
on foo  
eastern  
sissippi  
hamlet  
Ralls C  
The  
and la  
The ste  
the pla  
stillness  
thenigh  
over the  
talking  
self up  
half of  
Now  
accordi  
Union  
there, in  
branche  
sault up  
more de  
a crucia  
sudden  
standing  
equal to  
was no h  
Lyman  
he could  
for us to  
Lyman  
but it h  
our mind  
farm-hou  
we did.  
We str  
a rough  
tangled i  
we reach



mental, full of harmless brag, a grumbler by nature; an experienced, industrious, ambitious, and often quite picturesque liar, and yet not a successful one, for he had had no intelligent training, but was allowed to come up just any way. This life was serious enough to him, and seldom satisfactory. But he was a good fellow anyway, and the boys all liked him. He was made orderly sergeant; Stevens was made corporal.

These samples will answer — and they are quite fair ones. Well, this herd of cattle started for the war. What could you expect of them? They did as well as they knew how, but really what was justly to be expected of them? Nothing, I should say. That is what they did.

We waited for a dark night, for caution and secrecy were necessary; then, toward midnight, we stole in couples and from various directions to the Griffith place, beyond the town; from that point we set out together on foot. Hannibal lies at the extreme southwestern corner of Marion County, on the Mississippi River; our objective point was the hamlet of New London, ten miles away, in Ralls County.

The first hour was all fun, all idle nonsense and laughter. But that could not be kept up. The steady trudging came to be like work; the play had somehow oozed out of it; the stillness of the woods and the somberness of the night began to throw a depressing influence over the spirits of the boys, and presently the talking died out and each person shut himself up in his own thoughts. During the last half of the second hour nobody said a word.

Now we approached a log farm-house where, according to report, there was a guard of five Union soldiers. Lyman called a halt; and there, in the deep gloom of the overhanging branches, he began to whisper a plan of assault upon that house, which made the gloom more depressing than it was before. It was a crucial moment; we realized, with a cold suddenness, that here was no jest — we were standing face to face with actual war. We were equal to the occasion. In our response there was no hesitation, no indecision: we said that if Lyman wanted to meddle with those soldiers, he could go ahead and do it; but if he waited for us to follow him, he would wait a long time.

Lyman urged, pleaded, tried to shame us, but it had no effect. Our course was plain, our minds were made up: we would flank the farm-house — go out around. And that is what we did.

We struck into the woods and entered upon a rough time, stumbling over roots, getting tangled in vines, and torn by briars. At last we reached an open place in a safe region,

and sat down, blown and hot, to cool off and nurse our scratches and bruises. Lyman was annoyed, but the rest of us were cheerful; we had flanked the farm-house, we had made our first military movement, and it was a success; we had nothing to fret about, we were feeling just the other way. Horse-play and laughing began again; the expedition was become a holiday frolic once more.

Then we had two more hours of dull trudging and ultimate silence and depression; then, about dawn, we straggled into New London, soiled, heel-blistered, fagged with our little march, and all of us except Stevens in a sour and raspy humor and privately down on the war. We stacked our shabby old shot-guns in Colonel Ralls's barn, and then went in a body and breakfasted with that veteran of the Mexican war. Afterwards he took us to a distant meadow, and there in the shade of a tree we listened to an old-fashioned speech from him, full of gunpowder and glory, full of that adjective-piling, mixed metaphor, and windy declamation which was regarded as eloquence in that ancient time and that remote region; and then he swore us on the Bible to be faithful to the State of Missouri and drive all invaders from her soil, no matter whence they might come or under what flag they might march. This mixed us considerably, and we could not make out just what service we were embarked in; but Colonel Ralls, the practiced politician and phrase-juggler, was not similarly in doubt; he knew quite clearly that he had invested us in the cause of the Southern Confederacy. He closed the solemnities by belting around me the sword which his neighbor, Colonel Brown, had worn at Buena Vista and Molino del Rey; and he accompanied this act with another impressive blast.

Then we formed in line of battle and marched four miles to a shady and pleasant piece of woods on the border of the far-reaching expanses of a flowery prairie. It was an enchanting region for war — our kind of war.

We pierced the forest about half a mile, and took up a strong position, with some low, rocky, and wooded hills behind us, and a purling, limpid creek in front. Straightway half the command were in swimming, and the other half fishing. The ass with the French name gave this position a romantic title, but it was too long, so the boys shortened and simplified it to Camp Ralls.

We occupied an old maple-sugar camp, whose half-rotted troughs were still propped against the trees. A long corn-crib served for sleeping quarters for the battalion. On our left, half a mile away, was Mason's farm and house; and he was a friend to the cause.



THE SWORD OF BUENA VISTA AND MOLINO DEL REY.

Shortly after noon the farmers began to arrive from several directions, with mules and horses for our use, and these they lent us for as long as the war might last, which they judged would be about three months. The animals were of all sizes, all colors, and all breeds. They were mainly young and frisky, and nobody in the command could stay on them long at a time; for we were town boys, and ignorant of horsemanship. The creature that fell to my share was a very small mule, and yet so quick and active that it could throw me without difficulty; and it did this whenever I got on it. Then it would bray—stretching its neck out, laying its ears back, and spreading its jaws till you could see down to its works. It was a disagreeable animal, in every way. If I took it by the bridle and tried to

lead it off the grounds, it would sit down and brace back, and no one could budge it. However, I was not entirely destitute of military resources, and I did presently manage to spoil this game; for I had seen many a steamboat aground in my time, and knew a trick or two which even a grounded mule would be obliged to respect. There was a well by the corn-crib; so I substituted thirty fathom of rope for the bridle, and fetched him home with the windlass.

I will anticipate here sufficiently to say that we did learn to ride, after some days' practice, but never well. We could not learn to like our animals; they were not choice ones, and most of them had annoying peculiarities of one kind or another. Stevens's horse would carry him, when he was not noticing, under

the  
trun  
sadd  
hurt  
and  
a ra  
reach  
with  
ers's  
slept  
recog  
aroun  
black  
thing  
this a  
he al  
laugh  
woul  
as to  
and t  
of the  
with  
quarre  
and b  
Ho  
—our  
sugar-  
trough  
them

the huge excrescences which form on the trunks of oak-trees, and wipe him out of the saddle; in this way Stevens got several bad hurts. Sergeant Bowers's horse was very large and tall, with slim, long legs, and looked like a railroad bridge. His size enabled him to reach all about, and as far as he wanted to, with his head; so he was always biting Bowers's legs. On the march, in the sun, Bowers slept a good deal; and as soon as the horse recognized that he was asleep he would reach around and bite him on the leg. His legs were black and blue with bites. This was the only thing that could ever make him swear, but this always did; whenever the horse bit him he always swore, and of course Stevens, who laughed at everything, laughed at this, and would even get into such convulsions over it as to lose his balance and fall off his horse; and then Bowers, already irritated by the pain of the horse-bite, would resent the laughter with hard language, and there would be a quarrel; so that horse made no end of trouble and bad blood in the command.

However, I will get back to where I was — our first afternoon in the sugar-camp. The sugar-troughs came very handy as horse-troughs, and we had plenty of corn to fill them with. I ordered Sergeant Bowers to

feed my mule; but he said that if I reckoned he went to war to be dry-nurse to a mule, it wouldn't take me very long to find out my mistake. I believed that this was insubordination, but I was full of uncertainties about everything military, and so I let the thing pass, and went and ordered Smith, the blacksmith's apprentice, to feed the mule; but he merely gave me a large, cold, sarcastic grin, such as an ostensibly seven-year-old horse gives you when you lift his lip and find he is fourteen, and turned his back on me. I then went to the captain, and asked if it was not right and proper and military for me to have an orderly. He said it was, but as there was only one orderly in the corps, it was but right that he himself should have Bowers on his staff. Bowers said he wouldn't serve on anybody's staff; and if anybody thought he could make him, let him try it. So, of course, the thing had to be dropped; there was no other way.

Next, nobody would cook; it was considered a degradation; so we had no dinner. We lazed the rest of the pleasant afternoon away, some dozing under the trees, some smoking cob-pipes and talking sweethearts and war, some playing games. By late supper-time all hands were famished; and to meet the difficulty all hands turned to, on an equal



"IT WAS A DISAGREEABLE ANIMAL IN EVERY WAY."

footing, and gathered wood, built fires, and cooked the meal. Afterward everything was smooth for a while; then trouble broke out between the corporal and the sergeant, each claiming to rank the other. Nobody knew which was the higher office; so Lyman had to settle the matter by making the rank of both officers equal. The commander of an ignorant crew like that has many troubles and vexations which probably do not occur in the regular army at all. However, with the song-singing and yarn-spinning around the camp-fire, everything presently became serene again; and by and by we raked the corn down level in one end of the crib, and all went to bed on it, tying a horse to the door, so that he would neigh if any one tried to get in.\*

We had some horsemanship drill every forenoon; then, afternoons, we rode off here and there in squads a few miles, and visited the farmers' girls, and had a youthful good time, and got an honest good dinner or supper, and then home again to camp, happy and content.

For a time, life was idly delicious, it was



THE VENERABLE BLACKSMITH WITH HIS WEAPON.  
(SEE PAGE 203.)



SERGEANT BOWERS RECEIVING ORDERS.

perfect; there was nothing to mar it. Then came some farmers with an alarm one day. They said it was rumored that the enemy were advancing in our direction, from over Hyde's prairie. The result was a sharp stir among us, and general consternation. It was a rude awakening from our pleasant trance. The rumor was but a rumor—nothing definite about it; so, in the confusion, we did not know which way to retreat. Lyman was for not retreating at all, in these uncertain circumstances; but he found that if he tried to maintain that attitude he would fare badly, for the command were in no humor to put up with insubordination. So he yielded the

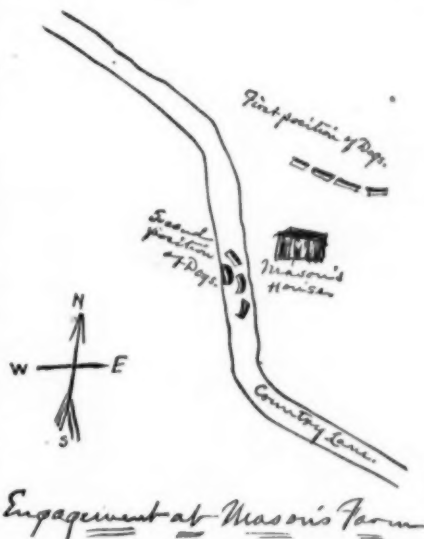
\* It was always my impression that that was what the horse was there for, and I know that it was also the impression of at least one other of the command, for we talked about it at the time, and admired the military ingenuity of the device; but when I was out West three years ago I was told by Mr. A. G. Fugate, a member of our company, that the horse was his, that the leaving him tied at the door was a matter of mere forgetfulness, and that to attribute it to intelligent invention was to give him quite too much credit. In support of his position, he called my attention to the suggestive fact that the artifice was not employed again. I had not thought of that before.

point and called a council of war—to consist of himself and the three other officers; but the privates made such a fuss about being left out, that we had to allow them to be present. I mean we had to allow them to remain, for they were already present, and doing the most of the talking too. The question was, which way to retreat; but all were so flurried that nobody seemed to have even a guess to offer. Except Lyman. He explained in a few calm words, that inasmuch as the enemy were approaching from over Hyde's prairie, our course was simple: all we had to do was not to retreat *toward* him; any other direction would answer our needs perfectly. Everybody saw in a moment how true this was, and how wise; so Lyman got a great many compliments. It was now decided that we should fall back on Mason's farm.

It was after dark by this time, and as we could not know how soon the enemy might arrive, it did not seem best to try to take the horses and things with us; so we only took the guns and ammunition, and started at once. The route was very rough and hilly and rocky, and presently the night grew very black and rain began to fall; so we had a troublesome time of it, struggling and stumbling along in the dark; and soon some person slipped and fell, and then the next person behind stumbled over him and fell, and so did the rest, one after the other; and then Bowers came with the keg of powder in his arms, whilst the command were all mixed together, arms and legs, on the muddy slope; and so he fell, of course, with the keg, and this started the whole detachment down the hill in a body, and they landed in the brook at the bottom in a pile, and each that was undermost pulling the hair and scratching and biting those that were on top of him; and those that were being scratched and bitten scratching and biting the rest in their turn, and all saying they would die before they would ever go to war again if they ever got out of this brook this time, and the invader might rot for all they cared, and the country along with him—and all such talk as that, which was dismal to hear and take part in, in such smothered, low voices, and such a grisly dark place and so wet, and the enemy may be coming any moment.

The keg of powder was lost, and the guns too; so the growling and complaining continued straight along whilst the brigade pawed around the pasty hillside and sloped around in the brook hunting for these things; consequently we lost considerable time at this; and then we heard a sound, and held our breath and listened, and it seemed to be the enemy coming, though it could have been a cow, for

it had a cough like a cow; but we did not wait, but left a couple of guns behind and struck out for Mason's again as briskly as we could scramble along in the dark. But we got lost presently among the rugged little ravines, and wasted a deal of time finding the way again, so it was after nine when we reached Mason's stile at last; and then before we could open our mouths to give the countersign, several dogs came bounding over the fence, with great riot and noise, and each of them took a soldier by the slack of his trousers and be-



gan to back away with him. We could not shoot the dogs without endangering the persons they were attached to; so we had to look on, helpless, at what was perhaps the most mortifying spectacle of the civil war. There was light enough, and to spare, for the Masons had now run out on the porch with candles in their hands. The old man and his son came and undid the dogs without difficulty, all but Bowers's; but they couldn't undo his dog, they didn't know his combination; he was of the bull kind, and seemed to be set with a Yale time-lock; but they got him loose at last with some scalding water, of which Bowers got his share and returned thanks. Peterson Dunlap afterwards made up a fine name for this engagement, and also for the night march which preceded it, but both have long ago faded out of my memory.

We now went into the house, and they began to ask us a world of questions, whereby it presently came out that we did not know anything concerning who or what we were



running from; so the old gentleman made himself very frank, and said we were a curious breed of soldiers, and guessed we could be depended on to end up the war in time, because no government could stand the expense

Then we got a little sleep. But after all we had gone through, our activities were not over for the night; for about two o'clock in the morning we heard a shout of warning from down the lane, accompanied by a chorus from



FARMER MASON EXPLAINING THE PRINCIPLES OF WAR.

of the shoe-leather we should cost it trying to follow us around. "Marion *Rangers*! good name, b'gosh!" said he. And wanted to know why we hadn't had a picket-guard at the place where the road entered the prairie, and why we hadn't sent out a scouting party to spy out the enemy and bring us an account of his strength, and so on, before jumping up and stampeding out of a strong position upon a mere vague rumor — and so on and so forth, till he made us all feel shabbier than the dogs had done, not half so enthusiastically welcome. So we went to bed shamed and low-spirited; except Stevens. Soon Stevens began to devise a garment for Bowers which could be made to automatically display his battle-scars to the grateful, or conceal them from the envious, according to his occasions; but Bowers was in no humor for this, so there was a fight, and when it was over Stevens had some battle-scars of his own to think about.

all the dogs, and in a moment everybody was up and flying around to find out what the alarm was about. The alarmist was a horse-man who gave notice that a detachment of Union soldiers was on its way from Hannibal with orders to capture and hang any bands like ours which it could find, and said we had no time to lose. Farmer Mason was in a flurry this time, himself. He hurried us out of the house with all haste, and sent one of his negroes with us to show us where to hide ourselves and our tell-tale guns among the vines half a mile away. It was raining heavily.

We struck down the lane, then across some rocky pasture-land which offered good advantages for stumbling; consequently we were down in the mud most of the time, and every time a man went down he blackguarded the war, and the people that started it, and everybody connected with it, and gave himself the master dose of all for being so foolish as to go into it. At last we reached the wooded mouth

of a  
unde  
back  
ing  
the  
the  
light  
dren  
but a  
the l  
older  
occu  
of w  
camp  
a rep  
so ba  
of us

Th  
then  
the a  
that  
way  
work  
prom  
How

Th  
night  
objec  
coun  
and  
breac  
tern  
baco  
and  
to fu  
is co

W  
ter al  
the st  
farm-  
sense  
There  
about  
part  
all da  
sight  
wailin  
out fr  
some  
sodde  
of life  
every  
trude  
theirs  
long  
twelv  
hour  
waitin  
clock  
boys.  
like j  
v

of a ravine, and there we huddled ourselves under the streaming trees, and sent the negro back home. It was a dismal and heart-breaking time. We were like to be drowned with the rain, deafened with the howling wind and the booming thunder, and blinded by the lightning. It was indeed a wild night. The drenching we were getting was misery enough, but a deeper misery still was the reflection that the halter might end us before we were a day older. A death of this shameful sort had not occurred to us as being among the possibilities of war. It took the romance all out of the campaign, and turned our dreams of glory into a repulsive nightmare. As for doubting that so barbarous an order had been given, not one of us did that.

The long night wore itself out at last, and then the negro came to us with the news that the alarm had manifestly been a false one, and that breakfast would soon be ready. Straightway we were lighted-hearted again, and the world was bright, and life as full of hope and promise as ever—for we were young then. How long ago that was! Twenty-four years.

The mongrel child of philology named the night's refuge Camp Devastation, and no soul objected. The Masons gave us a Missouri country breakfast, in Missourian abundance, and we needed it: hot biscuits; hot "wheat bread" prettily criss-crossed in a lattice pattern on top; hot corn pone; fried chicken; bacon, coffee, eggs, milk, buttermilk, etc.;—and the world may be confidently challenged to furnish the equal to such a breakfast, as it is cooked in the South.

We staid several days at Mason's; and after all these years the memory of the dullness, the stillness and lifelessness of that slumberous farm-house still oppresses my spirit as with a sense of the presence of death and mourning. There was nothing to do, nothing to think about; there was no interest in life. The male part of the household were away in the fields all day, the women were busy and out of our sight; there was no sound but the plaintive wailing of a spinning-wheel, forever moaning out from some distant room,—the most lonesome sound in nature, a sound steeped and sodden with homesickness and the emptiness of life. The family went to bed about dark every night, and as we were not invited to intrude any new customs, we naturally followed theirs. Those nights were a hundred years long to youths accustomed to being up till twelve. We lay awake and miserable till that hour every time, and grew old and decrepit waiting through the still eternities for the clock-strikes. This was no place for town boys. So at last it was with something very like joy that we received news that the enemy

were on our track again. With a new birth of the old warrior spirit, we sprang to our places in line of battle and fell back on Camp Ralls.

Captain Lyman had taken a hint from Mason's talk, and he now gave orders that our camp should be guarded against surprise by the posting of pickets. I was ordered to place a picket at the forks of the road in Hyde's prairie. Night shut down black and threatening. I told Sergeant Bowers to go out to that place and stay till midnight; and, just as I was expecting, he said he wouldn't do it. I tried to get others to go, but all refused. Some excused themselves on account of the weather; but the rest were frank enough to say they wouldn't go in any kind of weather. This kind of thing sounds odd now, and impossible, but there was no surprise in it at the time. On the contrary, it seemed a perfectly natural thing to do. There were scores of little camps scattered over Missouri where the same thing was happening. These camps were composed of young men who had been born and reared to a sturdy independence, and who did not know what it meant to be ordered around by Tom, Dick, and Harry, whom they had known familiarly all their lives, in the village or on the farm. It is quite within the probabilities that this same thing was happening all over the South. James Redpath recognized the justice of this assumption, and furnished the following instance in support of it. During a short stay in East Tennessee he was in a citizen colonel's tent one day, talking, when a big private appeared at the door, and without salute or other circumlocution, said to the colonel:

"Say, Jim, I'm a-goin' home for a few days."

"What for?"

"Well, I hain't b'en there for a right smart while, and I'd like to see how things is comin' on."

"How long are you going to be gone?"

"'Bout two weeks."

"Well, don't be gone longer than that; and get back sooner if you can."

That was all, and the citizen officer resumed his conversation where the private had broken it off. This was in the first months of the war, of course. The camps in our part of Missouri were under Brigadier-General Thomas H. Harris. He was a townsman of ours, a first-rate fellow, and well liked; but we had all familiarly known him as the sole and modest-salaried operator in our telegraph office, where he had to send about one dispatch a week in ordinary times, and two when there was a rush of business; consequently, when he appeared in our midst one day, on the wing, and delivered a military command of

some sort, in a large military fashion, nobody was surprised at the response which he got from the assembled soldiery:

"Oh, now, what'll you take to *don't*, Tom Harris!"

It was quite the natural thing. One might justly imagine that we were hopeless material for war. And so we seemed, in our ignorant state; but there were those among us who afterward learned the grim trade; learned to obey like machines; became valuable soldiers; fought all through the war, and came out at the end with excellent records. One of the very boys who refused to go out on picket duty that night, and called me an ass for thinking he would expose himself to danger in such a foolhardy way, had become distinguished for intrepidity before he was a year older.

I did secure my picket that night—not by authority, but by diplomacy. I got Bowers to go, by agreeing to exchange ranks with him for the time being, and go along and stand the watch with him as his subordinate. We staid out there a couple of dreary hours in the pitchy darkness and the rain, with nothing to modify the dreariness but Bowers's monotonous growlings at the war and the weather; then we began to nod, and presently found it next to impossible to stay in the saddle; so we gave up the tedious job, and went back to the camp without waiting for the relief guard. We rode into camp without interruption or objection from anybody, and the enemy could have done the same, for there were no sentries. Everybody was asleep; at midnight there was nobody to send out another picket, so none was sent. We never tried to establish a watch at night again, as far as I remember, but we generally kept a picket out in the daytime.

In that camp the whole command slept on the corn in the big corn-crib; and there was usually a general row before morning, for the place was full of rats, and they would scramble over the boys' bodies and faces, annoying and irritating everybody; and now and then they would bite some one's toe, and the person who owned the toe would start up and magnify his English and begin to throw corn in the dark. The ears were half as heavy as bricks, and when they struck they hurt. The persons struck would respond, and inside of five minutes every man would be locked in a death-grip with his neighbor. There was a grievous deal of blood shed in the corn-crib, but this was all that was spilt while I was in the war. No, that is not quite true. But for one circumstance it would have been all. I will come to that now.

Our scares were frequent. Every few days

rumors would come that the enemy were approaching. In these cases we always fell back on some other camp of ours; we never staid where we were. But the rumors always turned out to be false; so at last even we began to grow indifferent to them. One night a negro was sent to our corn-crib with the same old warning: the enemy was hovering in our neighborhood. We all said let him hover. We resolved to stay still and be comfortable. It was a fine warlike resolution, and no doubt we all felt the stir of it in our veins—for a moment. We had been having a very jolly time, that was full of horse-play and school-boy hilarity; but that cooled down now, and presently the fast-waning fire of forced jokes and forced laughs died out altogether, and the company became silent. Silent and nervous. And soon uneasy—worried—apprehensive. We had said we would stay, and we were committed. We could have been persuaded to go, but there was nobody brave enough to suggest it. An almost noiseless movement presently began in the dark, by a general but unvoiced impulse. When the movement was completed, each man knew that he was not the only person who had crept to the front wall and had his eye at a crack between the logs. No, we were all there; all there with our hearts in our throats, and staring out toward the sugar-troughs where the forest foot-path came through. It was late, and there was a deep woody stillness everywhere. There was a veiled moonlight, which was only just strong enough to enable us to mark the general shape of objects. Presently a muffled sound caught our ears, and we recognized it as the hoof-beats of a horse or horses. And right away a figure appeared in the forest path; it could have been made of smoke, its mass had so little sharpness of outline. It was a man on horse-back; and it seemed to me that there were others behind him. I got hold of a gun in the dark, and pushed it through a crack between the logs, hardly knowing what I was doing, I was so dazed with fright. Somebody said "Fire!" I pulled the trigger. I seemed to see a hundred flashes and hear a hundred reports, then I saw the man fall down out of the saddle. My first feeling was of surprised gratification; my first impulse was an apprentice-sportsman's impulse to run and pick up his game. Somebody said, hardly audibly, "Good—we've got him!—wait for the rest." But the rest did not come. We waited—listened—still no more came. There was not a sound, not the whisper of a leaf; just perfect stillness; an uncanny kind of stillness, which was all the more uncanny on account of the damp, earthy, late-night smells now ris-

ing  
crep  
Who  
disti  
his  
ch  
shirt  
thou  
dere  
had  
cold  
mar  
help  
have  
freel  
five  
to b  
over  
they  
regre  
the e  
lorn  
persu  
repro  
it see  
stabil  
and n  
his w  
new  
does  
and  
than  
In  
was k  
war;  
yet h  
posin  
The l  
over  
trage  
and i  
were  
him  
came  
fired;  
the g  
since  
ished  
six sh  
right  
aginat  
volley  
The  
armed  
that v  
The t  
every  
not d  
ing lif  
seeme  
be jus

ing and pervading it. Then, wondering, we crept stealthily out, and approached the man. When we got to him the moon revealed him distinctly. He was lying on his back, with his arms abroad; his mouth was open and his chest heaving with long gasps, and his white shirt-front was all splashed with blood. The thought shot through me that I was a murderer; that I had killed a man—a man who had never done me any harm. That was the coldest sensation that ever went through my marrow. I was down by him in a moment, helplessly stroking his forehead; and I would have given anything then—my own life freely—to make him again what he had been five minutes before. And all the boys seemed to be feeling in the same way; they hung over him, full of pitying interest, and tried all they could to help him, and said all sorts of regretful things. They had forgotten all about the enemy; they thought only of this one forlorn unit of the foe. Once my imagination persuaded me that the dying man gave me a reproachful look out of his shadowy eyes, and it seemed to me that I could rather he had stabbed me than done that. He muttered and mumbled like a dreamer in his sleep, about his wife and his child; and I thought with a new despair, "This thing that I have done does not end with him; it falls upon *them* too, and they never did me any harm, any more than he."

In a little while the man was dead. He was killed in war; killed in fair and legitimate war; killed in battle, as you may say; and yet he was as sincerely mourned by the opposing force as if he had been their brother. The boys stood there a half hour sorrowing over him, and recalling the details of the tragedy, and wondering who he might be, and if he were a spy, and saying that if it were to do over again they would not hurt him unless he attacked them first. It soon came out that mine was not the only shot fired; there were five others,—a division of the guilt which was a grateful relief to me, since it in some degree lightened and diminished the burden I was carrying. There were six shots fired at once; but I was not in my right mind at the time, and my heated imagination had magnified my one shot into a volley.

The man was not in uniform, and was not armed. He was a stranger in the country; that was all we ever found out about him. The thought of him got to preying upon me every night; I could not get rid of it. I could not drive it away, the taking of that unoffending life seemed such a wanton thing. And it seemed an epitome of war; that all war must be just that—the killing of strangers against

whom you feel no personal animosity; strangers whom, in other circumstances, you would help if you found them in trouble, and who would help you if you needed it. My campaign was spoiled. It seemed to me that I was not rightly equipped for this awful business; that war was intended for men, and I for a child's nurse. I resolved to retire from this avocation of sham soldiery while I could save some remnant of my self-respect. These morbid thoughts clung to me against reason; for at bottom I did not believe I had touched that man. The law of probabilities decreed me guiltless of his blood; for in all my small experience with guns I had never hit anything I had tried to hit, and I knew I had done my best to hit him. Yet there was no solace in the thought. Against a diseased imagination, demonstration goes for nothing.

The rest of my war experience was of a piece with what I have already told of it. We kept monotonously falling back upon one camp or another, and eating up the country. I marvel now at the patience of the farmers and their families. They ought to have shot us; on the contrary, they were as hospitably kind and courteous to us as if we had deserved it. In one of these camps we found Ab Grimes, an Upper Mississippi pilot, who afterwards became famous as a dare-devil rebel spy, whose career bristled with desperate adventures. The look and style of his comrades suggested that they had not come into the war to play, and their deeds made good the conjecture later. They were fine horsemen and good revolver-shots; but their favorite arm was the lasso. Each had one at his pommel, and could snatch a man out of the saddle with it every time, on a full gallop, at any reasonable distance.

In another camp the chief was a fierce and profane old blacksmith of sixty, and he had furnished his twenty recruits with gigantic home-made bowie-knives, to be swung with the two hands, like the *machetes* of the Isthmus. It was a grisly spectacle to see that earnest band practicing their murderous cuts and slashes under the eye of that remorseless old fanatic.

The last camp which we fell back upon was in a hollow near the village of Florida, where I was born—in Monroe County. Here we were warned, one day, that a Union colonel was sweeping down on us with a whole regiment at his heels. This looked decidedly serious. Our boys went apart and consulted; then we went back and told the other companies present that the war was a disappointment to us and we were going to disband. They were getting ready, themselves, to fall back on some place or other, and were only



waiting for General Tom Harris, who was expected to arrive at any moment; so they tried to persuade us to wait a little while, but the majority of us said no, we were accustomed to falling back, and didn't need any of Tom Harris's help; we could get along perfectly well without him—and save time too. So about half of our fifteen, including myself, mounted and left on the instant; the others yielded to persuasion and staid—staid through the war.

An hour later we met General Harris on the road, with two or three people in his company—his staff, probably, but we could not tell; none of them were in uniform; uniforms had not come into vogue among us yet. Harris ordered us back; but we told him there was a Union colonel coming with a whole regiment in his wake, and it looked as if there was going to be a disturbance; so we had concluded to go home. He raged a little, but it was of no use; our minds were made up. We had done our share; had killed one man, exterminated one army, such as it was; let him go and kill the rest, and that would end the war. I did not see that brisk young general again until last year; then he was wearing white hair and whiskers.

In time I came to know that Union colonel whose coming frightened me out of the war and crippled the Southern cause to that extent—General Grant. I came within a few hours of seeing him when he was as unknown as I

was myself; at a time when anybody could have said, "Grant?—Ulysses S. Grant? I do not remember hearing the name before." It seems difficult to realize that there was once a time when such a remark could be rationally made; but there *was*, and I was within a few miles of the place and the occasion too, though proceeding in the other direction.

The thoughtful will not throw this war-paper of mine lightly aside as being valueless. It has this value: it is a not unfair picture of what went on in many and many a militia camp in the first months of the rebellion, when the green recruits were without discipline, without the steady and heartening influence of trained leaders; when all their circumstances were new and strange, and charged with exaggerated terrors, and before the invaluable experience of actual collision in the field had turned them from rabbits into soldiers. If this side of the picture of that early day has not before been put into history, then history has been to that degree incomplete, for it had and has its rightful place there. There was more Bull Run material scattered through the early camps of this country than exhibited itself at Bull Run. And yet it learned its trade presently, and helped to fight the great battles later. I could have become a soldier myself, if I had waited. I had got part of it learned; I knew more about retreating than the man that invented retreating.

Mark Twain.

## EVE.

**L**ONE in the sunrise of primeval day,  
 More lovely than the virgin world around,  
 With fingers pressed on lips that made no sound,  
 She stood and gazed. Spread out before her lay  
 The future—and the clouds were rolled away.  
 The war of kings in empires still unfound,  
 The crash of cannon that should yet resound,  
 She heard, and saw the great world rock and sway.  
 Across the crimson sky above her head  
 There came a cry of children asking food;  
 A wail of women for the nations' dead  
 Went upward to the stars. So pale she stood;  
 Then to some secret place in Eden fled,  
 And wept in presage of her motherhood.

W. J. Henderson.



## THE BOSTONIANS.\*

BY HENRY JAMES,

Author of "Portrait of a Lady," "Daisy Miller," "Lady Barberina," etc.

XXXVI.—(Continued.)

"YOU always want me to come out! We can't go out here; we *are* out, as much as we can be!" Verena laughed. She tried to turn it off—feeling that something really impended.

"Come down into the garden, and out beyond there—to the water, where we can speak. It's what I have come for; it was not for what I told Miss Olive!"

He had lowered his voice, as if Miss Olive might still hear them, and there was something strangely grave—altogether solemn, indeed—in its tone. Verena looked around her, at the splendid summer day, at the much-swathed, formless figure of Miss Birdseye, holding her letter inside her hat. "Mr. Ransom!" she articulated then, simply; and as her eyes met his again, they showed him in each a tear.

"It's not to make you suffer, I honestly believe. I don't want to say anything that will hurt you. How can I possibly hurt you, when I feel to you as I do?" he went on, with suppressed force.

She said no more, but all her face entreated him to let her off, to spare her; and as this look deepened, a quick sense of elation and success began to throb in his heart, for it told him exactly what he wanted to know. It told him that she was afraid of him, that she had ceased to trust herself, that the way he had read her nature was the right way (she was tremendously open to attack, she was meant for love, she was meant for him), and that his arriving at the point at which he wished to arrive was only a question of time. This happy consciousness made him extraordinarily tender to her; he couldn't put enough reassurance into his smile, his low murmur, as he said: "Only give me ten minutes; don't receive me by turning me away. It's my holiday—my poor little holiday; don't spoil it."

Three minutes later Miss Birdseye, looking up from her letter, saw them move together through the bristling garden and traverse a gap in the old fence which inclosed the farther side of it. They passed into the ancient ship-yard which lay beyond, and which was now a mere vague, grass-grown approach to

the waterside, bestrewn with a few remnants of supererogatory timber. She saw them stroll forward to the edge of the bay and stand there, taking the soft breeze in their faces. She watched them a little, and it warmed her heart to see the stiff-necked young Southerner led captive by a daughter of New England trained in the right school, who would impose her opinions in their integrity. Considering how prejudiced he must have been, he was certainly behaving very well; even at that distance Miss Birdseye dimly made out that there was something positively humble in the way he invited Verena Tarrant to seat herself on a low pile of weather-blackened planks which constituted the principal furniture of the place, and something, perhaps, just a trifle too expressive of righteous triumph in the manner in which the girl put the suggestion by and stood where she liked, a little proudly, turning a good deal away from him. Miss Birdseye could see as much as this, but she couldn't hear, so that she didn't know what it was that made Verena turn suddenly back to him, at something he said. If she had known, perhaps his observation would have struck her as less singular—under the circumstances in which these two young persons met—than it may appear to the reader.

"They have accepted one of my articles; I think it's the best." These were the first words that passed Basil Ransom's lips after the pair had withdrawn as far as it was possible to withdraw (in that direction) from the house.

"Oh, is it printed—when does it appear?" Verena asked that question instantly; it sprang from her lips in a manner that completely belied the air of keeping herself at a distance from him, which she had worn a few moments before.

He didn't tell her again this time, as he had told her when, on the occasion of their walk together in New York, she expressed an inconsequent hope that his fortune as a rejected contributor would take a turn—he didn't remark to her once more that she was a delightful being; he only went on (as if her revulsion were a matter of course) to explain everything he could, so that she might as soon as possible know him better and see how

\* Copyright, 1884, by Henry James.

completely she could trust him. "That was, at bottom, the reason I came here. The essay in question is the most important thing I have done in the way of a literary attempt, and I determined to give up the game or to persist, according as I should be able to bring it to the light or not. The other day I got a letter from the editor of the 'Rational Review,' telling me that he should be very happy to print it, that he thought it very remarkable, and that he should be glad to hear from me again. He shall hear from me again—he needn't be afraid! It contained a good many of the opinions I have expressed to you, and a good many more besides. I really believe it will attract some attention. At any rate, the simple fact that it is to be published makes an era in my life. This will seem pitiful to you, no doubt, who publish yourself, have been before the world these several years, and are flushed with every kind of triumph; but to me it's simply a tremendous affair. It makes me believe I may do something; it has changed the whole way I look at my future. I have been building castles in the air, and I have put you in the biggest and fairest of them. That's a great change, and, as I say, it's really why I came on."

Verena lost not a word of this gentle, conciliatory, explicit statement; it was full of surprises for her, and as soon as Ransom had stopped speaking she inquired: "Why, didn't you feel satisfied about your future before?"

Her tone made him feel how little she had suspected he could have the weakness of a discouragement, how little of a question it must have seemed to her that he would one day triumph on his own erratic line. It was the sweetest tribute he had yet received to the idea that he might have ability; the letter of the editor of the "Rational Review" was nothing to it. "No, I felt very blue; it didn't seem to me at all clear that there was a place for me in the world."

"Gracious!" said Verena Tarrant.

A quarter of an hour later Miss Birdseye, who had returned to her letters (she had a correspondent at Framingham who usually wrote fifteen pages), became aware that Verena, who was now alone, was reëntering the house. She stopped her on her way, and said she hoped she hadn't pushed Mr. Ransom overboard.

"Oh, no; he has gone off—round the other way."

"Well, I hope he is going to speak for us soon."

Verena hesitated a moment. "He speaks with the pen. He has written a very fine article—for the 'Rational Review.'"

Miss Birdseye gazed at her young friend

complacently; the sheets of her interminable letter fluttered in the breeze. "Well, it's delightful to see the way it goes on, isn't it?"

Verena scarcely knew what to say; then, remembering that Doctor Prance had told her that they might lose their dear old companion any day, and confronting it with something Basil Ransom had just said,—that the "Rational Review" was a quarterly, and the editor had notified him that his article would appear only in the number after the next,—she reflected that perhaps Miss Birdseye wouldn't be there, so many months later, to see how it was her supposed consort had spoken. She might, therefore, be left to believe what she liked to believe, without fear of a day of reckoning. Verena committed herself to nothing more confirmatory than a kiss, however, which the old lady's displaced head-gear enabled her to imprint upon her forehead, and which caused Miss Birdseye to exclaim, "Why, Verena Tarrant, how cold your lips are!" It was not surprising to Verena to hear that her lips were cold; a mortal chill had crept over her, for she knew that, this time, she should have a tremendous scene with Olive.

She found her in her room, to which she had fled on quitting Mr. Ransom's presence; she sat in the window, having evidently sunk into a chair the moment she came in, a position from which she must have seen Verena walk through the garden and down to the water with the intruder. She remained as she had collapsed, quite prostrate; her position was the same as that other time Verena had found her waiting, in New York. What Olive was likely to say to her first, the girl scarcely knew; her mind, at any rate, was full of an intention of her own. She went straight to her, and fell on her knees before her, taking hold of the hands which were clasped together, with nervous intensity, in Miss Chancellor's lap. Verena remained a moment, looking up at her, and then said:

"There is something I want to tell you now, without a moment's delay; something I didn't tell you at the time it happened, nor afterwards. Mr. Ransom came out to see me once, at Cambridge, a little while before we went to New York. He spent a couple of hours with me; we took a walk together and saw the colleges. It was after that that he wrote to me—when I answered his letter, as I told you in New York. I didn't tell you then of his visit. We had a great deal of talk about him, and I kept that back. I did so on purpose; I can't explain why, except that I didn't like to tell you, and that I thought it better. But now I want you to know everything; when you know that, you *will* know everything. It was only one visit—about two hours. I en-

joyed  
terest  
that I  
come  
bridge  
it mig  
you w  
you w  
you to

Ver  
eager  
way sh  
candor  
seem  
percei  
when  
you d  
your d  
tions!  
he has  
want—  
"He  
Ver  
with as  
reproach  
spoken  
Olive  
and re  
hands;  
which  
episode  
many  
more d  
cause t  
drew h  
"Is th  
water?  
"Yes  
wanted  
it's only  
of his  
me like  
more o  
better."

Olive  
eyes an  
if there  
what ca  
bridge,  
sense th  
—mons  
to roll  
you did  
"Olive  
"To  
spare m  
Miss  
sudden  
off and  
instant  
fronted,

joyed it very much—he seemed so much interested. One reason I didn't tell you was that I didn't want you to know that he had come on to Boston, and called on me in Cambridge, without going to see you. I thought it might affect you disagreeably. I suppose you will think I deceived you; certainly I left you with a wrong impression. But now I want you to know all—all!"

Verena spoke with breathless haste and eagerness; there was a kind of passion in the way she tried to expiate her former want of candor. Olive listened, staring; at first she seemed scarcely to understand. But Verena perceived that she understood sufficiently when she broke out: "You deceived me—you deceived me! Well, I must say I like your deceit better than such dreadful revelations! And what does anything matter when he has come after you now? What does he want—what has he come for?"

"He has come to ask me to be his wife."

Verena said this with the same eagerness, with as determined an air of not incurring any reproach this time. But as soon as she had spoken she buried her head in Olive's lap.

Olive made no attempt to raise it again, and returned none of the pressure of her hands; she only sat silent for a time, during which Verena wondered that the idea of the episode at Cambridge, laid bare only after so many months, should not have struck her more deeply. Presently she saw it was because the horror of what had just happened drew her off from it. At last Olive asked: "Is that what he told you off there by the water?"

"Yes,"—and Verena looked up,— "he wanted me to know it immediately. He says it's only fair to you that he should give notice of his intentions. He wants to try and make me like him—so he says. He wants to see more of me, and he wants me to know him better."

Olive lay back in her chair, with dilated eyes and parted lips. "Verena Tarrant, what is there between you? what *can* I hold on to, what *can* I believe? Two hours, in Cambridge, before we went to New York?" The sense that Verena had been monstrous there—monstrous in her reticence—now began to roll over her. "Mercy of Heaven, how you did act!"

"Olive, it was to spare you."

"To spare me? If you really wished to spare me, he wouldn't be here now!"

Miss Chancellor flashed this out with a sudden violence, a spasm which threw Verena off and made her rise to her feet. For an instant the two young women stood confronted, and a person who had seen them at

that moment might have taken them for enemies rather than friends. But any such opposition could last but a few seconds. Verena replied, with a tremor in her voice which was not that of passion, but of charity: "Do you mean that I expected him, that I brought him? I never in my life was more surprised at anything than when I saw him there."

"Hasn't he the delicacy of one of his own slave-drivers? Doesn't he know you loathe him?"

Verena looked at her friend with a degree of majesty which, with her, was rare. "I don't loathe him—I only dislike his opinions."

"Dislike! Oh, misery!" And Olive turned away to the open window, leaning her forehead against the lifted sash.

Verena hesitated, then went to her, passing her arm round her. "Don't scold me! help me—help me!" she murmured.

Olive gave her a sidelong look; then, catching her up and facing her again—"Will you come away, now, by the next train?"

"Flee from him again, as I did in New York? No, no, Olive Chancellor, that's not the way," Verena went on, reasoningly, as if all the wisdom of the ages were seated on her lips. "Then how can we leave Miss Birdseye, in her state? We must stay here—we must fight it out here."

"Why not be honest, if you have been false—really honest, not only half so? Why not tell him plainly that you love him?"

"Love him, Olive? why, I scarcely know him."

"You'll have a chance, if he stays a month."

"I don't dislike him, certainly, as you do. But how can I love him when he tells me he wants me to give up everything, all our work, our faith, our future, never to give another address, to open my lips in public? How can I consent to that?" Verena went on, smiling strangely.

"He asks you that, just that way?"

"No; it's not that way. It's very kindly."

"Kindly? Heaven help you, don't grovel! Doesn't he know it's my house?" Olive added, in a moment.

"Of course he won't come into it, if you forbid him."

"So that you may meet him in other places—on the shore, in the country?"

"I certainly sha'n't avoid him, hide away from him," said Verena proudly. "I thought I made you believe, in New York, that I really cared for our aspirations. The way for me, then, is to meet him, feeling conscious of my strength. What if I do like him? what does it matter? I like my work in the world, I like everything I believe in, better."

Olive listened to this, and the memory of how, in the house in Tenth street, Verena had rebuked her doubts, professed her own faith anew, came back to her with a force which made the present situation appear slightly less terrific. Nevertheless, she gave no assent to the girl's logic; she only replied: "But you didn't meet him there; you hurried away from New York, after I was willing you should stay. He affected you very much there; you were not so calm when you came back to me from your expedition to the park, as you pretend to be now. To get away from him, you gave up all the rest."

"I know I wasn't so calm. But now I have had three months to think about it—about the way he affected me there. I take it very quietly."

"No, you don't; you are not calm now."

Verena was silent a moment, while Olive's eyes continued to search her, accuse her, condemn her. "It's all the more reason you shouldn't give me stab after stab," she replied, with a gentleness which was infinitely touching.

It had an instant effect upon Olive; she burst into tears, threw herself upon her friend's neck. "Oh, don't desert me—don't desert me, or you'll kill me in torture," she moaned, shuddering.

"You must help me—you must help me!" cried Verena, imploringly too.

## XXXVII.

BASIL RANSOM spent a month at Marmion; in announcing this fact I am very conscious of its extraordinary character. Poor Olive may well have been startled to sharp pain at his presenting himself there; for after her return from New York she took to her soul the conviction that they had really done with him. Not only did the impulse of revulsion under which Verena had demanded that their departure from Tenth street should be immediate appear to her a proof that it had been sufficient for her young friend to touch Mr. Ransom's moral texture with her finger, as it were, in order to draw back forever, but what she had learned from her companion of his own manifestations, his apparent disposition to throw up the game, added to her feeling of security. He had spoken to Verena of their little excursion as his last opportunity, let her know that he regarded it not as the beginning of a more intimate acquaintance, but as the end even of such relations as already existed between them. He gave her up, for reasons best known to himself; if he wanted to frighten Olive he judged that he had frightened her enough; his Southern chivalry suggested to him, perhaps, that he ought to let her off be-

fore he had worried her to death. Doubtless, too, he had perceived how vain it was to hope to make Verena abjure a faith so solidly founded; and though he admired her enough to wish to possess her on his own terms, he shrank from the mortification which the future would have in keeping for him—that of finding that, after six months of courting, and in spite of all her sympathy, her desire to do what people expected of her, she despised his opinions as much as the first day. Olive Chancellor was able to a certain extent to believe what she wished to believe, and that was one reason why she had twisted Verena's flight from New York, just after she let her friend see how much she should like to drink deeper of the cup, into a warrant for living in a fool's paradise. If she had been less afraid, she would have read things more clearly. She would have seen that we don't run away from people unless we fear them, and that we don't fear them unless we know that we are unarmed. Verena feared Basil Ransom now (though this time she declined to run); but now she had taken up her weapons, she had told Olive she was exposed, she had asked *her* to be her defense. Poor Olive had been sickened as she had never been before; but the extremity of her danger gave her a desperate energy. The only comfort in her situation was that this time Verena had confessed her peril, had thrown herself into her hands. "I like him,—I can't help it,—I do like him. I don't want to marry him, I don't want to embrace his ideas, which are unspeakably false and horrible; but I like him better than any gentleman I have seen." So much as this the girl announced to her friend as soon as the conversation of which I have just given a sketch was resumed, as it was very soon, you may be sure, and very often, in the course of the next few days. That was her way of saying that a great crisis had arrived in her life, and the statement needed very little amplification to stand as a shy avowal that she too had succumbed to the universal passion. Olive had had her suspicions, her terrors, before; but she perceived now how idle and foolish they had been, and that this was a different affair from any of the "phases" of which she had hitherto anxiously watched the development. As I say, she felt it to be a considerable mercy that Verena's attitude was frank, for it gave her something to take hold of; she could no longer be put off with sophistries about receiving visits from handsome and unscrupulous young men for the sake of the opportunities it gave one to convert them. She took hold, accordingly, with passion, with fury; after the shock of Ransom's arrival had passed away she determined that he should not find her chilled into



dumb submission. Verena had told her that she wanted her to hold her tight, to rescue her; and there was no fear that, for an instant, she should sleep at her post.

"I like him—I like him; but I want to hate——"

"You want to hate him!" Olive broke in.

"No, I want to hate my liking. I want you to keep before me all the reasons why I should—many of them so fearfully important. Don't let me lose sight of anything! Don't be afraid I shall not be grateful when you remind me."

That was one of the singular speeches that Verena made in the course of their constant discussion of the terrible question, and it must be confessed that she made a great many. The strangest of all was when she protested, as she did again and again to Olive, against the idea of their seeking safety in retreat. She said there was a want of dignity in it—that she had been ashamed, afterwards, of what she had done in rushing away from New York. This care for her moral appearance was, on Verena's part, something new; inasmuch as, though she had struck that note on previous occasions,—had insisted on its being her duty to face the accidents and alarms of life,—she had never erected such a standard in the face of a disaster so sharply possible. It was not her habit either to talk or to think about her dignity, and when Olive found her taking that tone she felt more than ever that the dreadful, ominous, fatal part of the situation was simply that now, for the first time in all the history of their sacred friendship, Verena was not sincere. She was not sincere when she told her that she wanted to be helped against Mr. Ransom—when she exhorted her that way, to keep everything that was salutary and fortifying before her eyes. Olive didn't go so far as to believe that she was playing a part, and putting her off with words which, glossing over her treachery, only made it more cruel; she would have admitted that that treachery was as yet unwitting, that Verena deceived herself first of all, and thought she really wished to be saved. Her phrases about her dignity were insincere, her pretext that they must stay to look after Miss Birdseye; as if Doctor Prance were not abundantly able to discharge that function, and would not be enchanted to get them out of the house! Olive had perfectly divined by this time that Doctor Prance had no sympathy with their movement, no general ideas; that she was simply shut up to petty questions of pathological science and of her own professional activity. She would never have invited her down if she had realized this in advance, so much as the doctor's dry detach-

ment from all their discussions, their readings and practicing, her constant expeditions to fish and botanize, subsequently enabled her to do. She was very narrow, but it did seem as if she knew more about Miss Birdseye's peculiar physical conditions—they were *very* peculiar—than any one else, and this was a comfort at a time when that admirable woman seemed to be suffering a loss of vitality.

"The great point is that it must be met some time, and it will be a tremendous relief to have it over. He is determined to have it out with me, and if the battle doesn't come off to-day we shall have to fight it to-morrow. I don't see why this isn't as good a time as any other. My lecture for the Music Hall is as good as finished, and I haven't got anything else to do; so I can give all my attention to our personal struggle. It requires a good deal, you would admit, if you knew how wonderfully he can talk. If we should leave this place to-morrow, he would come after us to the very next one. He would follow us everywhere. A little while ago we could have escaped him, because he says that then he had no money. He hasn't got much now, but he has got enough to pay his way. He is so encouraged by the reception of his article by the editor of the 'Rational Review' that he is sure that in future his pen will be a resource."

These remarks were uttered by Verena after Basil Ransom had been three days at Mar-mion, and when she reached this point her companion interrupted her with the inquiry, "Is that what he proposes to support you with—his pen?"

"Oh, yes; of course he admits we should be terribly poor."

"And this vision of a literary career is based entirely upon an article that hasn't yet seen the light? I don't see how a man of any refinement can approach a woman with so beggarly an account of his position in life."

"He says he wouldn't—he would have been ashamed—three months ago; that was why, when we were in New York, and he felt, even then—well (so he says) all he feels now, he made up his mind not to persist, to let me go. But just lately a change has taken place; his state of mind altered completely, in the course of a week, in consequence of the letter that editor wrote him about his contribution. It was a remarkably flattering letter. He says he believes in his future now; he has before him a vision of distinction, of influence, and of fortune, not great, perhaps, but sufficient to make life tolerable. He doesn't think life is very delightful, in the nature of things; but one of the best things a man can do with it is to get hold of some woman (of course, she must please him very much, to



make it worth while) whom he may draw close to him."

"And couldn't he get hold of any one but you — among all the exposed millions of our sex?" poor Olive groaned. "Why must he pick you out, when everything he knew about you showed you to be, exactly, the very last?"

"That's just what I have asked him, and he only remarks that there is no reasoning about such things. He fell in love with me that first evening, at Miss Birdseye's. So you see there was some ground for that mystic apprehension of yours. It seems as if I pleased him more than any one."

Olive flung herself over on the couch, burying her face in the cushions, which she tumbled in her despair, and moaning out that he didn't love Verena, he never had loved her, it was only his hatred of their cause that made him pretend it; he wanted to do that an injury, to do it the worst he could think of. He didn't love her, he hated her, he only wanted to smother her, to crush her, to kill her — as she would infallibly see that he would if she listened to him. It was because he knew that her voice had magic in it, and from the moment he caught its first note he had determined to destroy it. It was not tenderness that moved him — it was devilish malignity; tenderness would be incapable of requiring the horrible sacrifice that he was not ashamed to ask, of requiring her to commit perjury and blasphemy, to desert a work, an interest, with which her very heart-strings were interlaced, to give the lie to her whole young past, to her purest, holiest ambitions. Olive put forward no claim of her own, breathed, at first, at least, not a word of remonstrance in the name of her personal loss, of their blighted union; she only dwelt upon the unspeakable tragedy of a defection from their standard, of a failure on Verena's part to carry out what she had undertaken, of the horror of seeing her bright career blotted out with darkness and tears, of the joy and elation that would fill the breast of all their adversaries at this illustrious, consummate proof of the fickleness, the futility, the predestined servility of women. A man had only to whistle for her, and she who had pretended most was delighted to come and kneel at his feet. Olive's most passionate protest was summed up in her saying that if Verena were to forsake them it would put back the emancipation of women a hundred years. She did not, during these dreadful days, talk continuously; she had long periods of pale, intensely anxious, watchful silence, interrupted by outbursts of passionate argument, entreaty, invocation. It was Verena who talked incessantly, Verena who was in a state entirely new to her, and,

as any one could see, in an attitude entirely unnatural and overdone. If she was deceiving herself, as Olive said, there was something very affecting in her effort, her ingenuity. If she tried to appear to Olive impartial, coldly judicious, in her attitude with regard to Basil Ransom, and only anxious to see, for the moral satisfaction of the thing, how good a case, as a lover, he might make out for himself, and how much he might touch her susceptibilities, she endeavored, still more earnestly, to practice this fraud upon her own imagination. She abounded in every proof that she should be in despair if she should be overborne, and she thought of arguments even more convincing, if possible, than Olive's, why she should hold on to her old faith, why she should resist even at the cost of acute temporary suffering. She was voluble, fluent, feverish; she was perpetually bringing up the subject, as if to encourage her friend, to show how she kept possession of her judgment, how independent she remained.

No stranger situation can be imagined than that of these extraordinary young women at this juncture; it was so singular on Verena's part, in particular, that I despair of presenting it to the reader with the air of reality. To understand it, one must bear in mind her peculiar frankness, natural and acquired, her habit of discussing questions, sentiments, moralities, her education, in the atmosphere of lecture-rooms, of séances, her familiarity with the vocabulary of emotion, the mysteries of "the spiritual life." She had learned to breathe and move in a rarefied air, as she would have learned to speak Chinese if her success in life had depended upon it; but this dazzling trick, and all her artlessly artful facilities, were not a part of her essence, an expression of her innermost preferences. What *was* a part of her essence was the extraordinary generosity with which she could expose herself, give herself away, turn herself inside out, for the satisfaction of a person who made demands of her. Olive, as we know, had made the reflection that no one was naturally less preoccupied with the idea of her dignity, and though Verena put it forward as an excuse for remaining where they were, it must be admitted that in reality she was very deficient in the desire to be consistent with herself. Olive had contributed with all her zeal to the development of Verena's gift; but I scarcely venture to think, now, what she may have said to herself, in the secrecy of deep meditation, about the consequences of cultivating an abundant eloquence. Did she say that Verena was attempting to smother her now in her own phrases? did she view with dismay the fatal effect of trying to have an answer for everything? From Ol-

ive's  
there  
joined  
avert  
she c  
tears;  
fled  
which  
last) t  
which  
by as  
a pre  
have l  
with l  
hersel  
if she  
enough  
compl  
her p  
I hav  
Verena  
with h  
out of  
their f  
She s  
utterly  
her, i  
Mr. R  
hurry  
outrag  
had h  
of lett  
round  
Verena  
and o  
as eag  
it was  
had b  
over h  
true p  
one c  
would  
— a p  
Verena  
have  
same  
world  
held  
live o  
fying,  
man.  
supers  
those  
had p  
— tha  
spirin  
crisis  
The  
tracte  
was th  
it sinc

ive's condition during these lamentable weeks there is a certain propriety — a delicacy enjoined by the respect for misfortune — in averting our head. She neither ate nor slept; she could scarcely speak without bursting into tears; she felt so implacably, insidiously baffled. She remembered the magnanimity with which she had declined (the winter before the last) to receive the vow of eternal maidenhood which she had at first demanded, and then put by as too crude a test, but which Verena, for a precious hour, forever flown, would then have been willing to take. She repented of it with bitterness and rage; and then she asked herself, more desperately still, whether even if she held that pledge she should be brave enough to enforce it in the face of actual complications. She believed that if it were in her power to say, "No, I won't let you off; I have your solemn word, and I won't!" Verena would bow to that decree and remain with her; but the magic would have passed out of her spirit forever, the sweetness out of their friendship, the efficacy out of their work. She said to her again and again that she had utterly changed since that hour she came to her, in New York, after her morning with Mr. Ransom, and sobbed out that they must hurry away. Then she had been wounded, outraged, sickened, and in the interval nothing had happened, nothing but that one exchange of letters, which she knew about, to bring her round to a shameless tolerance. Shameless Verena admitted it to be; she assented over and over to this proposition, and explained, as eagerly each time as if it were the first, what it was that had come to pass, what it was that had brought her round. It had simply come over her that she liked him, that that was the true point of view, the only one from which one could consider the situation in a way that would lead to what she called a *real* solution — a permanent rest. On this particular point Verena never responded, in the liberal way I have mentioned, without asseverating at the same time that what she desired most in the world was to prove (the picture Olive had held up from the first) that a woman *could* live on persistently, clinging to a great, vivifying, redemptory idea, without the help of a man. To testify to the end against the stale superstition — mother of every misery — that those gentry were as indispensable as they had proclaimed themselves on the house-tops — that, she passionately protested, was as inspiring a thought in the present poignant crisis as it had ever been.

The one grain of comfort that Olive extracted from the terrors that pressed upon her was that now she knew the worst; she knew it since Verena had told her, after so long and

so ominous a reticence, of the detestable episode at Cambridge. That seemed to her the worst, because it had been thunder in a clear sky; the incident had sprung from a quarter from which, months before, all symptoms appeared to have vanished. Though Verena had now done all she could to make up for her perfidious silence by repeating everything that passed between them as she sat with Mr. Ransom in Monadnoc Place or strolled with him through the colleges, it imposed itself upon Olive that that occasion was the key of all that had happened since, that he had then obtained an irremediable hold upon her. If Verena had spoken at the time, she would never have let her go to New York; the sole compensation for that hideous mistake was that the girl, recognizing it to the full, evidently deemed, now, that she couldn't be communicative enough. There were certain afternoons in August, long, beautiful, and terrible, when one felt that the summer was rounding its curve, and the rustle of the full-leaved trees in the slanting golden light, in the breeze that ought to be delicious, seemed the voice of the coming autumn, of the warnings and dangers of life — portentous, insufferable hours when, as she sat under the softly swaying vine-leaves of the trellis with Miss Birdseye, and tried, in order to still her nerves, to read something aloud to her guest, the sound of her own quavering voice made her think more of that baleful day at Cambridge than of the fact that at that very moment Verena was "off" with Mr. Ransom — had gone to take the little daily walk with him to which it had been arranged that their enjoyment of each other's society should be reduced. Arranged, I say; but that is not exactly the word to describe the compromise arrived at by a kind of tacit exchange of tearful entreaty and tightened grasp, after Ransom had made it definite to Verena that he *was* going to stay a month, and she had promised that she would not resort to base evasions, to flight (which would avail her nothing, he notified her), but would give him a chance, would listen to him a few minutes every day. He had insisted that the few minutes should be an hour, and the way to spend it was obvious. They wandered along the waterside to a rocky, shrub-covered point, which made a walk of just the right duration. Here all the homely languor of the region, the mild, fragrant Cape-quality, the sweetness of white sands, quiet waters, low promontories where there were paths among the barberries, and tidal pools gleamed in the sunset, — here, I say, all the spirit of a ripe summer afternoon seemed to hang in the air. There were wood-walks too; they sometimes followed bosky uplands,

where accident had grouped the trees with odd effects of "style," and where in grassy intervals and fragrant nooks of rest they came out upon sudden patches of Arcady. In such places Verena listened to her companion with her watch in her hand, and she wondered, very sincerely, how he could care for a girl who made the conditions of courtship so odious. He had recognized, of course, at the very first, that he could not inflict himself again upon Miss Chancellor, and after that awkward morning call I have described he did not again, for the first three weeks of his stay at Marmion, penetrate into the cottage whose back windows overlooked the deserted shipyard. Olive, as may be imagined, made, on this occasion, no protest for the sake of being ladylike, or of preventing him from putting her apparently in the wrong. The situation between them was too grim; it was war to the knife, it was a question of which should pull hardest. So Verena took a tryst with the young man as if she had been a maid-servant and Basil Ransom a "follower." They met a little way from the house; beyond it, outside the village.

XXXVIII.

OLIVE thought she knew the worst, as we have perceived; but the worst was really something she couldn't know, inasmuch as, up to this time, Verena chose to confide in her as little on that one point as she was careful to expatiate with her on every other. The change that had taken place in the object of Basil Ransom's meddlesome devotion since the episode in New York was, briefly, just this change—that the words he had spoken to her there about her genuine vocation, as distinguished from the hollow and factitious ideal with which her family and her association with Olive Chancellor had saddled her—these words, the most effective and penetrating he had uttered, had sunk into her soul and worked and fermented there. She had come at last to believe them, and that was the alteration, the transformation. They had kindled a light in which she saw herself afresh, and, strange to say, liked herself better than in the old exaggerated glamour of the lecture-lamps. She couldn't tell Olive that yet, for it struck at the root of everything, and the dreadful, delightful sensation filled her with a kind of awe at all that it implied and portended. She was to burn everything she had adored; she was to adore everything she had burned. The extraordinary part of it was that though she felt the situation to be, as I say, tremendously serious, she was not ashamed of the treachery which she—yes, decidedly, by this time she must admit it to herself—she

meditated. It was simply that the truth had changed sides; that radiant image began to look at her from Basil Ransom's fuliginous eyes. She loved, she was in love—she felt it in every throb of her being. Instead of being constituted by nature for entertaining that sentiment in an exceptionally small degree (which had been the implication of her whole crusade, the warrant for her offer of old to Olive to renounce), she was framed, apparently, to allow it the largest range, the highest intensity. It was always passion, in fact; but now the object was other. Formerly she had been convinced that the fire of her spirit was a kind of double flame, one half of which was responsive friendship for a most extraordinary person, and the other pity for the sufferings of women in general. Verena gazed aghast at the colorless dust into which, in three short months (counting from the episode in New York), such a conviction as that could crumble; she felt it must be a magical touch that could bring about such a cataclysm. Why Basil Ransom had been deputed by fate to exercise this spell was more than she could say—poor Verena, who up to so lately had flattered herself that she had a wizard's wand in her own pocket.

When she saw him a little way off, about five o'clock,—the hour she usually went out to meet him,—waiting for her at a bend of the road which lost itself, after a winding, straggling mile or two, in the indented, insulated "point," where the wandering bee droned through the hot hours with a vague, misguided flight, she felt that his tall, watching figure, with the low horizon behind, represented well the importance, the towering eminence he had in her mind—the fact that he was just now, to her vision, the most definite, most incomparable object in the world. If he had not been at his post when she expected him, she would have had to stop and lean against something for weakness; her whole being would have throbbed more painfully than it throbbed at present, though seeing him there made her nervous enough. And who was he; what was he? she asked herself. What did he offer her besides a chance (in which there was no compensation of brilliancy or fashion) to falsify, in a conspicuous manner, every hope and pledge she had hitherto given? He allowed her, certainly, no illusion on the subject of the fate she should meet as his wife; he flung over it no rosiness of promised ease; he let her know that she should be poor, withdrawn from view, a partner of his struggle, of his severe, rather cynical stoicism. When he spoke of such things as these, and bent his eyes on her, she could not keep the tears from her own; she felt that to throw herself into

his life (bare and arid as for the time it was) was the condition of happiness for her, and yet that the obstacles were terrible, cruel. It must not be thought that the revolution which was taking place in her was unaccompanied with suffering. She suffered less than Olive certainly, for her bent was not, like her friend's, in that direction; but as the wheel of her experience went round she had the sensation of being ground very small indeed. With her light, bright texture, her complacent responsiveness, her genial, graceful, ornamental cast, her desire to keep on pleasing others at the time when a force she had never felt before was pushing her to please herself, poor Verena lived in these days in a state of moral tension — with a sense of being strained and aching — which she didn't betray more only because it was absolutely not in her power to look haggard. An immense pity for Olive sat in her heart, and she asked herself how far it was necessary to go in the path of self-sacrifice. Nothing was wanting to make the wrong she should do her complete; she had deceived her up to the very last; only three months before she had reasserted her vows, given her word, with every show of fidelity and enthusiasm. There were hours when it seemed to Verena that she must really push her inquiry no further, but content herself with the conclusion that she loved as deeply as a woman could love, and that it didn't make any difference. She felt Olive's grasp too clinching, too terrible. She said to herself that she should never dare, that she might as well give up early as late; that the scene, at the end, would be something she couldn't face; that she had no right to blast the poor creature's whole future. She had a vision of those dreadful years; she knew that Olive would never get over the disappointment. It would touch her in the point where she felt everything most keenly; she would be incurably lonely and eternally humiliated. It was a very peculiar thing, their friendship; it had elements which made it probably as complete as any (between women) that had ever existed. Of course it had been more on Olive's side than on hers, she had always known that; but that, again, didn't make any difference. It was of no use for her to tell herself that Olive had begun it entirely, and she had only responded out of a kind of charmed politeness, at first, to a tremendous appeal. She had lent herself, given herself, utterly, and she ought to have known better if she didn't mean to abide by it. At the end of three weeks she felt that her inquiry was complete, but that after all nothing was gained except an immense interest in Basil Ransom's views, and the prospect of an eternal heartache. He

had told her he wanted her to know him, and now she knew him pretty thoroughly. She knew him and she adored him, but it didn't make any difference. To give him up or to give Olive up — this effort would be the greater of the two.

If Basil Ransom had the advantage, as far back as that day in New York, of having struck a note which was to reverberate, it may easily be imagined that he did not fail to follow it up. If he had projected a new light into Verena's mind, and made the idea of giving herself to a man more agreeable to her than that of giving herself to a movement, he found means to deepen this illumination, to drag her former standard in the dust. He was in a very odd situation indeed; carrying on his siege with his hands tied. As he had to do everything in an hour a day, he perceived that he must confine himself to the essential. The essential was to show her how much he loved her, and then to press, to press, always to press. His hovering about Miss Chancellor's habitation without going in was a strange regimen to be subjected to, and he was sorry not to see more of Miss Birdseye, besides often not knowing what to do with himself in the mornings and evenings. Fortunately he had brought plenty of books (volumes of rusty aspect, picked up at New York bookstalls), and in such an affair as this he could take the less when the more was forbidden him. For the mornings, sometimes, he had the resource of Doctor Prance, with whom he made a great many excursions on the water. She was devoted to boating and an ardent fisherwoman, and they used to pull out into the bay together, cast their lines, and talk a prodigious amount of heresy. She met him, as Verena met him, "in the environs," but in a different spirit. He was immensely amused at her attitude, and saw that nothing in the world could, as he expressed it, make her wink. She would never blench nor show surprise. She had an air of taking everything abnormal for granted; betrayed no consciousness of the oddity of Ransom's situation; said nothing to indicate she had noticed that Miss Chancellor was in a frenzy or that Verena had a daily appointment. You might have supposed from her manner that it was as natural for Ransom to sit on a fence half a mile off as in one of the red rocking-chairs, of the so-called "Shaker" species, which adorned Miss Chancellor's back veranda. The only thing our young man didn't like about Doctor Prance was the impression she gave him (from her little slit-like tacit sources he scarcely knew how he gathered it) that she thought Verena rather slim. She took an ironical view of almost any kind of



courtship, and he could see she didn't wonder women were such featherheads, so long as, whatever thin follies they cultivated, they could get men to come and sit on fences for them. Doctor Prance told him Miss Birdseye noticed nothing; she had sunk, within a few days, into a kind of transfigured torpor; she didn't seem to know whether Mr. Ransom were anywhere round or not. She guessed she thought he had just come down for a day and gone off again; she probably supposed he just wanted to get toned up a little by Miss Tarrant. Sometimes, out in the boat, when she looked at him in vague, good-humored silence, while she waited for a bite (she delighted in a bite), she had an expression of diabolical shrewdness. When Ransom was not scorching there beside her (he didn't mind the sun of Massachusetts), he lounged about in the pastoral land which hung (at a very moderate elevation) above the shore. He always had a book in his pocket, and he lay under whispering trees and kicked his heels and made up his mind on what side he should take Verena the next time. At the end of a fortnight he had succeeded (so he believed, at least) far better than he had hoped, in this sense, that the girl had now the air of making much more light of her "gift." He was indeed quite appalled at the facility with which she threw it over, gave up the idea that it was useful and precious. That had been what he wanted her to do, and the fact of the sacrifice (once she had fairly looked at it) costing her so little only proved his contention, only made it clear that it was not necessary to her happiness to spend half her life ranting (no matter how prettily) in public. All the same he said to himself that, to make up for the loss of whatever was sweet in the reputation of the thing, he should have to be tremendously nice to her in all the coming years. During the first week he was at Marmion she made of him an inquiry which touched on this point.

"Well, if it's all a mere delusion, why should this facility have been given me—why should I have been saddled with a superfluous talent? I don't care much about it—I don't mind telling you that; but I confess I should like to know what is to become of all that part of me, if I retire into private life, and live, as you say, simply to be charming for you. I shall be like a singer with a beautiful voice (you have told me yourself my voice is beautiful) who has accepted some decree of never raising a note. Isn't that a great waste, a great violation of nature? Were not our talents given

us to use, and have we any right to smother them and deprive our fellow-creatures of such pleasure as they may confer? In the arrangement you propose" (that was Verena's way of speaking of the question of their marriage) "I don't see what provision is made for my poor dear little disfranchised eloquence. It is all very well to be charming to you, but there are people who have told me that, once I get on a platform, I am charming to all the world. There is no harm in my speaking of that, because you have told me so yourself. Perhaps you intend to have a platform erected in our front parlor, where I can address you every evening, and put you to sleep after your work. I say our *front* parlor, as if it were certain we should have two! It doesn't look as if our means would permit that—and we must have some place to dine, if there is to be a platform in our sitting-room."

"My dear young woman, it will be easy to solve the difficulty: the dining-table itself shall be our platform, and you shall mount on top of that." This was Basil Ransom's sportive reply to his companion's very natural appeal for light, and the reader will remark that if it led her to push her investigation no further, she was very easily satisfied. There was more reason, however, as well as more appreciation of a very considerable mystery, in what he went on to say. "Charming to me, charming to all the world? What will become of your charm?—is that what you want to know? It will be about five thousand times greater than it is now; that's what will become of it. We shall find plenty of room for your facility; it will lubricate our whole existence. Believe me, Miss Tarrant, these things will take care of themselves. You won't sing in the Music Hall, but you will sing to me; you will sing to every one who knows you and approaches you. Your gift is indestructible; don't talk as if I either wanted to wipe it out or should be able to make it a particle less divine. I want to give it another direction, certainly; but I don't want to stop your activity. Your gift is the gift of expression, and there is nothing I can do for you that will make you less expressive. It won't gush out at a fixed hour and on a fixed day, but it will irrigate, it will fertilize, it will brilliantly adorn your conversation. Think how delightful it will be when your influence becomes really social. Your facility, as you call it, will simply make you, in conversation, the most charming woman in America."

(To be continued.)

Henry James.



## THE SOLITARY KNIGHT.

**M**IDSUMMER EVE. The horseman stays to rest,  
Looking to seaward you could hardly know,  
By wooded cape or headland in the west,  
Whether to-day or thousand years ago.  
What matter if in Alfred's time or now?  
The same sky arches the same grass and tides,  
The same vext hearts: forever runs the plough  
Of change; form immaterial abides.

Beside him, on the wall that overtops  
The bank above the shore where children play,  
A lady sits, and ever on him drops  
Her eyes aglow from flaming sky and bay:  
The earth-old miracle before them wrought  
Of water turned to streaming flood of fire,  
Its source a sunset passing dreamer's thought,  
A splendor baffling impotent desire.

Upon him, if he gazed or smiled or spoke,  
She ever caught the semblance of a pall,  
Impalpable as Indian-summer smoke,  
Impenetrable as a crystal wall:  
A vail intangible that drew between  
Him and the friendliest face, the grasping hand,  
And shut out half the solace of the scene  
That touched with speechless grace all sea and land.

And, marveling, the lady pondered first,—  
As in the story of the Christ 'tis told,—  
"Was he for *his* sin or his parents' cursed?"  
Then, conning the reply, and making bold  
From her pure woman's heart (for she had heard  
He was by men esteemed reproachless, brave,  
And gentle that he would not harm a bird,  
Yet scornful of each false and coward knave);

And doubting if her thought did not belie  
So chivalrous a one of speech and hand,  
And more by half-protesting smile and eye  
Than word, she questioned why he was so banned.  
Then looked he down at her, and bared his head,  
And glanced up to the sky as if to plead;  
And, deeply grave, he reverently said,—  
"God knows. I only it was so decreed.

"Since I grew conscious, I have moved alone,  
Threading the forest thick of trees or men,  
To comrade as to stranger little known:  
The nearest comes and looks and turns again.  
And though I press in vanguard of the fray  
And call the charge, and men spring on to see  
My colors lead along the conquering way,—  
My heart goes often to the enemy.

## THE SOLITARY KNIGHT.

"And if I take a child, in hungry wise,  
 And fondle him and fold him face on face,  
 He lifts his head and looks with old, grave eyes  
 On one he knows is foreign to his race."  
 The lady, stung in her pure-hearted peace  
 And vehement of eager pity, spoke,—  
 "It cannot be. Can no one give release?  
 Has no hand through this cruel prison broke?"

His face, as smitten by an arrow, dropped;  
 And he awhile sat still as brooding bird,  
 As still as though his breath and heart-beat stopped;  
 Then, like one from enraptured vision stirred  
 And softly, "There was one, I thought, that could,—  
 That might this living cerement have spurned;  
 And who, out of her strong compassion, would  
 But that she could not, howsoe'er she yearned."

The lady scoffed a look, in bitter heart,  
 At *could* and *could not*, and her eyes asked, "Why?"  
 "Because," he said, "because she was a part  
 And denizen of heaven bright and high;  
 And how could she reach down to this far place?"  
 A faint bell chimed. He pointed to the north;  
 And long gazed on a paling golden space,  
 As though a seraph beckoned leaning forth.

O'er sky and sea night pours her quenching tides,  
 Veils gracious face, and merges wood and slope.  
 "Good-night! good-night!" Into the dark he rides,  
 With heart-of-grace, not hopeless nor in hope,  
 But bending back his head like one in fight  
 Who feels the vital hurt and will not yield  
 But urges on till, battle-faint at night,  
 He may lie down upon the trodden field.

Darkly he rides, not more of purpose blind  
 By searching to find out the Unsearchable;  
 As sure that, though it mock this sense confined,  
 In unimaginable ways 'tis well;  
 Not less his path assigned, in order set  
 With wheeling sphere and comet flaming far;  
 Nor more unnoted in his round, nor yet  
 Less lonely than yon ether-threading star.

James T. McKay.



ON  
 the  
 may  
 on a  
 the la  
 appea

"H  
 Gardin  
 born A  
 1738."

He  
 come  
 which  
 be dep  
 did it  
 of Wi  
 These  
 ask. I  
 there  
 the Br  
 then, r  
 Vo

## AN AMERICAN LORDSHIP.



AT THE LANDING, GARDINER'S ISLAND.

ON an ancient brown-stone tablet raised upon four legs above a grave in one of the old burial-grounds of New London, may be found a knightly coat-of-arms cut upon a piece of slate which has been let into the larger slab; underneath the coat-of-arms appears this inscription:

"Here lyeth buried ye body of his excellency John Gardiner, Third Lord of ye Isle of Wight. He was born April 19th, 1661, and departed this life June 25th, 1738."

Here is a puzzle for any one who should come upon it without knowledge of the facts which explain it! Why should the ashes of a lord be deposited on New London soil, and how did it happen that a nobleman from the Isle of Wight should have come so far to die? These are the questions one would naturally ask. But he would find, on searching, that there is no "Lord of the Isle of Wight" in the British peerage. The person here buried, then, must have been an American lord? That

is it, precisely. The Isle of Wight was the old name of what is now known as Gardiner's Island, lying off the eastern end of Long Island, and the John Gardiner above mentioned was the grandson of the first English settler in the province of New York.

Lion Gardiner, first English settler of New York, and founder of an estate which has ever since remained in the hands of his descendants, was a man of mark and service in his time, still known to students of colonial history; and his name, since extended to a numerous and wide-branching family, is inseparably connected with the manorial domain which he acquired in the New World. Yet very few, I suppose, among the three million inhabitants of the State,—even of those who have skirted the island in fishing-boats,—know more about him than I did when, a couple of years ago, I first sailed to those shores. Although one branch of the writer's family had, long ago, twice intermarried with the Gardiners of Gardiner's Island, I con-

fess that my ideas about Lion Gardiner were vague; and often as I had traversed the Sound, I had never looked upon the island, though it lies almost within sight from the deck of any Newport steamer, behind Plum Island and the Gulls, blending with the outlines of the Montauk promontory.

But even a nearer view from the water gives no adequate notion of the beauty and variety of the demesne. As the pretty sloop-yacht that carried us ran in to anchor near Home Pond, on the sheltered south-west side, we heard the notes of fish-hawks echoing, as if in surprise at the approach of visitors, over manor woods in which the gray trunks and branches of the outermost trees appeared curiously inlaid. Then came quite a different glimpse,—that of the manor-house (built in 1774), nestling among big-bolled cherry-trees, willows, and horse-chestnuts, behind a low ridge like a moraine, and guardedly overlooking the bay from six dormers in a single roof, to which time and sea air have given a mellow coat of greenish-orange moss. Nearer by stood the windmill that supplies flour for the whole population; it is close above the landing-place. The privacy of the manor is protected by the absence of a wharf, and to get ashore and off again is not always an easy matter; but, once on land and across the sandy beach, we found the spot charming. The high, rolling downs called "commons," behind the mansion, end towards the north and west in rich and glorious woods containing more than a few trees of primeval growth; and the other half of the island is not only supplied with woods, but also with orchards and broad tracts of grain. The nearest land is three miles and a half distant, at Fireplace. Shelter Island on the west, and the north and south arms of Long Island, help to convert Gardiner's Bay into a spacious roadstead (where the British fleet lay anchored during a part of the Revolutionary War); but from the high bluffs on the east you gaze upon the open Atlantic. A solid bit of earth, seven miles long and from one mile to two miles wide, with a circuit of twenty, it incloses three thousand good acres, and lies completely undisturbed in the busy track of commerce,—an ancestral property which seems to have conferred upon the present owner, besides its more tangible qualities, the comfortable repose of the past.

Gardiner's Island was the first founded of the old manors of New York, and it is the only one of them that has remained intact. Not a foot of the ground has ever been owned by any but a Gardiner since it first passed from the possession of the Indians, two hun-

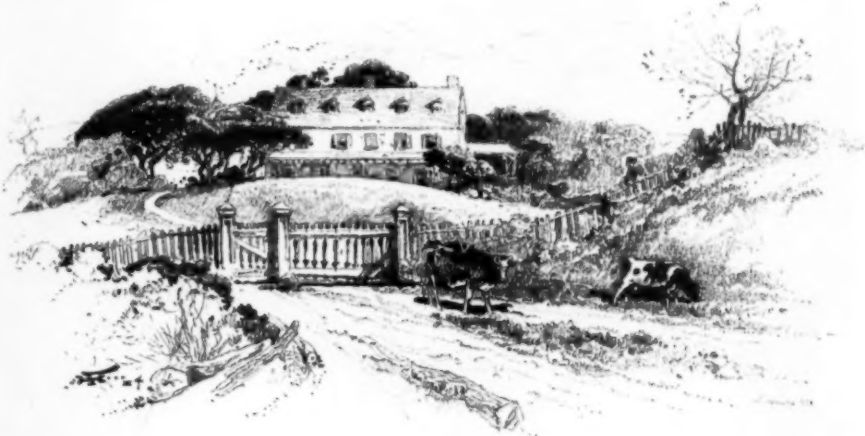
dred and fifty years ago; and all persons living on the island, apart from members of that family, have been servants, slaves, or tenants of the proprietor. All the tenants to-day, numbering from forty-five to sixty, are employed by the owner of the estate; the only exception to what I have said being that the United States has taken a small reservation of sand-spit at the north-west extremity for its lighthouse. Moreover, besides being a manor, Gardiner's Island was a lordship; for the terms of Governor Dongan's confirmatory grant in 1686 were, "do erect and constitute the said Island . . . one Lordship and Manor to all intents and purposes, and the said Island shall henceforth be called THE LORDSHIP AND MANOR OF GARDINER'S ISLAND." Hence the title recorded on the tomb of John, third proprietor, at New London.

But I am forgetting old Lion Gardiner. That was his rugged way of spelling his name; and when one learns that he was three months and ten days on the voyage from Gravesend to Boston, in a twenty-five-ton barque, one is tempted to call him a *sea-Lion*.<sup>\*</sup> The common noun, however, is more applicable to his courage as a fighter. In the inventory of his personal property, drawn up at his death, one item reads, "piece of a corselet." Where that old scrap of armor has gone to is unknown; but by refurbishing it up in imagination, adding a steel cap, a buff coat and cross-belt, a "sword, pistols, and carbine" mentioned by himself, and grouping a few historical facts around these properties, we can make out a fairly life-like figure of the hardy colonial warrior. In the time of Charles I. he went from England to Holland to serve there as lieutenant with the English allies under Lord Vere. He married a Dutch lady, Mary Willemson, daughter of a "deurcant" in the town of Woerden, and became, by his own account, "an engineer and master of works of fortification in the legers of the Prince of Orange, in the Low Countries." But, being a friend of the Puritans and a Parliament man, he was engaged in 1635 by Lord Say and Seal, with other nobles and gentry, to go to the new plantation of Connecticut, under John Winthrop the younger, and to build a fort at the mouth of the river. He set sail in the barque *Bachelor*—odd circumstance, considering that he was a pioneer of population, destined to be the father of the first English child born in Connecticut and afterwards the first English child born in New York! At Boston he was induced to stay long enough to take charge of and complete the military works on Fort Hill—those that Jocelyn described, later

<sup>\*</sup> It may be noted, by the way, that Cooper's novel, "The Sea-Lions," opens at Oyster Ponds, Long Island, some twelve miles direct sail across from the manor; and that the hero of that book is named Gardiner.

on, as mounted with "loud babbling guns." Arrived at the mouth of the Connecticut, he proceeded to construct, amid the greatest difficulties, and though he had but few men to aid him, a strong fort of hewn timber —

to a still more secluded home; purchasing Manchonake — which signified "place where many had died" (of a pestilence) — from the Paumanoc Indians, for "ten coats of trading cloth." Manchonake, or the Isle of Wight,



THE MANOR-HOUSE, GARDINER'S ISLAND.

with a ditch, drawbridge, palisade, and rampart — which he named Saybrook. It was the first stronghold erected in New England outside of Boston. An old Geneva Bible (dating from 1599), now at Gardiner's Island, contains an entry in antique and much faded writing, probably copied from some earlier record made by Lion himself. Those crabbed characters speak faintly from the yellowed page as with his own voice, through the centuries, thus:

"In the yeare of our Lord 1635, July the 10th, came I, Lion Gardiner and Mary my wife, from Woerden, a towne in Holland. . . . We came from Woerden to London, and from thence to New England, and dwelt at Saybrook forte four years, of which I was commander; and there was borne unto me a son named David, in 1636, April the 29, the first born in that place. . . . And then I went to an island of mine owne, which I bought of the Indians, called by them Manchonake, by us the Isle of Wite."

The four years at Saybrook fort were years of hard work, of anxiety, danger, and active warfare with the Pequots, diversified by agriculture carried on under the enemy's fire and efforts to strengthen the plantation. Gardiner himself was severely wounded in one close encounter; but he had the satisfaction, in 1637, of aiding in the plans which resulted in the defeat and almost the annihilation of the Pequots. When his engagement expired with the lords and gentlemen, nothing daunted by his hard experiences, he betook himself

now Gardiner's Island, was sixteen miles distant by water from the nearest settlement of English at Saybrook. Long Island and Shelter Island were still occupied by Indians; and the only inhabitants of Manchonake were Indians, who with their descendants remained tenants at will for three or four generations. But when we conceive of the isolation of the place at that time, we get some notion as to the sturdy self-reliance and unshaken courage of a man who, after a perilous voyage across the sea and a still more perilous sojourn in the wilds of "Kennecticot," was ready to plunge into a deeper solitude and sever himself from fellowship with the colonists, in his search for a permanent abode. He had seen men killed by the Pequots, or burned alive; and in his "Relation of the Pequot Wars" (written three years before his death), speaking of dangers still impending from the red tribes, he mildly says: "Now I am an old man I would fain die a natural death, or like a soldier in the field, with honor," and not be impaled, flayed, and have his flesh cut off piecemeal, to be roasted and thrust into his mouth, "as these people have done" to others. Small wonder that, with such memories, he should recall as "a pretty prank" played upon Pequots who were lurking near the fort at night, to set it afire, the following device. Large doors, stuck full of nails as sharp as awl-blades, were laid on the ground at the approaches; the Indians came, "and as they skipped from one they





SOME RELICS.

trod upon another, and left the nails and doors dyed with their blood, which you know we saw the next morning, laughing at it." His taste in the humorous had grown somewhat tough. But his tact and shrewdness had not been impaired; for, before going to his island, he made friends with Wyandance, afterwards chief of the Montauks, and he was as successful in cultivating peaceful relations with the Indians as he already had been in waging war against them. Twice he foiled conspiracies for a general onslaught on the English, by means of the warnings which his firm friend gave him. Another time he remained as hostage with the Indians, while Wyandance went before the English magistrates who had demanded that he should discover and give up certain murderers. Again, when Ninigret, chief of the Narragansetts, seized and carried off the daughter of Wyandance, on the night of her wedding, Gardiner succeeded in ransoming and restoring her to the father. Wyandance, in gratitude, gave him a large tract of land westward along the Sound, which is now Smith-town; and when the sachem died, he left his son to the guardianship of Lion and his son David. Never, perhaps, has a more remarkable friendship between white man and red man been recorded. They acted in concert with entire mutual trust, keeping the Long Island tribes on peaceable terms with the English by swift and severe measures in case of wrongdoing, tempered with diplomacy, and with justice to both sides. Gardiner's Island was never in any way molested by the savages; and indeed, if Lion Gardiner's advice had been taken in the first instance, there might not have been a Pequot war.

Truly, this wise, brave, and able man makes an ideal First Settler. For thirteen years he remained on the island, exerting his good influence; at the same time developing his territory and deriving an income from the whale-fishery, which then flourished about eastern Long Island. Afterwards, leaving the isle in charge of the old soldiers whom he had brought from the fort as farmers, he passed ten years in East Hampton, where he had bought much land, and died there in 1663, at the age of sixty-four. The place of his sepulture is not known; but in the older East Hampton cemetery, among the graves of many Gardiners, may be seen two extremely ancient flat posts of "drift cedar" sunk deep in the soil and joined

together  
the nor  
mossy,  
weather  
has bee  
Gardine

Lion  
and she  
"in tail  
beirs ma  
ing it to  
in 1829  
without  
brother,  
for more

Lion  
chase fr  
grant fr  
who obta  
the King  
which th  
allowed  
laws as h  
ement  
God and  
account t



THE GRAVEYARD, GARDINER'S ISLAND.

together by a rail of the same material, about the normal length of a man. The wood is mossy, is bleached and furrowed by time and weather. Under this primitive memorial, it has been surmised, rests the body of Lion Gardiner.

Lion bequeathed the island to his wife; and she at her death left it to their son David "in tail" to his first heir male and the first heirs male following, forever. David, in leaving it to his eldest son, reëxpressed the entail; in 1829 by the death of the eighth proprietor without issue, the estate passed to his younger brother, after descending from father to son for more than a hundred and fifty years.

Lion Gardiner's right to the land by purchase from the Indians was confirmed by a grant from the agent of the Earl of Stirling, who obtained a reckless sort of patent from the King for an immense slice of territory, in which the island was embraced. But this grant allowed Gardiner to make and execute such laws as he pleased for church and civil government on his own land, if "according to God and the King," "without giving any account thereof to any one whomsoever"; and,

although David Gardiner formally acknowledged his submission to New York, he received from Governor Nicholls a renewal of his privileges for the consideration of five pounds in hand and a yearly rental to the same amount. The archives of the Hague show that the Dutch complained, so early as 1656, that the English had usurped "in the Krommegou [crooked district] what is called Garnaet's Island"; but the Dutch did not attack the usurper, and the island long remained an independent plantation tributary to the King. Each royal governor who came out to New York, by a species of "political assessment," levied a charge of five pounds for issuing a nice new parchment patent confirming the older ones; but at length Governor Dongan, for a considerable sum paid down, gave David Gardiner the patent which created the island a lordship and manor, and in so doing expressly agreed that the King would thenceforth accept, in lieu of all other tribute, one ewe lamb on the first of May in each year. David, the son of Lion, was thus the first of the family who was authorized to call himself a lord. The title does not seem to have been

much insisted upon by the owners; but it appears on the tombstone of David at Hartford (where he died suddenly and was buried), on John's tablet at New London, and on some of the slabs set up over the graves of Gardiners at East Hampton. It was also generally recognized by the contemporaries of these "lords of the isle." At all events, it gave me a vivid sense of their sovereignty to see the original voluminous document by which the title was conferred, now preserved at the manor-house. Appended to it is a huge disk of dry and hardened brownish wax, on one side of which are stamped the royal arms of England, and on the other a full-length effigy of "Anne, by the grace of God Queen," etc., receiving the homage of two kneeling Indians, who offer a beaver-skin and a roll of wampum. This Great Seal of the Province is a curious and valuable trophy.

In the time of John, "third lord" (actually the second), a memorable incident befell the manor, in the form of a visit from Captain Kidd. The absurdities that have been committed in digging for Kidd's "buried treasure" have, I am aware, brought his name into a still greater disrepute than it suffered while he was alive; the crowning obloquy of all is, that many suspect the bold pirate of having never existed. But if he was a myth, the English State Trials are also a myth; and if Kidd had known that he was to be made the victim of such doubts, he would, I am sure, have delayed the ceremony of being hanged in chains at Execution Dock until he could have prepared satisfactory proofs of his reality. In the last part of the seventeenth century people had not critical sagacity enough to question his existence, after they had caught him. But they knew a pirate when they saw him, and used to spell the word with a capital P.

The injury to honest commerce from these marauders was so great that in 1695 the King, Lord Chancellor Somers, the Duke of Shrewsbury, the Earl of Bellomont, and others joined in fitting out a ship to cruise against pirates, under royal commission; the King reserving one-tenth of the profits that should result, while the other contributors of rank were to share according to their investment in the enterprise. Captain William Kidd, then a skillful merchant captain sailing between London and New York, was chosen as commander, on the recommendation of Colonel Richard Livingston, of the latter town. For a while he cruised on the American coast, in the *Adventure* galley, and was considered so useful that the New York Assembly voted him a present of two hundred and fifty pounds. Soon after this he sailed for the East Indies, and there came to the conclusion that he would do a

little buccaneering on his own account. Capturing a rich Moorish vessel, he transferred his forces to her and burned the *Adventure* galley; and thus he went on, moving his quarters whenever he met a ship that struck her colors and his fancy at the same time; collecting enormous booty; roaming from the East Indies to the West; picking up prizes on the African coast; making his headquarters at Madagascar much of the time. The inducements to this line of conduct may be guessed when the fact is recalled that part of the goods sold from the ship *Queda*, taken off Africa, is said to have yielded him forty thousand pounds.\* Complaints of his depredations were made in Parliament, and an exciting debate ensued, in which the Lord Chancellor and the titled projectors of Kidd's expedition were accused of sharing in the proceeds of piracy. Some suspicion, I believe, fell even upon the King. At last the situation became so grave that the King was obliged to offer a reward for Kidd's arrest, and with this he coupled free pardon to all pirates who should surrender before April 30, 1699.

Meanwhile the Earl of Bellomont, who was one of the company that fitted out Kidd, had been appointed Governor of New York, and afterwards of Massachusetts (holding both offices at once), and was making a stir over the pirate question in the colonies. The English State Papers disclose that he wrote to the home government with great show of testy vigor, in July, 1699, complaining that Long Island was a "Receptacle of Pirates." "The Pirates," he says, "are so cherished by the inhabitants that not a man of them is taken up." There is need of an honest judge and one or two active prosecuting attorneys; so this righteous, indignant governor declares. In one letter he sets forth the colossal profit to the citizens from traffic with the pirates. "'Tis the most beneficial trade that ever was heard of." Merchants, it seems, can buy rum at two shillings a gallon in New York, and sell it at the piratical rendezvous in Madagascar for fifty shillings (twenty-four hundred per cent. advance in price)! A pipe of Madeira wine, nineteen pounds in New York — three hundred pounds in Madagascar. "Beneficial" trade, indeed! On the other hand, it is very pleasant to have the pirates send stolen goods to New York, which can be resold at a delectably high figure to the confiding consumer. While Bellomont is visiting the infant metropolis, eight or nine pirate ships (if we are to believe his dispatches) enter the harbor, and, but for his presence, would have landed one hundred thousand pounds in gold and silver, besides

\* The State Trials give the value at only £400 with £400 more for the vessel itself.

quantities which local tale "New reports though deny to be had something within might had even But of Bellomont's to bring even w under Bellomont the cru charges bers of anti-pir even th would ing atte would to a still Nove after E York,— against the end constant and mus tion — dimer's Lord mysterio anchor vessel, large, he "clever" had so he marri of mone handsom He was terious a sight two put off i what she Captain received of a thrive health of swer to L was on his would G two negro

quantities of goods; the impossibility of doing which, while the Governor is on hand, puts the local merchants very much out of sorts. Tell-tale "Arabian gold," also, is very plentiful in New York. Briefly, the impression left by these reports is, that the New York provincials, though in principle opposed to piracy, did not deny themselves any advantages that might be had while the system lasted. We have seen something similar in the pirating of books within the present century; otherwise we might refuse to believe that New Yorkers had ever been so naughty.

But is it not rather strange that the Earl of Bellomont, who could exert so much epistolary vigor against the pirates, was unable to bring a solitary offender to punishment, even when eight or nine came into the harbor under his official nose? Remember that Bellomont was one of the company owning the cruiser; bear in mind, also, the startling charges made in Parliament against the members of that company. An appearance of anti-piratical zeal on the Governor's part, even though unattended by active measures, would certainly be a good means of distracting attention from possible dividends that would not bear scrutiny. But now we come to a still stranger circumstance.

November 23d, 1698,—only a few days after Bellomont's letter concerning New York,—the King issued his proclamation against Kidd. Seven months later, viz., at the end of the next June, Kidd—who was in constant communication with other vessels, and must have known all about the proclamation—calmly made his appearance in Gardiner's Bay, *en route* for Boston.

Lord John, one June evening, observed a mysterious sloop with six guns riding at anchor off the island. It was Kidd's last vessel, the *Antonio*. This Lord John was a large, hearty man, who lived generously, was "clever" to the Indians and squaws, and had so much ability in affairs that, although he married four times and spent a great deal of money, he portioned off his daughters handsomely and left a large estate at his death. He was not a person to be scared by a mysterious armed sloop; so, after she had lain in sight two days without making any sign, he put off in a boat, to board her and inquire what she was. As he came up over the side, Captain Kidd—till then unknown to him—received him with the traditional politeness of a thriving desperado, and asked after the health of himself and family. Then, in answer to Lord John's inquiries, he said that he was on his way to Lord Bellomont at Boston: would Gardiner do him the favor to carry two negro boys and one negro girl ashore, to

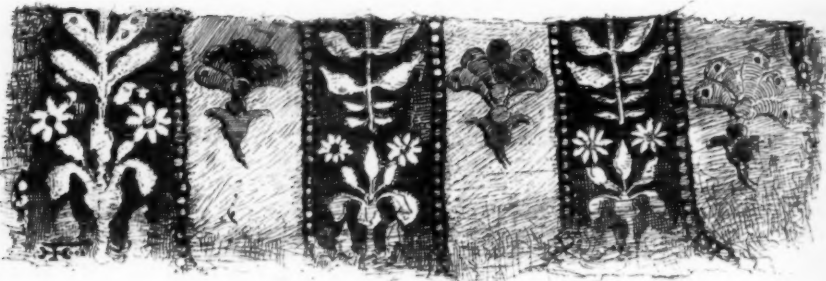
be kept there until he returned or sent an order for them? Gardiner consented, and went back to the island. The next morning Kidd resumed intercourse by sending ashore a request that Gardiner should come on board at once, and bring six sheep with him. This was rather forcing the acquaintance, Gardiner may have thought; but he complied. Thereupon Kidd promptly ripened acquaintance into intimacy, and asked him if he could spare a barrel of cider. Lord John once more proved neighborly, and found that he *could* spare the cider, sending two of his men ashore to fetch it. While waiting for their return, Kidd got out from his cargo two "pieces" of damaged Bengal muslin,—a rare and valued fabric in its pristine state,—which he put into a bag and requested Gardiner to take as a present to his wife. It is likely enough that the captain, seeing in hearty Lord John a capacity for such things, produced some of his fifty-shilling rum, or three-hundred-pound Madeira to be tasted. Something, at any rate, warmed him up to increased generosity, for "in about a quarter of an hour" he presented the Lord of the Isle with some muslin for his own use. When the men came back with the barrel of cider, he gave them four pieces of gold for their trouble. Furthermore, after getting ready to sail, he offered to pay for the cider; but Gardiner protested that he was sufficiently rewarded by the present to his wife. They parted at last; and Kidd, gallantly firing a salute of four guns, stood for Block Island.

His purpose in lingering in these waters was to get rid of his suspicious freight before going to Boston. During his stay near the island two New York sloops took off part of his cargo; and three days later he returned from Block Island in company with another nefarious sloop, which relieved him of chests containing plate and gold and other goods. This time Kidd again sent for Gardiner and committed to his charge a chest, a box of gold, a bundle of quilts, and four bales of goods. The box of gold, as Gardiner, afterwards solemnly deposed, was destined by Kidd for Lord Bellomont. All the treasure and merchandise was buried in some swampy land near Cherry Harbor, beside Home Pond, within a mile of the manor-house, to be kept for Kidd or his order.

"If I call for it and it is gone," Kidd declared to Lord John, "I will take your head or your son's."

Nevertheless, he sweetened this warning with a present of a bag of sugar before he went. It was probably at this time that the bold corsair made known to Mrs. Gardiner that a small roasted pig would be acceptable. The





FRAGMENT OF A PIECE OF CLOTH-OF-GOLD PRESENTED BY CAPTAIN KIDD TO THE WIFE OF JOHN GARDINER.

frightened lady supervised the cooking of the animal with great care; and the conjunction of roast pig with live Kidd seems to have been auspicious, for the captain returned Mrs. Gardiner's favor with a blanket of cloth-of-gold, long retained by her descendants as an heirloom. It was a rich fabric of silk completely interwoven with gold thread in a very graceful pattern; and, although it has unfortunately been cut up and distributed bit by bit to successive sons and daughters, so that only two small pieces are now known to remain, one of the fragments is still kept at the manor.

It is clear from Kidd's behavior that he counted on absolute immunity, under Bellomont's protection; but things had grown "too hot" for the Governor, and when the pirate chief got to Boston he was arrested and imprisoned; whence he was sent to London, tried in 1701 for piracy and the murder of one of his men, and executed. Bellomont, securing his memoranda of deposits in various places, sent out a demand for their surrender; among others, to Gardiner, who made haste to dig up the chests and bales, and carry them to Boston. The receipt given him by the Governor's committee, dated July 7, 1699, now in the possession of the twelfth proprietor and by him shown to the present writer, specifies: three bags of "dust-gold," one of coined gold, one of silver coin; a bag of silver rings and precious stones, and one of unpolished gems; a piece of crystal, some carnelian rings, two agates, two amethysts; also, bags containing silver buttons and lamps, broken silver, gold bars and silver bars, sixty-nine precious stones "by tale." Their value was set at £4500. A large amount of stuff was likewise found in a house in New York; and Bellomont estimated that the recovered booty would foot up altogether about £14,000.

There can be no doubt as to the solid worth of "Kidd's treasure"; but the obstacle to its availability to-day is that his hiding-places were all known at the time; and if any of the buried valuables escaped the govern-

ment's confiscation, they were dug up by Kidd's accomplices or enforced trustees, and disposed of, one hundred and eighty-five years ago.

The only profit that Lord John Gardiner made out of this episode was accidental. On coming home from Boston, he unpacked his portmanteau in which some of the smaller packages had been stowed; and as he did so there rolled out upon the floor, to his horrified gaze, one guilty diamond that had got astray from the "precious stones by tale." He would have sent it after the rest, but his wife interposed; she thought he had been at pains enough, and on her own responsibility kept the diamond. Yet even this slight guerdon slipped away, after the manner of all magic or underhand wealth. Mrs. Gardiner gave it to her daughter; and the "large, hearty" John at that time kept a chaplain—one Thomas Green, of Boston—in whom his daughter became interested. Lord John kept the chaplain; the chaplain ran away with and married the daughter; and the daughter kept the diamond. From that little complication of affairs sprang the famous Gardiner-Greens of Boston. The first Gardiner-Green married a daughter of the artist Copley, sister of Baron Lyndhurst, Lord Chancellor of England. There are other family connections of the Gardiners which have historic interest. A son of one of the proprietors married the daughter of Sir Richard Saltonstall. A daughter of the Gardiners was the great-grandmother of George Bancroft; and the widow of John, fifth lord (who had been Deborah Lathrop), married General Israel Putnam, and died at his headquarters in the Hudson Highlands during the Revolution. It should be said here, too, that Mary, the daughter of Lion, married Jeremiah Conkling of East Hampton, the ancestor of Roscoe Conkling. She was "called old Grané Conkling, and was a famous woman in those times and very useful." In 1844 Miss Juliana Gardiner became the second wife of President Tyler. Another connection of some interest, though not one

of re  
the  
was  
Lion  
Th  
Kidd  
and  
Twic  
house  
carrie  
ingen  
the p  
swor  
mar  
seven  
Britis  
cattle  
Gage  
seized  
in Co  
injure  
which

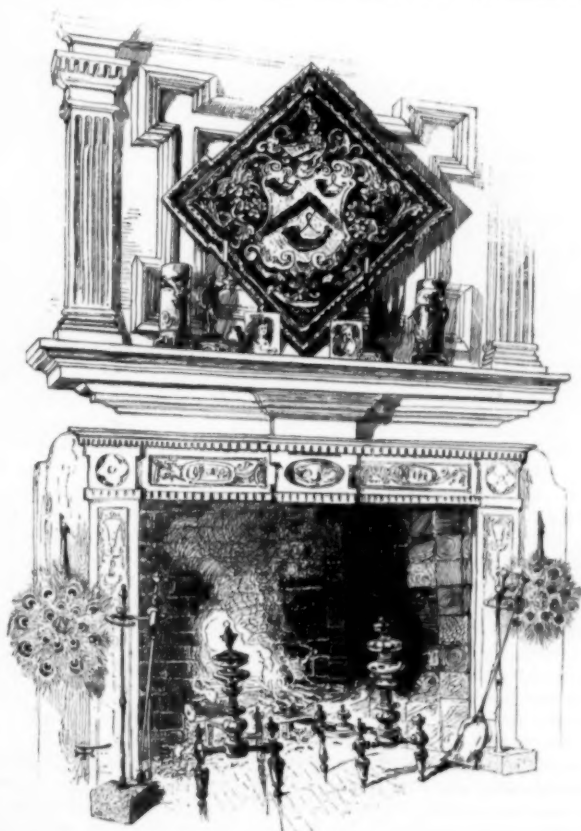


of relationship, may be found in the fact that the first law-partner of ex-President Arthur was a Gardiner, descended from the valiant Lion.

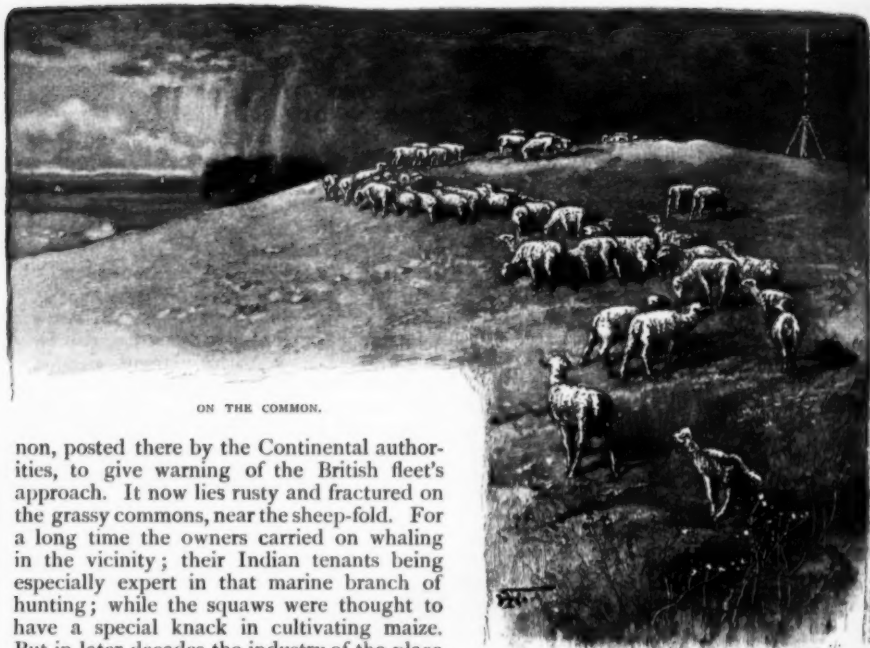
The third lord, so considerably treated by Kidd, was a good deal pestered by pirates, and did not always fare well at their hands. Twice he was invaded by them and had his house ransacked; family plate and cattle were carried off, beds were ripped open for the money ingeniously concealed in them; and once the proprietor himself was severely cut with swords, and tied to a mulberry-tree while the maraud went on. During the minority of the seventh proprietor, John Lyon Gardiner, the British in 1775 plundered the place of seventy cattle and twelve hundred sheep for General Gage at Boston; the rest of the stock was seized by the patriot committee and paid for in Continental money; the timber was much injured; and the officers of the British fleet, which lay for some time in Bostwick's Bay

(1780-81), amused themselves by gunning in the manor-woods or resorting to the house, where on rainy days they pitched dollars on the dining-room floor. The marks of this diversion are still visible. At the end of the war the island had been stripped so bare of immediate valuables that there was hardly personal property enough to pay arrears of taxes. The seventh proprietor, however,—now plain Mr. Gardiner and well satisfied with that appellation, since the Gardiners were all staunch patriots,—held the estate together and restored its prosperity. He was, in addition, a man of scholarly and antiquarian taste; compiled a list of Long Island Indian words; and had a literary judgment so sound that Lyman Beecher, during his East Hampton pastorate, never would print a sermon until it had been submitted to Mr. Gardiner for his opinion.

The later annals of the island have been quiet and peaceful. The only armament of war which it ever possessed was a single can-



ESCUTCHERON AND FIREPLACE IN THE MANOR-HOUSE.



ON THE COMMON.

non, posted there by the Continental authorities, to give warning of the British fleet's approach. It now lies rusty and fractured on the grassy commons, near the sheep-fold. For a long time the owners carried on whaling in the vicinity; their Indian tenants being especially expert in that marine branch of hunting; while the squaws were thought to have a special knack in cultivating maize. But in later decades the industry of the place has been confined to farming, sheep-raising, and stock-breeding; the sea being resorted to only for such fish, clams, or lobsters as may supply the daily manorial needs. Except for tea, coffee, sugar, spices, wine, and manufactured articles, the territory is absolutely self-sustaining. There is no church and no antipodal rum repository within its borders.\* Notwithstanding the power conferred on the pre-revolutionary owners, they never made any laws, but governed the place in a patriarchal way by the canons of good sense, good will, and friendly understanding, as their successor does to-day. There is not even a watchdog on the place. Yet the records of the island do not include a single crime or serious misdemeanor among the tenants. The little community is diligent, orderly, contented, happy. Even turbulent characters, who now and then drift thither among the hired summer-laborers, promptly grow calm under the peculiar and mild influence of the sweet landscape, the soft ocean air, and the ancestral quietude and dignity that invest the daily routine of this bucolic retreat.

It used to be the custom, in going thither from East Hampton, to signal from the Long Island beach directly opposite the manor-house. This was done by building a large fire of seaweed on the sand, the smoke of which

being seen across the three-mile channel, a skiff would be sent over for the visitors. It was this custom which originated the name of Fireplace. But my artist friend and I took a cat-boat from Greenport, when on a breezy afternoon of July we revisited the spot together. After the chafe and whirr, the sordid toil and fallacious glitter of a city hibernation, how idyllic it seemed! White clouds hung poised above the meek line of land, like the outstretched wings of some spirit of perpetual rest brooding over the wave-embosomed island. The soft, weird cry of the fish-hawks rang faintly out of the upper air, as before. The old manor-house, wise with a thousand unspoken memories and associations, still peered out from its cozy nook; and the bob-white whistled without fear in front of the very door, while blackbirds, robins, English sparrows, and the shy brown-thrasher flitted to and fro and chirped in happy unison, among the cherries and around the box-hedges of the tangled garden. We roamed through the wainscoted rooms and hallways of the well-proportioned house, and gazed at the framed escutcheon over the old fireplace in the parlor, — a marvel of exquisite embroidery in floss-silk, wrought by a daughter of the fourth lord, whose education was said to have cost

\* The wife of the present proprietor maintains a Sunday-school for the island children.

more th  
and. T  
between  
above,  
a broke  
a warri  
opponer  
motto:  
arms ar  
by Thor  
of Tyn  
been de  
in Eng  
came. V  
hither a  
portraits  
engravin



GARDINER'S POINT.

more than the value of the cattle on the island. This escutcheon consists of a chevron between three bugle-horns, with a helmet above, and for crest an arm in armor holding a broken lance. The latter emblem betokens a warrior of great power, famous for disarming opponents. Underneath the insignia is the motto: "By the name of Gardiner." The arms are identical with those formerly borne by Thomas Gardiner, prior of the monastery of Tynemouth, England; but it has never been definitely ascertained from what family in England the Gardiners of Gardiner's Island came. When we returned from our wanderings hither and thither about the estate, the old portraits, the antique wainscots, the quaint engravings on the walls, drew us silently from

the present back to the past; and amid the varied conversation at the table there was always present on plate or glass that mailed arm grimly holding the broken lance; so that gradually we came to feel that we were ensconced in some placid feudal stronghold of the past.

Severed from newspapers, the mail, and the telegraph, we gave ourselves up to the delicious atmosphere of the place, and to the illusion of remoteness which it created. We rode over the breezy downs, where like shades of velvet the grass changes from dun to green or yellow, or to violet bloom, under wind and sun and cloud; where also a drove of a thousand old-gold sheep may sometimes be seen massing themselves on a blowy upland against a sky

of purple storm. Again we wandered afoot in the luscious woods, through which herds of wild deer, held sacred from the rifle, live free and unconcerned on companionable terms with humanity. Huge vines run upward and downward from the ground to the branches, suggesting tropical scenes. The intoxicating scent of wild-grape blossoms, that cluster in masses everywhere, streams through the leafy labyrinth; and the song-sparrows' roundelay mingles with the high, questioning note of the fish-hawks that build and haunt their ragged nests at will on the tops of moss-mantled cedars, hemlocks, oaks, or twisted pepperidge-trees. Blue herons often come to the Tobacco Lot Pond, and sometimes the white crane appears there.

And the curious names of localities! We find Hoop-pole Thicket, Whale Cliff, Eastern Plain, Stepping Stones, Marvel Mount Rock, Old Barn Field, and Tobacco Lot (where no tobacco has grown within the memory of white men). These are all shown on an old surveyor's map of 1722, which hangs in the upper hall of the manor and has been much nibbled by mice, who have apparently tried thus to exemplify the encroachments of the sea. The water gains upon Gardiner's Island at the rate of ten feet a year on the bay side, and much more on the lofty ocean shore. But as a computation shows that, at this rate, the tide will require one hundred and thirteen years to reach the manor-house, the present owner need not be anxious. Even then the center of the domain will be untouched. And there, on the open, rising ground, lies the lonely and solemn grave-yard of the Gardiners. A granite boulder — the only one on the island — forms a natural monument, around which the memorial stones are grouped; and when you stand there, compassing nearly the whole island in your view, with oblivious waters on every side, you feel that if this unique domain was the "place where many have died," it is

also the place where many have lived and may yet live.

It was a hard thing to forsake the baronial hospitality which, for the time being, had made us nearly as much at home on the island as its long line of proprietors have been. When our feet touched the soil of Greenport; when we heard the steam-cars again, and were infested by newspapers as by a swarm of mosquitoes; when we suddenly rediscovered the existence of dust, finding ourselves stifled by the hopeless, dowdy ugliness of an American village business street, the lordship and manor seemed as distant and desirable as if it had been three thousand miles away, instead of twelve. So unlike was it to everything else hereabouts, that I should have doubted its existence had I known of it only from hearsay. But had not my eyes beheld the Geneva Bible, the rare presentation copy of Eliot's Indian Bible, the old patents, and the inherited wampum belt? And these fingers had touched Kidd's cloth-of-gold! Moreover, I had slept in the haunted chamber, and been thrilled by odd apprehensions even before I knew it was haunted. Strange things could we tell — my friend and I — about mysterious noises, peculiar sparkles of light, and an uncanny ring of green flame revolving on the fireless hearth at midnight. But as our host did not divulge the ghost story, and I have found this untold tale as impressive as any I ever heard, I shall not further detail our experience. 'Tis enough that I know Lion Gardiner's legacy to be what I have described it, and more: a sea island quite unspoiled by time or pseudo-progress, yet the seat of a luxurious and independent home; a lovely solitude never defiled by a hotel; a little principality, where a good citizen rules without pomp and pays taxes on the mainland; a small country in itself, which no Caucasian ever called his own unless he was called "by the name of Gardiner."

*George Parsons Lathrop.*

#### THE POET.

HE walks with God upon the hills!  
And sees, each morn, the world arise  
New-bathed in light of paradise.  
He hears the laughter of her rills,  
Her melodies of many voices,  
And greets her while his heart rejoices.  
She to his spirit undefiled,  
Makes answer as a little child;  
Unveiled before his eyes she stands,  
And gives her secrets to his hands.

*Ina D. Coolbrith.*

## JOHN BODEWIN'S TESTIMONY.

BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE,

Author of "The Led-Horse Claim," "Friend Barton's Concern," etc.

V.—(Continued.)

"ISN'T she charming?" Mrs. Craig said to Bodewin. The trees parting had allowed him to keep at her side. "So extravagantly pretty and yet so simple and womanly! Don't you think so?"

"I have not tried my epithets on her yet," Bodewin replied. "But I dare say I could find fault with yours. I should not call her extravagantly pretty, and I doubt if it would be safe to rely upon her simplicity."

"Oh, I don't mean that kind of simplicity! She is simple like an antique, like a young goddess."

"Which one do you mean?" he said. "There is the Goddess of Liberty on the Capitol. Do you call her simple?"

"No, I call her decidedly ornate. There is a word which just describes her if I could only think of it."

"Do you mean the Goddess of Liberty? You bewilder me so with your transitions."

"No, I mean my goddess."

"Perhaps western is the word you want."

"Western? Well, it isn't such a bad word if you take it right."

"I mean it right."

"Somehow I cannot talk to you this morning, Mr. Bodewin. I think you are not in your happiest vein. Are you?"

"I have no happy veins, Mrs. Craig. They all 'pinched out' years ago."

"Sink a new shaft then and prospect for more. Isn't that good advice?"

"If one had any new ground to sink on. The really virtuous thing to do would be to overhaul the old dumps and try to make day's wages out of them."

"You'll never be so proper as that! The American does not live who is content with day's wages merely at anything."

"It is time he was born, then," said Bodewin.

"Don't be so dismal! It is uncomplimentary, and it isn't patriotic. When you see a girl like that from Kansas City, doesn't it make you feel how rich the country must be in girls?"

Bodewin laughed. "If it be not rich for me—" and then the trees crowding them apart, he lifted his hat and dropped behind.

VOL. XXXI.—24.

When next they met, Mrs. Craig took up the burden briskly, the thread being still the same.

"She's not a Kansas City girl, you know."

"No?"

"No, she is not a Missourian. It would be strange if she were, even in name. Her family—that is, her mother's family—have no cause to love Missourians. Her mother's father was shot dead—on his own doorstep, if you please—by a mob of Missourians during the border troubles."

"An unpleasant little incident in the family history, I should say."

"Unpleasant! Ah, it must take a good many generations for a shock like that to die out of the blood! And there was trouble enough and to spare before it came to the shooting,—journeys and hardships and struggles and excitements. You don't ask what his offense was!"

"I suppose his offense was that he was a Free-State settler."

"—A brave and consistent one; yes. He was one of that band of families who were turned back by the cannon planted on the Missouri River to prevent the steamboats from landing Free-State men. They went north by way of Iowa and Nebraska (a cheerful little journey), and when they reached the border again, they were met by government soldiers and deprived of their arms as if they had been a band of convicts. No one, it seems, ever thought of disarming the Missourians. The grandfather Fletcher, Joseph Fletcher,—hence Josephine,—had signed a protest against the shameless election frauds. They came to his house one night and demanded to search the premises for incendiary books and papers. The New York 'Tribune' would have been incendiary, I suppose, in those days, or Whittier's poems. He refused to let them in. He told them his wife was very ill——"

"Was she?"

"Of course she was,—so ill that she died soon afterwards. They accused him of signing the protest. He did not deny it, and they then politely informed him that they would not disturb his wife that night, but would trouble him to go with them. They were going to tar and feather him, or do something hideous to him."



"How did he know that?"

"I suppose they told him. At all events he refused to go with them. Wouldn't you have refused?"

"Possibly I should."

"You know you would — any man would! They tried to compel him; he resisted, and they shot him. The family were desired not to pollute the territory with their presence any longer. Their friends the Missourians escorted them to the border, — the wife, two grown sons, and Miss Josephine's mother, then a girl of sixteen. At some little town in Ohio they buried their mother. The sons remained there, and are now wealthy men in Cleveland. The daughter married Mr. Newbold. I cannot imagine how he ever persuaded her to go back with him to Kansas, but he did after the sacking and shooting were over. Josephine was born at Wyandot. She is just as old as the Free-State Constitution."

"Did Miss Newbold tell you this story, Mrs. Craig?"

"No; oh, no! That would not be like her, I am sure. Mr. Newbold told it to Mr. Craig one day when they were alone together in the office. He was speaking of his wife's delicate health, and the trial it was for Josephine to leave her. But Mrs. Newbold, it seems, has a perfect horror of the frontier; I should think she would have. When she found her husband bent on this trip, she insisted Josephine should bear him company; to take care of him, I suppose, if he should be ill. He spoke very nicely about his wife, Mr. Craig said; but I dare say he couldn't help being a little complacent over her anxiety about himself. Miss Newbold has never mentioned her mother to me but once. She told me that her mother was born among the mountains, that she had never seen them since her childhood, and often dreamed of them with a homesick longing; that she wanted her, Josephine, to see them and be among them while she was still a girl. I think that is so natural, and of course she would not say it to her husband."

"Wouldn't she? Why not?"

"Could she talk about her dreams of the old home in the East she never expected to see again, to a man like Mr. Newbold?"

"She perhaps does not take the same view of Mr. Newbold that you do. At all events, she was willing at one time to exchange those dreams for a reality which must have been something like him."

"Ah! that was the husband of her youth. Does he look like the husband of anybody's youth? He has deteriorated. He has let himself down, you may be sure of that. He has that sleek, prosperous blood in him."

"You think there are no martyrs on Mr. Newbold's side?"

"I should say, judging from papa Newbold, that as a family they would be distinguished by good digestions and a tendency to conform whenever opposition was likely to make things uncomfortable. However, I can't be just to him. I gave him such a horrible little dinner, and we never can forgive the people we have irretrievably wronged."

## VI.

## JOSEPHINE'S QUESTION.

THEY had now left the heavy timber behind them. The firs grew more sparsely. They were low and crooked; occasionally the weather-worn trunk of a dead tree leaned in spectral whiteness against the dark ranks of its survivors. The riders were close upon the line where trees cease and vegetation takes a fur-like habit. Against the deep, cloudless blue of the upper atmosphere rose the brown and naked peaks, streaked with supernal snows. The sun glowed hot upon them; motionless shadows defined every angle and chasm. Clear, solid masses of shadow swept down the sheer slopes into the cañon. They were now twelve thousand feet above the level of the sea, crossing a shoulder of the mountain, from which they looked down into deep below deep of shadow and light, descending to the map-like picture of river-laced valley and high, barren plain, mesa, and mountain, range beyond range, brown and purple and blue, departing towards the infinite distance. The horses panted, their ears drooped, their hoofs rattled on the rocky planes up which they clambered. There was no soil and no verdure except a dry, iron-stained lichen which covered the uncrumbled surface of rock with its rough scales.

Mr. Hillbury was in search of a prospect hole, described as the highest one within a day's ride of the camp, where certain fossil records of the "Old Silurian" had lately come to light. By the measured clink of steel upon steel, they were evidently not far from some form of human labor. Following the trend of the mountain, they came upon two men standing face to face on a limestone ledge, at work upon it with hammer and drill. Fragments of broken rock and materials for blasting were scattered about. There was no shelter or sign of habitation near them. Josephine, looking back to speak to Mrs. Craig, saw that she had dismounted some distance below, and was seated on the sloping, rocky floor, while her husband readjusted her saddle-blanket. Pres-

ently he sat down beside her, leaving the horses fastened together by their bridles.

"Aren't they coming?" Josephine asked Mr. Hillbury.

"Oh, Craig!" he called; "are you coming up?"

"No," was the reply. "Take your time; we're all right."

They looked as if they were. Mrs. Craig, waving an *adieu* to Josephine, stretched herself out flat upon the rock. Mr. Craig doubled his legs under him and lit a cigarette. Josephine looked rather wistfully at this comfortable pantomime.

"Aren't you tired yourself?" Bodewin asked.

"A little," she admitted. "How far is it to the lake?"

"Half an hour's climb down again. Let me take you off. It's a pity to get too tired on your first climb."

She let herself be lifted down. Bodewin hung her bridle over the pommel of his own saddle, and took his place beside her on the sun-warmed rock. Mr. Hillbury was already fossil-hunting, tapping about with his scientific hammer, while the dead home-strokes of the miner's sledge beat continuously on the silence. For the sake of a brief respite from the sound, Bodewin addressed one of the miners; stretching himself forward on an elbow to examine a hole they had prepared for blasting, he asked:

"Can you get enough powder in a hole of this size for such hard rock?"

"Eh?" The man who was striking the drill stopped, and the big sunburnt Irishman who held it replied:

"That's what I'm tellin' him," indicating his partner. "It's losin' our labor we are! Ye'll blaw and blaw and ye'll not get the fill o' yer hat! Them drills is too short. What's he afther?" he asked, leaning upon his drill, and nodding his head with a confidential smile towards Mr. Hillbury.

"Prospecting for fossils," Bodewin replied.

"Is it one o' them stawne bot'nists he is?"

Bodewin nodded. "Something like that."

"Sure, this is the place for 'im. There's plenty of it here."

He came down the ledge towards them, using his tool as a staff, and ringing it on the rock with each heavy, limping step. His partner remained above sitting on the heels of his boots, his elbows on his knees, his hands dropped between them holding his idle hammer. He was a slenderly built youth of about twenty, beardless, tanned to the color of a Mexican, with thin, rather handsome features, and a dull, passionate expression. He watched Josephine and Bodewin with listless attentiveness.

"What have you got here?" Bodewin inquired of the man with the drill, picking up some pieces of rock as he spoke.

"Well-le, there's galeny in it, and there's carbónnets," he replied, turning over the fragments of stone with his big, freckled, hairy hand. His manner lacked the enthusiasm of the typical miner, but he spoke with a degree of respect for his own prospects.

"Where are your carbonates?" Bodewin asked.

"And what d'ye call thim?" exhibiting a piece of rock of the color of an over-burnt brick.

"There are no carbonates here," Bodewin spoke with reckless candor. That reddish stuff is the oxide of iron."

"To the divvle wid yer ox-ides! I'll lay me ould hat that's the color we're lookin' for. Is it'n assayer ye are?"

"Take it over to the stone botanist and see what he makes of it," said Bodewin lazily.

"No, but is it an assay——"

"Take it to the botanist! He'll assay it for you."

"He is lame!" Josephine said, looking after him as he limped away over the rocks with his specimen in one hand and his drill in the other.

"Oh, no, he isn't; it's the national walk. Don't you see he is lame in both feet?"

"Weren't you rather cruel to him about his 'carbónnets'?"

"Not half as cruel as I am to Hillbury," Bodewin replied, laughing. "Hillbury would keep us here till night if something were not sent to irritate him." Seeing that she still looked sorrowfully after the unlucky prospector, he added, "Would it be cruel to tell the camel he couldn't get through the needle's eye?"

"Is it as hopeless as that? Poor fellow! he will lose his labor, as he said."

"He will do well if he loses no more than his labor. They are a queer pair. What fate do you suppose sent a good-natured Irish bricklayer up here nearly to the top of Sheridan, silverhunting, with a Canadian half-breed, I should think by the looks of him," glancing upward toward the slim dark figure on the rocks above, "for a partner?"

"Where do you suppose they live?"

"They have a bough shanty, probably, in the nearest timber. Micky, I dare say, has a wife down in the camp, taking in washing to feed the kids, while he plays it alone up here for higher stakes."

Bodewin lay stretched out upon the rock in one of his camp-fire attitudes. Josephine, sitting a little above him, could see only the narrowing lines of the lower part of his face below his hat-brim. They were sensitive lines,

and looked capable of much refinement of expression, but they rested habitually in a quietness that was like a mask. Dizzily and dreamily Josephine looked about her. She felt rather than saw how far they were exalted into that vast dome of light, what a little ledge of the world they rested on. The sun that beat upon the rock filled her veins with its potent warmth. It was like an exquisitely gentle and prolonged stream of electricity, suffusing the brain and penetrating the very tissues of the bones. It was intoxicating. Dark spots crossed her vision. She drew a long sigh of retarded breath and closed her eyes. Then she heard Bodewin speaking.

"Miss Newbold, I think after all you must let me answer that question."

Josephine waited a moment before replying. She felt it would be paltry to ask what question. She merely said:

"Please let it be as if I had not asked it."

"How is that to be done?" Bodewin asked, moving a little so he could look up at her as she sat above him.

"May not one repent of a hasty speech and withdraw it?"

"If there be any occasion for repentance. But it is not easy to forget words sincerely spoken. I think your question was a sincere one, Miss Newbold."

"What would it be if it were not that?" Josephine asked.

"It would not be worth remembering. But I have remembered it, you see, in spite of myself, I may say. I believe I agreed with you when you said you had no right to ask it. That was a hasty admission on my part."

"Not at all! You could not help seeing it was a blunder. I hoped you would have seen how sorry I was, and have had the grace to forget it."

Bodewin, feeling about among the loose fragments of rock under his hand, chose one and skipped it downward, watching it glinting along on its precipitous course until it vanished in the purple depth of shadow below them.

"Grant that it was a blunder," he resumed, "I think you do not often blunder in that way. There must have been some force of feeling behind the speech that you so deprecate. It could hardly have come from your lips merely." He looked at her and smiled. "We are in for it now, you see."

She did not return the smile. "I don't know what you mean by 'in for it.' There is no question. I have withdrawn it. It doesn't exist."

"You have a very lofty little way of annihilating the past; unfortunately, it doesn't affect my past. The question still exists for me. It

has been existing steadily and waxing troublesome ever since I saw you."

"Oh!" said Josephine, with a sigh of impatience.

"Well, then, why did you ask it, Miss Newbold? You charged me the other evening with being a renegade to justice. Is it not so?"

Josephine opened her lips to protest, but saw the hopelessness of it, apparently, and preserved her silence of sufferance. Bodewin smiled again quietly:

"It is not often a woman is called to plead for justice in opposition to sentiment—for my answer to your question must be in the name of something I shall have to call sentiment for want of a better word. You see what an unusual opportunity you are giving me. It should be made a precedent,—if only I were worthy of my rôle." He jerked another pebble from his fingers into the abyss, and again he looked with a half-fascinated, half-teasing smile into the girl's troubled face.

"When will you hear my poor defense? There is not time to offer it now; besides, I should like to get up my case a little before presenting it."

Josephine would not speak. She felt how hot and flushed her cheeks were, and how her lips trembled in spite of herself.

"You will not be cruel enough to go away and leave the ghost of that unanswered question to haunt me. I shall hear you all the way from Kansas City, saying, 'If you care for justice, why won't you —'"

"Will you please not repeat my words?" she interrupted, haughtily.

There was not a trace of mockery in his voice when he spoke again.

"They are not your words. You have parted with them; they have a life of their own now. Not if you live a thousand years will you ever get them back again."

She turned her full face towards him with a speechless, startled movement.

"You cannot separate a vital question from its answer," he continued. "You know that every now and then in the life of a nation or of a man the time comes for somebody to ask a question. The person who asks it may not wish to be the one chosen; but once the word is out it cannot rest until it gets itself answered, if it is a real question, if it takes the nation's life, or the man's, to answer it. I have not deliberately thought about your question, Miss Newbold, but it is no exaggeration to say that since I saw you last I have thought of but little else. If I cannot answer it to your satisfaction, you may summon me to the trial as your witness."

"Answer it to yourself," she said, "and if truth and justice do not summon you, you have no right to be there."

"There are other obligations besides those which truth and justice lay upon us."

"But I think those must come first."

"Now you touch upon the reason why I wish to place my little problem before you. I had decided in favor of certain other obligations; I dare say I have become morbid about them. Because of your untroubled preference for truth and justice, and because you are a stranger, unbiassed, as a wise young judge should be, I desire to set my small difficulty before you. I am tired of it. My conscience, when I question it, gives out only indistinct mutterings."

"You ask far too much of me. I cannot do this for you, Mr. Bodewin. I am not untroubled. I am not unbiassed. I was thinking of my father; when I spoke to you I feared you might be refusing to testify because you knew of some reason, unknown to him or to Mr. Craig, why he ought not to win his suit. It was, of course, my own misgiving entirely. I have never mentioned it to any one, but it seemed to me a terrible thing that you should be willing to stand aside and see an honest man commit an unintentional fraud."

"But I told you I believed your father's side was the right side, did I not?"

"Yes, and I was satisfied."

"Then, once more, please, why did you ask me that question?"

"Why did I — what?" said Josephine confusedly.

"It was after I gave you, unconsciously enough, that satisfaction you speak of, that you said, — well, you will not let me repeat the words. Was there not another misgiving? Has that been satisfied?"

"No," said Josephine helplessly, "but it does not concern — me."

"Whom does it concern, may I ask?"

"I am not so anxious to answer questions as you are."

"Does it concern *me*, Miss Newbold? I seem to be flattering myself, but there are not so many parties in this affair. I can hardly suppose it is Mr. Harkins you —"

"I know I have brought this on myself," cried Josephine in desperate annoyance, "but don't you think it has gone far enough now?"

"As soon as you have promised to give me an opportunity to reply to whatever doubt prompted your question, it will have gone far enough — not till then."

"I have said that it does not concern me, and have asked your pardon for letting you know I had the doubt, or for having it, if you like. Can I do more?"

"You have not said that your suspicions do not concern *me*."

"Suspicions!"

"We will go back to the original word then — your question. Say that your question did not concern me, and I will not insist upon answering it."

Josephine was silent.

"You have called me to account for a course of action I am at perfect liberty to take and which no man has yet questioned. Is it quite just for you to refuse to hear my defense, such as it is? I don't claim it is sufficient."

"I will hear it."

"When, please?"

"Whenever you like. But I cannot attempt to influence your decision. I would not do it if you were my own brother."

"It would be much less easy for you to, if I were. Does it seem to you too intimate a thing for me to ask of you?"

"Yes, it does!" she exclaimed eagerly, — "precisely that!"

"I don't regard it so, and I promise you I will not take advantage of it as an approach to anything of the sort in the future. For that matter, our acquaintance has no future any more than it has a past. It shares the spirit of this place, where we all live and live fast in the present, and then separate and know each other no more. I should like to believe that some instinct of helpfulness in you prompted those words which you regret, because they were unconventional. Don't regret them. Don't take back your words, but be true to them, and be brave enough not to shirk the sequel to them. The sequel to a question is its answer."

Josephine was far more startled by his earnestness than she had been chagrined by his badinage.

"Oh!" she cried in desperation, "why will you insist upon enforcing the sequel to such a foolish beginning? Why not let it rest? What is it but a trifle — a few poor words?"

"It is not a trifle to me, coming from you, if you please. It amounts to an accusation. It cannot be withdrawn to my satisfaction until it has been answered."

"I will listen to your answer, but more than that I insist you must not ask of me. I am not an expert on matters of the conscience — and I am being slowly consumed on this rock," she sighed.

"Forgive me!" he said, springing to his feet and holding out a hand to help her to rise. "I did not know I was assisting at an *auto da fé*. Have I made you hate me?"

"Yes!" she declared. "Do not put your problem in my hands. I am as biased as the



most disagreeable half-hour I ever spent in my life can make me!"

"I am sorry you should be indebted to me for it."

"Oh, I am not! I am indebted to myself. But I shall hate you for it, just the same."

"I have no doubt of it. I ought to be proud to suffer vicariously when I can save you from yourself by doing so. You must be very severe with yourself when you are fairly roused."

"I think I have never been fairly roused."

"If you will pardon my putting myself in the same category with yourself, I think we neither of us have," he said.

"It must be a horrible experience to be utterly and fundamentally hateful to one's self."

"I think it is an experience that comes to but few, and not to the greatest transgressors perhaps. Here comes Hillbury! He seems to have torn himself from the bosom of the Old Silurian at last."

As Bodewin put Josephine on her saddle again, he said to her, "Whatever it was you accused me of in your own thoughts, let it rest until I can talk with you again."

"Still harping," she replied, and hurried after Mr. Hillbury, who had mounted and ridden on to join the Craigs. Bodewin followed musingly, and did not attempt to lessen the distance between them.

#### VII.

#### MR. CRAIG GOES A-HUNTING.

THE lake, when they reached it, was, after all, in size hardly more than a large pond. It was on the edge of the timber, a clear, still eye of water, darkly bordered by pine-trees, with one bright spot of reflected blue shining in the middle, like an immeasurably far-off sky in the depths of the lake. They dismounted again and spread out their lunch in the dappled shade. It was not an hilarious picnic. Mrs. Craig and Josephine were both tired. The latter was also dazed with her long discussion on the rocks in the blinding sunlight. Bodewin, she thought, must be of the salamander species, since he was so sluggish in the shade and woke to such a burst of argumentative energy in the glare of the sun. He ate little and talked less, relapsing into the background of conversation, as his wont was when it became general.

When the sylvan meal was over, Mr. Craig unslung his bird-gun from his saddle and clambered down into the heavier timber, in search of wood-pigeons, he said, an object which excited the derision of the other men of the party. Bodewin referred to the "man

in the wilderness," and asked Mrs. Craig, as an authority on nursery rhymes, to quote for him:

"The man in the wilderness asked me  
How many strawberries grew in the sea.  
I answered him as I thought good—  
As many as red-herrings grow in the wood."

"What are you laughing at?—because he goes to the wood for wood-pigeons?" asked Mrs. Craig.

"To this particular wood," said Hillbury. "You would not laugh at a man for going to the sea for fish; but if he were much of a fisherman, he would hardly go to Baffin's Bay for mullet."

"Oh, you are all so technical," said Mrs. Craig; "for my part I think a little vague general information is much more restful."

They sat under the low spruce boughs by the lake, talking and listening in the rustle of the deep tideless water and the sur-r-ing of the wind in the trees. Mr. Hillbury produced his fossils, delicate forms of earliest organic life imprinted in glistening pyrites on the dark Silurian slate. The ladies held the fragments of the old sea-beach on the palms of their hands, and examined them with a magnifying glass, exclaiming over them in their soft staccato. Once there came from the wood the sound of a single shot. Bodewin and Hillbury both recognized it as the note of Craig's gun.

"He has found the wood-pigeon!"

They waited for a second shot, but none came. When the slanting sunbeams had pierced their covert, they abandoned it, and strolled along the shore of the lake. Mr. Hillbury walked with Josephine, pointing out to her the long formless ridges which marked the recession of one of those vast glacial seas that had crawled down the mountain-sides during the epoch of ice. The lake had been formed between two of these ancient moraines. Solitary, unvisited, bare of human association or tradition as it was,— "foster-child of silence and slow time,"—its cradled waters were uncounted centuries old before the story of man was begun.

Bodewin jeered at his friend a little for his popular science, and was rebuked by Mrs. Craig. She had herself more than once interrupted Mr. Hillbury, and asked for a moment's silence, during which she seemed to listen for sounds from the wood.

The afternoon wore away. The sun dropped below the western ridge and left the lake gray in shadow. Since the single report of his gun, nothing had been heard from Craig. His wife could no longer conceal her wretchedness at his absence. She sat, pale and silent, looking from one to the other, while Bodewin and Hillbury persistently made light of it, mean-



while planning a search for him on the excuse that it was already late for their homeward start. The pleasure party had reached a pitch of demoralization, as far as the women were concerned, when Craig was heard shouting from the opposite shore of the lake. He was walking fast under the trees, apparently none the worse for the gun he carried over his shoulder. Mrs. Craig was a little overcome at the sight of him, and laughed in a nervous, immoderate way at her late fears; but she recovered herself when Craig arrived, red and out of breath with his hurried walk around the lake, and received him with lively upbraids. He was unnecessarily cheerful, and he had besides an important air of adventure about him which, under the circumstances, called for immediate snubbing. When he had been brought to a proper sense of his weakness and evil behavior, he was allowed to tell his story.

"But first, where is the wood-pigeon?" said Hillbury.

"Oh, I found her, but I didn't bring her home!" Craig did not mind confessing, he said, that he had missed his bearings. "One part of the wood looked so confoundingly like another, and there was no wind."

"No wind!" his wife interrupted.

"Not in the timber—not a breath—and mighty little sun. You are higher up, remember. You had an hour's more sun. I began to think I had been walking about long enough without getting anywhere, when I heard a horse whinny. A few steps on I came to a corral, and just beyond it, a biggish log-cabin. The back end of it ran butt into the dump of an old prospect hole. The ground rose suddenly behind the cabin, and the dump sloped up against the hill. There was a long bench by the door, and there sat the prettiest girl, in a calico dress, with her arms bare, feeding a setter-pup! She had him in her lap, and he was nuzzling about in a saucer of milk she held, and sometimes licking her arms by mistake. She had one of those low Greek heads my wife likes so much, with small intelligence in it, I should say, but plenty of hair on it—yellow hair, braided in two tails and wound around the head. I asked her the way to the lake. She stared at me and said she didn't know of any lake, she hadn't been in these parts long. She had a kind of sweet, stolid way that was uncommonly taking in connection with her looks. I wanted to look at her a little longer, so I asked her if the pup was for sale."

Mr. Craig was here interrupted in his narrative by laughter and applause.

"She said that she didn't know. Her father wasn't home. I might call again and inquire.

I asked her when I would be likely to find her father at home in case I called. She couldn't tell. Her father was mostly home except when he went to the camp, or over the range to a prospect he had there.

"By the same token, I asked permission to climb up the dump and see if I could get a better view of my surroundings from the top of it. She gave me permission and followed me up there with the pup in her arms. There was just a streak of sunlight left. It touched her hair very prettily, and it showed me which way was west, and so I made for the lake and left her there, making no end of a pretty picture of herself, with the sun on her golden hair."

"The man in the wilderness asked me  
How many strawberries grew in the sea.  
I answered him as I thought good—  
As many as pretty girls grow in the wood,"

laughed Mrs. Craig.

"Come, saddle up, saddle!" said Bodewin.

"We won't get out of the woods now before dark!"

Mr. Newbold had ordered a supper for the party on their return. Mrs. Craig excused herself on her children's account from remaining to it. Craig, as he rode away beside his wife, called back to Hillbury:

"The next time you go up the lake way, look up my cabin in the timber, will you? I'll commission you to get me that setter-pup."

"I don't see how you stand so much of Craig," said Bodewin crossly.

"Craig is a good fellow."

"A good fellow, yes—and a common fellow. It makes me sick to see him ride."

"He rides well enough," said Hillbury. "The fact is, there isn't one man in a hundred one can spend a day in the woods with."

"As for that cabin and girl and pup story," Bodewin went on.

"Don't you believe it?" asked Hillbury.

"Hardly. I am tolerably well acquainted with those woods myself. He got himself lost, like the cockney he is, and invented this story to carry it off. That sunlight-on-her-yellow-hair business is rather too musty."

"I think you are mistaken, Bodewin. Craig to me looked and talked like a man who had just had that sort of luck, to be stumbling along disgustedly and suddenly come upon the little idyl in the forest. If it were an invention, why put in the old prospect hole and the setter-pup?"

"It is possible he has seen such a cabin and such a group by the door, but I doubt if he saw them this afternoon."

"Bodewin, I will bet you a box of cigars I will find that cabin myself within a week."

"You'll waste your time and lose your cigars,—and Craig is an ass!"

They were in the office of the Wiltsie House, sitting on the row of chairs along the wall opposite the clerk's desk. In the confusion of unmodulated voices their own lower tones were lost.

"How long would you be a friend of Mrs. Craig if she knew you thought so?" Hillbury asked.

"I am not indebted to Craig for his wife's acquaintance. I knew Mrs. Craig years before he ever saw her. At a pinch I dare say she could exist without me, and I possibly without her. There are times when I find Craig too great a discount on the friendship of any woman."

"What is the matter with you, old man?"

"Hillbury," said Bodewin, with a sudden change of manner, taking a small, worn, leather note-book from his pocket, and turning over its pages absently, "I wish the Lord would let me burn this book!"

"Does he hold you responsible for its safe keeping?"

"It looks like it. I have dropped it down shafts; I have left it in my old coat-pockets when I moved camp, and had it sent back to me; I have, within the past year, taken it out more than once with as deliberate intention as I have of going to bed to-night of destroying it. Upon my soul, I can't do it!"

"What have you in it?"

"Only some memoranda relating to the Harkins and Eagle Bird suit. The Eagle Bird people want me to appear on their side."

"So I have heard," Hillbury said, much interested, and quietly observant of his friend. He had speculated not a little upon the probable meaning of Bodewin's reluctance to testify on this suit, even as he often speculated about Bodewin himself; but the two men might have been sole occupants of a light-house for a year, without its once occurring to Hillbury to ask his friend the question Miss Newbold had posed him with an hour after his introduction to her.

"Yes," Bodewin continued. "It's a horrible nuisance. I would like to tell you about it, but you know me too well, Hillbury. I should hate to have the thing perpetually associated with me in your mind. The only people, after all, to confide in, are those whom you like at first sight, and never expect to see again."

"I don't agree with you, but then that's nothing new."

"I will tell you this much," Bodewin began, but Hillbury interrupted.

"Why tell me anything? I am not suffering for your confidence."

"Because it bores me so! I am sold into

bondage! I am under an obligation to Harkins,—a most delicate, personal, strenuous obligation. It is a thousand times worse than if he had saved my life. It involves—" Bodewin found he had been precipitate after all. He could not say to Hillbury, whose people in the East knew his own, "It involves my sister's name and memory." He paused, with his friend's dark, grave eyes resting on his face, and ended stupidly. "It involves the name of a woman—one of the sweetest God ever made for man to destroy. If I have to balk Harkins's game, he is just clever enough to see that here is his revenge. Don't I know with what an unholy glee he would parade my obligation to him and his generosity to her whose name I must protect?"

"Bodewin, my dear fellow, will you forgive me for saying this whole thing, as you hint at it, sounds to me fantastic and morbid. I have always suspected you of a dangerous kind of enthusiasm in your moral processes. The business of living is, after all, nothing but a series of investments at a high rate of interest with corresponding risks, or at a low rate with good security. I am afraid you go in too much for the ten per cents and the risks in your moral investments. You will go into bankruptcy if you are investing in Harkins and his crowd."

"What do you mean by going into bankruptcy?"

"Well, I don't mean wickedness, in your case. But despondency, want of grit. You'd better stick to the plain lines of duty, so far as Harkins is concerned, and let the dead past bury its dead. It occurs to you, no doubt, that this is a little gratuitous on my part; but I am older than you, and on some points not so sensitive."

"Not so vulnerable, you mean," said Bodewin, with a touch of bitterness.

Hillbury had no time to respond before Mr. Newbold joined them with his daughter's excuses instead of her company. She was tired, he said, and did not care to change her dress. "She'd have come down fast enough if Mrs. Craig had staid, but she's not accustomed to be the only lady; and the restaurant, you know, at this hour —"

The green-baize-covered door of the dining-room closed upon the sentence.

#### VIII.

#### BODEWIN'S SISTER.

BODEWIN belonged to that generation of the country's youth which was hurried into premature manhood by the shock of the civil war. He was sixteen the spring of 1861,

when his elder brother left home in response to the President's first call for volunteers. That summer young Bodewin went up to Yale to pass his preliminary examination. He was already a man in stature, and it was thought the best way to keep him from haunting the recruiting offices. The second year of the war closed darkly, with Burnside's losses before Fredericksburg, which increased the demoralization of the Army of the Potomac, on which the hopes of the East were fixed. Bodewin entered with all the passionate pessimism of youth, debarred from action, into the uncertainties of the situation. If disruption were at hand, he did not care for his future; if the war were to be successfully and honorably brought to a close, he could not accept it at the price of some better man's life. Thus he brooded, sitting on the college fence, under the budding elms, in the sad spring twilight.

He wrote to his brother for advice. Captain Bodewin told him plainly that his place was with the non-combatants for at least four years to come, and reminded him that in all wars, in all ages, the widow has ever been entitled to one son. This was not the advice young Bodewin wanted. In the face of it he abandoned his books and followed his boyish leadings into the army, enlisting as a private in his brother's regiment, the — Connecticut Cavalry. He served faithfully, but without distinction, until the close of the war. When the armies were disbanded he went home alone, an old-looking boy of twenty, already acquainted with grief, lean of cheek and limb, with hollows under his young eyes, with a habit of silence, with the discipline of ten years crowded into two — a discipline with stern limitations, however. He had learned something of endurance, of obedience, and of self-restraint; but of the world of men and women he had been spared to spend his life among, he had all to learn.

The house had lost its mainstay — that elder brother whom the mother believed wise Heaven had given her to be the support of her widowed years. He had fallen in the last great charge of the war. His loss was embittered to Bodewin by a sense of its needlessness, for the struggle was virtually over. It seemed as if the lives lost that day were but heaped upon the over-full measure of the nation's dead, in the very wantonness of sacrifice.

The night after the battle Bodewin searched the field for his brother's body. A comrade kept at his side, and helped him in his last poor services to the dead. The young men were of the same regiment, each had seen and approved the other in action; beyond this they scarcely knew each other's names. As they

stood together by the new-made grave, in the white dawn before sunrise, Bodewin had said to his comrade:

"My mother must thank you for this night's work."

They parted with a promise from Lieutenant Eustis that he would visit Bodewin at the latter's home if both lived to see the end of the war.

Eustis had accepted the invitation with some diffidence.

"You must not ask me under an impression that I was a friend of your brother's," he had said. "I admired him greatly, but I am bound to confess that, so far as I know, the feeling was not mutual."

Bodewin could not have known that this scrupulousness was far from being characteristic of Frank Eustis. It was a genuine touch of candor and humility won from him by the circumstances which had brought the two young men together; but it was misleading, as only nature can be.

Bodewin took up the responsibilities death had laid on him in a condition of mind and body calculated to breed morbid views of duty. He was physically relaxed by the reaction which followed the change from army life to the life of home. The heaviness of his first sorrow was upon him. There was, besides, the dawn of another sorrow he could not blind himself to. It could hardly be called a change in his mother; a lapse, rather, of the powers mental as well as physical — the mark left by the war on a gentle nature, strong only in its affections. The heart of the family she would be, ever. Its head she had ceased to be.

Bodewin resigned his hopes of a profession and applied himself to the resuscitation of his mother's property. His father had for fifteen years held a professorship in an Eastern college. Late in life he had married the only surviving child and heiress of Simeon Wills, a member of the Society of Friends, and a well-to-do farmer, who had widened his landmarks on the Sound shore of Connecticut until they included about three hundred acres of salt-marsh, sea-beach, woodland, and stony pasture. To their grandfather's house Tristram Bodewin's widow had taken her children after her husband's death, and since that time, early in their childish recollections, they had known no other home.

True to her father's faith herself, she had not tried to make proselytes even of her own children, but to each one in different degrees she had transmitted that quiet persistence which was one of her own least conspicuous but most inherent traits.

Bodewin had left his sister a child. A child she still seemed to him, although she was tall

for sixteen, when to the broken household came Eustis in his faded cavalry uniform, with his record of fifty battles and that last service of his to the dead son of the house to aid him in making an impression. Ellen Bodewin was not a beauty, but in many ways she was beautiful. In after years, when the thought of his sister had become the permanent ache of his heart, Bodewin always saw her as he used to see her that summer, crossing the grass at twilight in her white dress and black ribbons, her profile distinct, almost luminous in its fairness, against the mass of dark-green shrubbery.

Bodewin spent many hours that summer at the black, pigeon-holed "secretary" in the dining-room, employed in a retrospect of accounts which invariably closed with the balance on the wrong side. The short, warm evenings he spent with his mother, in the unlighted parlor, where she lay on her sofa in the exhaustion of spent and tearless grief. In those silent sessions with their dead, mother and son alike felt that the child of the house should have no part. Her share in the family sorrow had been less, as her knowledge of her brother was less than theirs; and her age was not ripe for sorrow. Yet they would have keenly resented any outside suggestion that Ellen took their great and common loss not sufficiently to heart.

Eustis came for a week the first time. He spoke of business engagements in New York. Bodewin found him there a month later, looking haggard and seedy. An old wound he had carried since Fredericksburg had been troubling him, he said. His family were in Genoa, where his father held a consulship. Bodewin asked him to come to Cranberry Beach for another fortnight, and incidentally lent him a little money. Again Eustis and Ellen were together, and in the still midsummer weather another tragedy of the war was hurrying to its consummation.

There was a granite boulder on the edge of the lawn where it sloped toward the pied salt-marshes, cool, deeply bedded in ferns, and shaded by a clump of maple-trees. A breeze from the blue water beyond the marshes was always blowing in their tops. On the hottest days, when the close-sheltered house dozed in the sun, Eustis, with the chess-board and the hammock-cushions under his arm, followed by Ellen with the last magazine, crossed the dry, scintillating grass to this island of coolness and shadow.

They were as secluded here, with the fields of heat making a wide stillness around them, as Ferdinand and Miranda in the island cave. There were sandy paths through the scrub oak and barberry bushes leading to the shore,

and there was a shallow river winding through the marshes, down which they drifted, sitting face to face but seldom speaking. All these landways and waterways they had taken together before the fortnight was over. They led all in the same direction, and ended in the catastrophe of a young girl's life.

In those days men were worshiped because they were soldiers merely. They needed no other attribute, and Eustis possessed several others besides that perilous association with a brother's memory. When after the second visit Bodewin heard his mother ask Eustis to come to them again at Christmas, if his family were still abroad, it occurred to him at last that they were seeing a good deal of their summer guest. On his next visit to New York he took pains to make some inquiries about Eustis. It was like going to a shelf piled with rubbish and pulling at a corner of the lowest object of the heap. He found a clew to one shabby little affair in looking up Eustis's antecedents, and the rest came tumbling about his ears. It was sickening, but it was a necessary lesson for the protector of a family of women to learn, and Bodewin congratulated himself on having learned it in good season. He was alone with his mother in the dining-room on the evening of his return. It was now late in October, and the evenings were cool. The blaze of a few sticks on the hearth was the only light in the room, while the open door showed a broad patch of moonlight on the hall floor, squared with the shadow of the window sash. Bodewin told his mother all that seemed necessary of his discoveries in regard to Eustis.

"He must not come at Christmas, or at any other time," he concluded.

Mrs. Bodewin seemed troubled beyond a reasonable conception of any feeling she could possibly have in the matter. Did he wish the acquaintance to cease? she asked her son.

"On the part of the women of the family, yes," he replied.

She reminded him of the family obligation. He assured her he would take care of that. In the greatest agitation she begged him to be careful what he said, for his sister's sake.

"What has Eustis to do with my sister?" Bodewin inquired, and then the blow came. Eustis had asked Ellen to be his wife. She loved him, and only waited for the consent of her mother and brother. The former had already given hers. Ellen had been receiving letters from Eustis since his last visit. The mother had felt obliged to speak to her about them. She had first done so during Bodewin's absence, and had then received her child's confession that Eustis had offered himself to her before his departure. She had not per-



mitted him to speak to her family then, because the time had seemed unfit.

"She was not ashamed to do the thing she was ashamed to speak of!" Bodewin burst out passionately.

"She is but a child! What else can she be?" the mother pleaded. "And she has not answered his letters or given him her promise except on conditions."

"Eustis is not the man for her to be making conditions with, mother! If she is a child, she must be treated like one. She must be prevented from doing herself this injury."

"It is done, it is done!" the mother wailed, "and we have done it. It lies at our door."

"It lies at my door!" said Bodewin. "Mother, I no more imagined any danger to Ellen in his being here than to you. How was I to know a girl is like that? To be won in a week, in a month, by the first man who looks at her! To be thinking of a lover, with her brother not six months in his grave!"

"Hush!" his mother said, rising and pointing towards the door as she faltered towards him. He turned and confronted his sister. She had heard his words distinctly in the quiet house as she came down the stairs from her chamber. What influence Bodewin might have gained over her, when his revolt against the pang of self-conviction cooled, had she never heard those wild words, may be questioned. As it was, the insult had struck too deep for explanation or retraction. There was, perhaps, enough of truth in the words to make them unforgivable. Bodewin patiently went over the charges against Eustis with his mother, and in turn she endeavored to set them before Ellen. The effect they produced was one of repulsion, not towards the accused, but the accuser. She was prepared for prejudice in one by whom she had herself been misjudged, and the seeds of counsel fell upon stony ground. There were long heart-breaking arguments between mother and daughter, and hopeless consultations between mother and son. But the brother and sister were no longer on terms of argument or consultation, still less of entreaty.

The struggle ended as it must always end between young love and old decrees. It was a relief at last when the marriage took place, two years later. Ellen's position had come to be that of a martyr persecuted by her brother for her faithfulness to her lover; for the mother had not been able to keep a consistent attitude of protest, and long before the marriage took place had offered but a passive resistance. Her losses had weakened her power of enduring the pain of those she loved. The risks of Ellen's marriage were in the future, while the sight of her unhappiness was an ever-present

torture. Nor was it possible for a woman with Mrs. Bodewin's experience of men and of marriage to conceive what those risks were likely to be with one like Eustis. She had no real conception of Eustis himself,—a man who could not be relied upon even in the direction of his weaknesses, for with a fatal inconsistency he had not been at all weak in his pursuit of Ellen. He had been as true to his purpose as if the truth were in him.

According to his weakness and her strength he no doubt loved her, and the purest sentiment of his life kept him at his highest level during the months of his probation. There were times when Bodewin was ready to believe that it was he who was the victim of hallucination, and that Ellen's case was indeed one of persecution, so filled was the house with that sense of her outraged love which her mute presence conveyed. But on the day of her marriage, in that searching light in which love, acknowledged and triumphant, exhibits itself, Bodewin saw that he was not mistaken. In certain sure and subtle ways he felt that the bridegroom was hopelessly beneath the dignity of his part. It could only be a question of time.

It was now thirteen years since the day of his sister's marriage, and during ten of those years Bodewin had held himself ready for the time when she would need him. His life had been ordered solely with reference to that time and that atonement he believed he would be permitted to make his sister for the husband he had given her and the father he had given her children. He thought no more of marriage for himself than if his mother and sister had been the only women in the world. He felt that his sister held a mortgage on his life, and year by year the unpaid interest went to swell the debt.

Eustis took his young wife to Virginia City, where he began his business career as a broker in mines and real estate. In the course of a year or two he had joined that wandering community which follows the changes of luck from one mining camp to another.

Bodewin made mines his business also, in a different way, partly that he might not lose sight of his sister on her unblest pilgrimage, partly because the event had proved that he was no farmer, and he needed to put money in his purse for the time when his sister would accept his atonement. The mother still lived at Cranberry Beach, in the retirement that suited her health and circumstances, with an unmarried sister as her companion. Those lapses of memory which had first warned Bodewin of the break in his mother's strength were now her greatest mercy.

Ellen seldom wrote, never unless in times



of comparative prosperity; and as these grew more and more infrequent, the letters came at longer and longer intervals. They knew that children were born to her, and that she had lost children, but of the nameless humiliation of her life, of the eddy of shabby cares in which it went round and round, wearing into her soul, they could but silently conjecture; and as one prophecy after another of all those that had been made concerning her marriage fulfilled itself, she wrapped herself more and more closely in the fate she had chosen, and hid her wounds with a pride that seemed all that was left of her love for her brother. The loving can never understand those who have ceased to love; and as little as he could comprehend the sundering of a life-tie like that between himself and the sister he had so innocently and hopelessly injured, still less could Bodewin fathom the mystery of a weak man's hold on the life of a strong woman, who holds forlornly to her own pure vow, as the sanctification of the shame it covers.

## IX.

## THE TENDER MERCIES OF THE WICKED.

ONE day, now three years gone, in the Mining Exchange in San Francisco, Bodewin took up a Deadwood paper, a week old by its date, and saw a notice of the death of Frank Eustis. His body had been found in the street, dead by his own hand; "probable cause, domestic anxieties and drink." The notice was headed, "Good-bye, Frank!" Bodewin learned more of the affair later in Deadwood from Henry Wilkinson, a lawyer of his acquaintance, with whom Eustis had spoken last. Wilkinson had met Eustis about twelve o'clock the night of his death, as he himself was coming out of the Varieties Theater with the crowd. Eustis was hurrying along through a light fall of snow, bare-headed and half wild with drink.

"For God's sake, Henry, lend me five dollars!" he had said. "I expect my wife and four children in by the stage to-morrow night, and I haven't so much as a roof to put over their heads."

"That wife-and-children game is about played, Frank," had been Wilkinson's reply. Eustis had been borrowing money for six months or more, on the strength of the imminent arrival of his family.

"They are coming this time, by God! But they won't find me here!" were his last words as he ran on down the street, slipping and falling at last in the soft snow.

Wilkinson had pulled him up, set him on his feet, brushed the snow from his hair and

neck, and, putting his own hat on his head, had left him staring stupidly before him.

He was found the next morning, stiff and cold, with his head on the curb-stone and a bullet-hole in the side of it.

The night following that morning Ellen Eustis arrived with her children. There were but three. To the last Eustis had not been able to help lying a little in an unimportant way. His wife had come by stage, two hundred miles across the northern desert. She had waited, in the last poor refuge where he had left her, for Eustis to return or send for her. His letters spoke of his success in the new camp, but there were no inclosures of money and no summons for her to join him and share his success. At last, when her means of support were nearly exhausted, she had taken what money remained to her and desperately followed her husband, to what end she knew not, except that it could not be worse than the one she had in view. The man who saved her from dying on that journey was Colonel William Harkins. As an experienced traveler, the Colonel had secured for himself the entire back seat of the coach, and with lunch-basket, rugs, seal-skin coat, cigars, and paper novels, had expected to make the trip across the frozen alkali plains in comparative comfort.

It was just his luck, so he commiserated himself as he surveyed his fellow-passengers, to find in front of him, occupying the middle seat, a wan-cheeked young mother with three pretty, thinly-clad children, vis-à-vis with two Chinamen and a Jew "drummer," riding on the forward seat.

The first day's ride was not half over before Harkins had "borrowed" two of the children, and was telling them stories and romping with them, while the mother from time to time looked back and smiled at the sound of their laughter. When the boy grew sleepy he helped her to make a bed for him on the seat beside her, and arranged his traveling-bag under her feet, that she might the more easily support the child's head in her lap. At the squalid meal station he thrust her into the warmest corner by the fire, and bribed, from the meager hospitality of the place, the best it could furnish for her comfort. He led the way back to the stage with the youngster on his shoulder, and, putting him into his mother's arms, begged her to keep his seat for him while he walked on a mile or so for exercise. Not to be burdened with it while walking, he threw off his fur coat and asked permission to wrap her and the little fellow in it, until he should need it again. For the little fellow's sake she allowed him to do so. Laughingly he cuddled the two little girls in his rugs, and bidding

them let no one into his seat in his absence, trudged on ahead of the stage. When it overtook him he climbed up beside the driver and sat there smoking until it grew dusk. Looking back into the coach, he saw that the mother and children were asleep, snugly wrapped in his rugs and furs. He called himself a d—fool, took something to keep out the cold, and crawling down into the boot under the driver's blankets, slept there all night on the mail bags. The mother began the next day with an effort at independence, but was soon too much exhausted by the unavoidable hardships of the journey and her children's constant claims on her strength to resist the ingenuous and persistent kindness of her fellow-traveler. The Colonel's luxuries were her necessities. He diverted them to her use with that understanding, cheerfully insisted on by him, and helplessly admitted by herself.

The stage office was buzzing with talk of the latest camp tragedy on the evening of the travelers' arrival.

"Oh, it is only some fellow got cleaned out at faro, and shot himself last night," Harkins replied to the young mother's inquiries, as she sat with her children around her in a corner of the crowded room. "What did you say your husband's first name was, Mrs. Eustis?—Frank? Well, see here! You'd better get a room here to-night. He didn't get your telegram most likely. I don't seem to see him anywheres about. We'll look him up first thing in the morning. Those children ought to have something to eat. I'll have something sent up to you. Now don't you worry, will you? You leave me to find your husband." So, talking rapidly, he hurried her away from the merciless gossip of the crowd, which suspended its words long enough to stare at poor Frank's widow as she passed out of the room.

Yes; it was just his luck—that the husband of his pretty, pale fellow-traveler should be the dead man whom the Masons were to bury to-morrow; that she should be nearing the time of her woman's utmost need, penniless, homeless, without a friend in the place. The next day he took her to a cabin in the outskirts of the town. It was her husband's house, he told her. This was the furniture Eustis had bought in preparation for her coming. These trifles of groceries and what not he had ordered in her husband's name; it was all the same. Evidently he had not been housekeeping himself and was a little hurried by her telegram. Then he *had* received it?—Where was he? What was he keeping from her? He met the question simply and squarely, cursing his luck again that there was no one but him to meet it. He had occasion to call

himself a fool with profane emphasis more than once that day, because he could not forget the new-made widow and her forlorn little brood. He mentioned her case to a lady friend of his, who promised to look after her should she need a woman's help. Harkins's lady friend was herself one of the poorest of the poor, yet those who have lost their all may still have something to give to another's distress.

Frank Eustis's wife had long ago learned how cruel are the tender mercies of the feebly wicked. It was only one more step in the long, downward path she had taken beside him,—the last step,—and it was characteristic of him that he had left her to take it alone.

It is a ten-days' journey, including the stage ride, from San Francisco to Deadwood with the roads in good condition. The roads were at their worst, and Bodewin, starting immediately on the news of Eustis's death, was two weeks on the way. He reached Deadwood one evening about ten o'clock, bruised, supperless, and stiff with cold. The usual crowd was gathered in the bar-room of the North-western Hotel. It seemed as good a place as any to begin inquiries for his sister. He was sure to find some of Eustis's friends there. When Bodewin asked news of Eustis's wife there was a dead silence in the room. Colonel Harkins stepped out of the crowd, and taking Bodewin apart, asked:

"Who might you be, inquiring for Frank Eustis's wife?"

"I am Mrs. Eustis's brother," Bodewin replied.

"The devil you are!" he remarked, in the same low, deliberate tone. "You're a sweet brother! Why didn't you get in here two weeks ago?"

Bodewin did not make the mistake of representing this singular reception from a stranger. He was familiar enough with frontier manners to understand it as some rude form of championship of his sister, founded on his own apparent or fancied neglect.

"Never mind about two weeks ago," he replied. "Do you know where my sister is now?"

Harkins looked him over again carefully before he spoke. "Better take a drink and eat something."

Bodewin declined to act on this suggestion, and showed some restiveness under Harkins's prolonged interest in him.

"Come on, then," the latter said, and led the way into the street. Walking fast, without speaking, they came to that low cabin in the thinly built part of the town where the widow had found shelter. Harkins knocked at the door softly, or so Bodewin fancied.

"Is my sister not well?" he asked.

"She is well," Harkins answered solemnly, "since two o'clock last night."

He left Bodewin waiting at the door. After some delay it was opened by a white-faced, red-cheeked young woman, who stared at Bodewin, and looked as if she might have simpered a little if she had been less sleepy.

"Take a chair," she said. "Be you a friend of hers?" indicating with a motion of her hand the closed door of an adjoining room.

"I am her brother," Bodewin replied.

"You don't say! Where are you from?"

Bodewin mentioned the place.

"How long is it since you seen her?"

"Nearly ten years."

"Well, I declare! I guess she's changed some. D'you want to see her to-night? She ain't laid out yet. There wasn't anything of her own fit to put on her. She could 'a' worn a white silk of mine; it's some soiled, but it might 'a' done with lace over the front of the waist. But the Colonel wouldn't hear to it. He's having a splendid cashmere robe made for her."

Bodewin got up and went to the door. He leaned in the open doorway, with his face towards the cool night, while a faintness that had overcome him passed. He felt the woman's hand on his arm. "Here, drink this! You look like you was goin' to be sick." She held a tumbler half full of whisky towards him. He asked for water, and she dipped him a glassful from a pail beside the door.

"You'd better not see her to-night," the woman persisted, following him into the room again, "though she don't look bad. She ain't been sick long. Did you know there was a little baby? It's dead, too, poor thing! I expect *his* mother'll be glad it didn't live. There's enough of 'em to leave for other folks to take care of."

"Whose mother?" Bodewin asked, lifting his head to look at the speaker.

"Frank's mother. She's been sent for. Didn't you know?"

"Who sent for her?"

"The Colonel did."

"Will you tell me who is the Colonel?"

"Ain't you acquainted with Colonel Bill Harkins? It was lucky for Frank's wife *he* didn't stand on no ceremony. They rode in the same coach from the end of the track. Why, man, he done everything for her! Fed her and kep' her warm, and tended her young ones, and she not fit for travelin'. He's paid her way ever since she got in. This here house he's rented for her, and everything in it was bought with his money, though he never let her know it. You don't know the Colonel! Well, it's about time you did!"

"Will you let me see my sister?" Bodewin said, rising.

He was taken into the cold inner chamber, where on a clean white bed a sheet, smoothly spread, covered without concealing a motionless woman's form. There was the outline of the low pillowed head, the hands unstirred upon the breast, the small, thin body sloping downwards, the little feet that propped the sheet scarcely higher than a child's. Bodewin knelt on the floor by the bedside, smitten hard and deep in every spot that anguish knows,—crushed, broken utterly. And the woman beside him—whom no one wept for, though she was more dead than death itself to all that makes a woman's life—hid with her thin hands the roses that stared on her white cheeks, and sobbed aloud.

Did she weep for herself only as a child weeps at the sight of grief, or remembering that laughter and jests of men, nevermore men's despairing tenderness, and hopeless, hard-wrung tears, were her portion forever?

When he was alone with his dead, Bodewin folded down the sheet and looked at what lay beneath. He had known in part, and prophesied according to his knowledge, but he was in the presence now of that before which prophecies shall fail and tongues shall cease and knowledge shall vanish away. In the mercy of God it was well with her at last, and with the child that lay beside her in its long sleep that life had broken only for a few feeble breaths.

Bodewin would have found it impossible to escape from the details of his sister's last hours, had he wished to do so. They were in the mouths of strangers, who made them the medium of intercourse unsought by him and unspeakably harrowing. He knew, from various sources, the full extent of his indebtedness to Colonel Harkins, through his sister. The conjunction was torture to him. He tried in vain to get rid of the pecuniary part of the burden at the least, but the Colonel refused to overhaul his back accounts. "It's all right," he repeated. "I haven't spent any money on her to hurt anybody,—nothing more than any man would do for a lady passenger."

The orphaned children had been taken home by a respectable matron of the neighborhood, whose offer of assistance had come too late to benefit the mother. The possibility had never occurred to Bodewin that his sister's children might be left to any one's care but his own, in case of their father's death or failure to provide for them. But, between the day of the funeral and that of Mrs. Eustis's arrival in the camp, he had time to think over his sister's last expressed wish, and to endeavor to reconcile himself to its provisions. She had

chosen to leave her children to her husband's relations, ignoring her own blood. It was but the finishing touch to the devoted consistency of her widowhood. They were his children as well as hers; though by his life he had forfeited a father's right, in death she would not deprive him of a father's place in his children's memories. His own mother should exonerate him and atone for his shortcomings in the new generation that carries with it always the seed of the last one's blighted hopes.

Bodewin accepted his sister's decision—not without a forlorn pride in her steadfastness. But it left him objectless, purposeless, with his atonement on his hands. He had waited long, had kept the chambers of his heart empty and ready for the guest who had failed him at the last—who he now knew had never meant to come. He fell to questioning his own motives. There had been smoke in the incense doubtless; there had been blood upon the victim. He was now but thirty years old, with that purity of color and sensitiveness of expression which is said to be nature's reward for a life of spiritual constancy; but he felt that he had parted with youth, and that the "gains for all his losses" could be quickly counted.

It remained for him now only to see Mrs. Eustis and settle on his sister's children an annuity from the money he had kept intact

for her use, and to say good-bye to Colonel Harkins. He needed no one to tell him who Colonel Billy Harkins was. It was only as "the Colonel" he had failed to recognize him. He would have parted with his right hand if he could so have sundered the connection between them. Did the Colonel perceive how it galled Bodewin, and privately enjoy his helplessness under the obligation? When the two men shook hands at parting, Bodewin asked Harkins to remember that the man who had been as a brother to his sister should be as a brother to him in so far as he might be able to serve him or his in the future.

"All right, brother Bodewin," Harkins replied cheerfully, renewing his hard grasp on Bodewin's hand, and meeting his eyes with a look as hard as his grasp. "I hope you will know your brother when you see him again."

All this was now in the past three years. The mercy Bodewin had been most alive to at the time was the fact that his mother was no longer capable of a great sorrow. The stretched chords had ceased to vibrate. She lived in a painless dream of the time before the war, when her husband had been with her and her children had not left her arms. All that had happened since then could only be recalled from the outside, and realized by her with an effort.

Mary Hallock Foote.

(To be continued.)

## THE "LAMIA" OF KEATS

AND THE ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILL H. LOW.

BEAUTIFUL curves and delicate planes, outlines most pure and faces that smile like gods, meet us at every turn in that mental gallery of the Greek past where we keep the records of plastic art expressed by rounded forms—*intaglio*, low and high relief, medal, coin, and statue. Hitherto the mastery of the Greeks in sculpture has been a mystery on which writers have loved to form many a conjecture, many a fantastic air-castle of a theory. It has been a marvel to which there was no clew; a fact like the few great ones on which all things depend, but which no one is able to explain. Now that we begin to look deeper into the evolution of Greek statuary, the marvel becomes less absolute, but not less wonderful. Like the elves in the head-piece on page 245, the genii of Greek art were entangled in a labyrinth of custom and precedent religious and artistic, intellectual and technical; their smiles were those of prisoners who have learned to

make a garden of the house of their captivity and wrung a glory from defeat. It would have been indeed a miracle had Greek sculpture appeared of a sudden, without ancestry of any kind, without roots. But it becomes far more interesting when the veil is somewhat lifted and men find that it had concrete as well as spiritual forerunners, and that these were as far as possible other than the shapes of beauty we have learned to consider the only products of the Greek brain. Yet it is, after all, only a marvel such as any one can witness who will be at the pains to rear a butterfly from a crawling worm. Underneath the exquisite grace of Venus and the noble virginity of Minerva, below the serenity and polish of Jupiter, highest bred of gods, lie the legends of those terrible, grotesque, outrageous gods which plainly belong to another epoch, if not another race, and yet continue on and coexist with the higher creations during and beyond the classical age. Behind the train of lovely woodland



nymphs, of river deities and mirthful fauns, lies the shadowy world of hags, specters, vampires, of witches and hobgoblins, out of which the men of the Ægean fashioned their charming land of the invisibles. Where art demanded black shades for a background, these were softened into humorous forms, as in Pan, Silenus, and the satyrs; where the essential was horror, as in the Gorgons, they made the face most beautiful but suffering, and wound snakes in the hair to represent the harsher description of the poets. Yet the poets themselves had already infinitely softened and sweetened the aboriginal horror from which Medusa descended. It was a monster with distorted visage, great tusks, a protruded tongue, and all the traits of a fiend to whom unhappy mothers offered their first-born in sacrifice. The face of that early Medusa was preserved down to Christian times on little terra-cottas as a trifling decoration of buildings. So let us regard the cupids that struggle almost gayly in the tangle of ribbons on the page overleaf as the descendants of far grimmer genii of love and of death engaged in the meshes of inevitable fate.

The head-piece is from Will H. Low's illustrations for a new edition of "Lamia," by Keats, soon to be published by the Lippincott firm of Philadelphia. It happens only too seldom that the work an artist is asked to embellish proves the one he has particular love for; but in the present case it has been Mr. Low's desire for many years to illustrate this richly tinted yet mournful tale, and the publishers have yielded to his demand rather than suggested the scheme to him. Even a little thing like the head-piece shows that Mr. Low has felt Keats's repugnance to the harsh, the grotesque, the barbarous; perhaps he has carried the sentiment farther. Recall what sort of a Lamia it is that Keats has painted in the forest of Crete, miserable because her shape betrays her nature:

"She was a gordian shape of dazzling hue,  
Vermilion-spotted, golden, green, and blue;  
Striped like a zebra, freckled like a pard,  
Eyed like a peacock, and all crimson barr'd;  
And full of silver moons, that as she breath'd  
Dissolved or brighter shone or interwreathed  
Their lusters with the gloomier tapestries.  
So rainbow sided, touched with miseries,  
She seemed at once some penanced lady elf,  
Some demon's mistress, or the demon's self.  
Upon her crest she wore a wannish fire  
Sprinkled with stars, like Ariadne's tiar.  
Her head was serpent, but ah, bitter-sweet!  
She had a woman's mouth with all its pearls complete.

And for her eyes — what could such eyes do there  
But weep, and weep, that they were born so fair?  
As Proserpine still weeps for her Sicilian air?  
Her throat was serpent, but the words she spake  
Came as through bubbling honey, for Love's sake."

Who would take such a Lamia, lovely notwithstanding her serpentine exterior, for the hideous "bugge" which in Greek tradition she is, a name potent enough to frighten stubborn babes, because of her reputation of an ogress that devours humankind? Among her Etruscan peoples Italy kept many barbarous ideas — nay, keeps them to-day — which had disappeared from cultivated Greece in Homer's age. Remember in Horace's warnings how not to make poetry that he says it really will not do for the writer with taste to explain on what grewsome food a Lamia has breakfasted. Undoubtedly he referred to the Lamia of the populace, and quite possibly also to scenes on the low sensational stage of his day. But in Hellas the bogey Lamia seems to have given way as early as Homer's epoch to a fable of King Lamos and the Læstrygons, far to the westward, who were great cannibals and in stature giants; they killed and ate the greater part of the comrades of Ulysses on his voyage home. But if we look eastward into Asia, the myth is found once more in one of its oldest forms as the Assyrian Lamas, a lion demon with a man's head, and as the Chaldean Lammas, a tribe of giants and demons. The Greek genealogy of Lamia refers to this when Lamia is called the daughter of Belus and Libya, Belus being a generic term for Assyria because Bel was a popular deity there, and Libya referring to the land of dark-skinned peoples in Asia still farther to the eastward. Thus can we guess under Greek sculpture a whole buried world of awful, distorted, disgusting forms; and so, back of Keats's glittering snake-woman is the far fouler Lamia. When it comes to the American artist who has undertaken a most difficult task, that of depicting deities and monsters, we find that he has taken one step farther off from the *baroque* and grotesque. Low's conception of Lamia as she appeared to Hermes, "a palpitating snake, Bright and cirque-couchant in a dusky brake," hardly admits more than the reptile's tail, and that only peeps from the herbage in which she crouches before the beautiful and ever-young Hermes adoring. In other respects she is a lovely woman, who shows her supernaturalness only by means of the crown of will-o-the-wisp stars about her locks; and her face is full of gentle entreaty; her attitude is that of a worshiper. The nude Hermes before her is charming enough to invoke comparisons with a recently found statue — a standing Hermes, however, not a seated one — the Mercury and Young Bacchus of Olympia. Sweet in this little picture, which cannot be given here, Lamia remains gentle and lovable throughout the





HEAD-PIECE.

series, because she is Keats's Lamia and no other. She is tender and generous when Hermes, in exchange for a sight of his Cretan nymph, has granted her heart's desire, when she has been stripped of the scaly extremities that betrayed her old nature, and has renewed the full human shape lost ages before. The passion she has conceived for Lycius of Corinth is as pure as it is intense. Goethe's Lamia is a less lovable creature, though more human; she is the soul of a bride of Corinth, who, having met an untimely death, returns, under the guise of life, but with the fatal kiss of a vampire, through the stress of love for the bridegroom she never, while living, embraced. It is the same story of which Professor Child has collected so surprising a number of variants from Scottish, English, and Scandinavian ballads. The Lamia of Keats

enlists the sympathy, and at the end makes one hate the too just, the too exact pedant Apollonius, whose calm gaze penetrates her disguise, and recognizes the snake below the loveliest limbs.

Having solved in this bold way the appearance of Lamia before her metamorphosis, Mr. Low must grapple with a harder problem, the depicting of that Cretan nymph whose beauty, when his eyes have been breathed upon by the subtle Lamia, "dashed" even the thievish god himself; harder, because it is easier to conceive a figure having strongly salient traits than to draw a being like the nymph, who was simply a human beauty pushed to a godlike extreme.

"It was no dream; or say a dream it was,  
Real are the dreams of gods, and smoothly pass  
Their pleasures in a long immortal dream.  
One warm flush'd moment, hovering, it might seem,



"NEAR-SMILING ON THE GREEN."

Dashed by the wood-nymph's beauty, so he burn'd,  
 Then, lighting on the printless verdure, turned  
 To the swoon'd serpent, and with languid arm,  
 Delicate, put to proof the lithe caducean charm.  
 So done, upon the nymph his eyes he bent  
 Full of adoring tears and blandishment  
 And towards her stept: she, like a moon in wane,  
 Faded before him, cower'd, nor could restrain  
 Her fearful sobs, self-folding like a flower  
 That faints into itself at evening hour;  
 But the god fostering her chilled hand,  
 She felt the warmth, her eyelids opened bland,  
 And, like new flowers at morning song of bees,  
 Bloomed and gave up her honey to the lees.  
 Into the green-recess'd woods they flew;  
 Nor grew they pale, as mortal lovers do.

In the picture given here the artist has chosen with tact the moment before Hermes has seen her; but she, conscious at his appearance, sits "near-smiling on the green," secure in the charm of invisibility which Lamia has cast about her in order that she may escape the frantic love-making of satyrs and other woodland deities. Note the line of the arm on which she gently leans, the restfulness of the other hand holding a spray of flowers, the soft intentness of her gaze. She, too, is a gentle, amiable creature, in no wise willing to give suffering to her admirers. Her ivy-crowned head shines against the clump of bushes, and near her is the nymph's looking-glass, a still pool of water in a plain broad bowl of granite which rests on the capitals of two broken columns sunk in the greensward. One of the finest of the large illustrations is the view of Hermes, not given here, sailing away on the miraculous wings of his cap, sandals, and caduceus, one arm lightly about his new love, and before them the "green-recess'd woods." The modeling of the back of the nude god is delightfully drawn, and his trailing left leg makes, with his body and left arm uplifted in slow ecstasy, a varied line of beauty quite beyond words to express. The nymph flies with him and one catches a glimpse of her face, in which there is no fear or hesitation, but instead the seriousness of the bride about to exchange her simple woodland life for the uncertainties of marriage with a god. Both figures admirably express easy flight through the air, such as gods may be supposed to use. It is a drifting like that of thistledown; it makes the impression we may suppose the savage to get on seeing for the first time a vessel that moves without the help of current or paddle or sail. But soon Keats takes leave of Hermes and the bride he won in such a Mercurial and Olympian way; and so must we pass with a sigh from the amorous deity and his Cretan mistress to follow the fortunes of the sweet witch and Lycius of Corinth, that youth for whose sake Lamia has outwitted the wittiest of gods, and driven a sharp bargain with the lord of merchants and thieves.

There is a legend among the Ojibways of a hunter named Otterheart who marries a strange damsel; she exacts a promise that he will never allow her foot to touch running water. Once he fails to see a little stream in the grass, and omits to carry her over it. She touches the water and turns into a beaver. The Arabian Nights tell of the bride who was a cat, and has to return to her rightful shape at sight of a mouse. Like stories are at home in Africa as well as Asia, India as well as far-off America, when our land was unconnected with those across the oceans by migrations or earlier ancestral ties. In the South Pacific is found the story of Ati, who caught a tapairu, or peerless one, in a fountain, married her, and tried to reach the under-world with his wife's guidance. She, too, is at last lost, as we know from the song of the Mangaian:

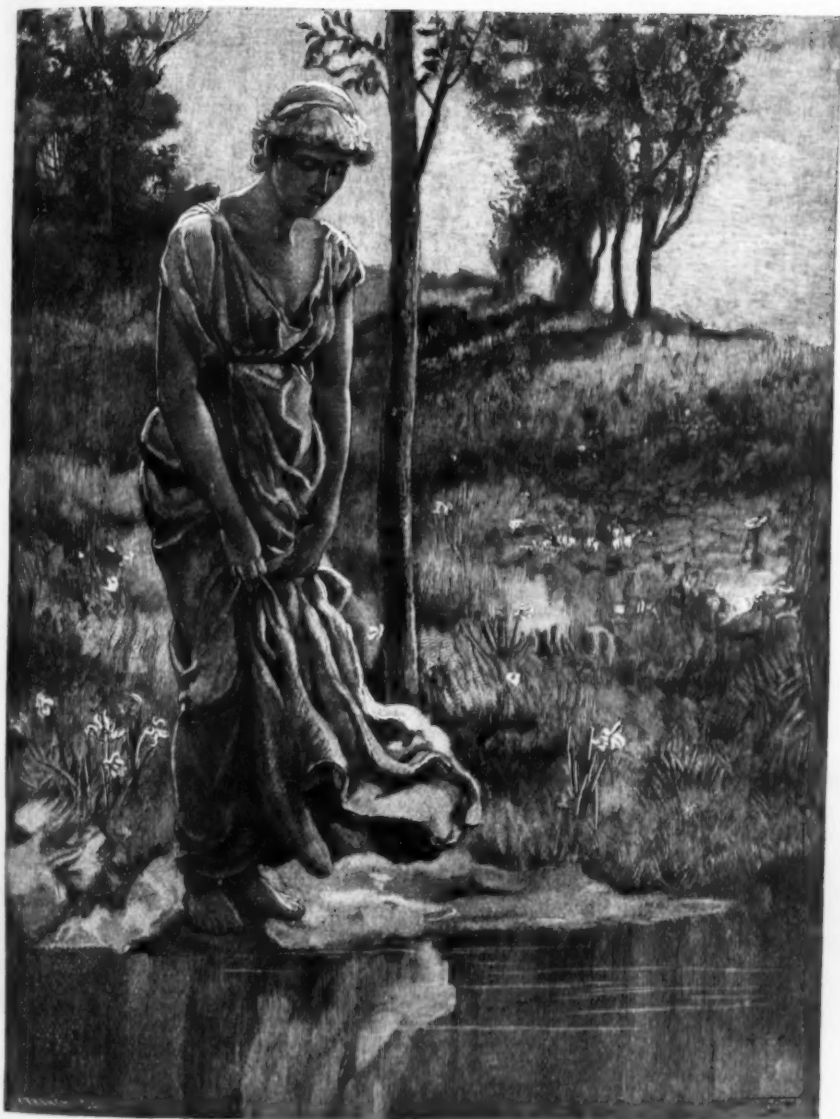
"She has descended again to spirit-world,  
 Men praised the divine being first seen by Ati  
 at the fountain,  
 But his heart is now filled with grief."

During the reign of Roger the Norman in Sicily, a youth, bathing by moonlight, saved an unknown woman from drowning. He married her, but she disappeared with their child. Hector de Boece gives the same story in his history of Scotland; but the handsome youth fears that his lovely pursuer is a succubus, and gets a priest to exorcise her. Doubtless the pagans of northern Europe had tales of cannibal spirits of both sexes; thinly disguised in a Christian and French dress, one appears among the poems of Dan John Lidgate, the exhaustless monk of Bury, friend and disciple of Chaucer. Bycorne and Chichevache are ludicrous survivals of ghastly monsters of the pagan epoch, whose natures the satirist has slyly turned into a farce. Bycorne is enormously fat, because of an exclusive diet of husbands who are docile to their wives; Chichevache, on the other hand, is nearly starved, her bones stare through her skin, because the only food that agrees with her is a wife who has always obeyed her husband. Perhaps the farce of Bycorne and Chichevache was performed in London during Lidgate's day, for there are directions for the action of the two monsters. In Sanskrit is recorded the story of Bhiki the beautiful, who marries a king and is turned back into a frog. In the same stately tongue is the legend of Pandarika Naga, a chief of serpents, like the Karkotaka Nagaraja of the story of Nala, who strives to escape the ruin of his race through magic by becoming a man. But he keeps his forked tongue and venomous breath, and when he marries Parvati, the daughter of a Brahman, these prove his un-

ays of a  
ries a  
se that  
unning  
ream in  
it. She  
beaver.  
ho was  
l shape  
t home  
as far-  
nected  
trations  
Pacific  
at a ta-  
married  
d with  
lost, as  
ans:

,  
by Ati

Nor-  
moon-  
from  
ne dis-  
Boece  
f Scot-  
nat his  
a priest  
north-  
rits of  
ristian  
ng the  
ustless  
haucer.  
us sur-  
epoch,  
ed in-  
ecause  
no are  
on the  
s stare  
d that  
always  
rce of  
ned in  
ere are  
nsters.  
ki the  
turned  
ongue  
rief of  
of the  
e ruin  
man.  
omous  
i, the  
is un-



"There she stood  
About a young bird's flutter from a wood,  
Fair, on a sloping green of mossy tread  
By a clear pool, wherein she passioned  
To see herself escaped from so sore ill,  
While her robes flaunted with the daffodils."

doing. The list is very long; but this will be enough to show that the story which was told by Philostratus, an Italian Greek of about 200 A. D., concerning Apollonius of Tyana, a Cappadocian, who lived early in the first century, and obtained the highest renown for wisdom and magical powers, does not stand alone, but belongs to a widespread family of tales more or less closely similar.

The Lamia of whom Keats tells the mournful story in delicious verse becomes, under the artist's hand, the image of an innocent, loving, confiding maiden. She stands uncertain of her beauty and power to attract Lycius, gazing steadfastly into the pool that reflects her figure and face. Mr. Low has borne lightly on the landscape, yet how tender and springlike it is! It suits the virginal bosom of the young beauty, her bashful air and cool-blowing robes, those robes that flaunted with the daffodils!

"Ah, happy Lycius! for she was a maid  
More beautiful than ever twisted braid,  
Or sigh'd, or blush'd, or on the spring-flower'd  
lea

Spread a green kirtle to the minstrelsy:  
A virgin purest lipp'd, yet in the lore  
Of love deep-learned to the red heart's core:  
Not one hour old, yet of scintial brain  
To unperplex bliss from its neighbor pain;  
Define their pettish limits and estrange  
Their points of contact and swift counterchange;  
Intrigue with the specious chaos and dispart  
Its most ambiguous atoms with sure art;  
As though in Cupid's college she had spent  
Sweet days a lovely graduate, still unshent,  
And kept his rosy terms in idle languishment."



"WHILE YET THEY SPOKE THEY HAD ARRIVED BEFORE  
A PILLARED PORCH WITH LOFTY PORTAL DOOR."

Here Mr. Low offers again a surprise by the method of distributing masses of light and shade, not heavily, but in a scattered order as befits the time, the hour, and the person, while the darkest shadow is in the robes just above the feet of Lamia. The young tree is like her, yet a contrast to the swelling lines of cheek, bosom, and arms, while behind is the rising sword pied with daffodils. Mr. Low has developed into notable strength in

the management of light and shade, excellence in which many artists hold to be the same thing as, or at any rate the groundwork for, a colorist. He enjoys simple effects of sculpture and the contrast of planes in broad cool nudes, as may be noted in the picture of the nymph seated invisible and unclothed by the river, caressing the cool surface with one reluctant foot. Here in a side panel is a terminal pillar or "Hermes," but the marble eyes of the god are symbolically bound with a kerchief to indicate that the nymph will bathe unseen of him. Again, when disconsolate Hermes leans his head on his arms and his arms on a gnarled tree in the Cretan wood, unconscious of the grin on the stone face of a satyr crowning a terminal pillar near by, the effect of combination and contrast of simple stone-work and the human figure is excellent. Another quarter page is white with the large plain bench on which the nymph of Crete is seated; with both hands she obstinately closes her ears against the cajoleries of a nude Cupid, most winsome of little mischief-makers, who stands close and behind her on the seat. The feeling for contrast of lovely curves in the human figure and flat planes in architecture shows in the little picture of Lamia presenting to her foolhardy lover the palace which her magic has reared overnight for their wedding ceremony in "two-sea'd Corinth," as Horace calls the capital at the Grecian isthmus: the rich, the happy, the divine were the epithets of the Greek poets.

"As men talk in a dream, so Corinth all  
Throughout her palaces imperial  
And all her populous streets and temples lewd  
Muttered, like tempest in the distance brew'd,  
To the widespread night above her towers.  
Men, women, rich and poor, in the cool hours  
Shuffled their sandals on the pavement white,  
Companioned or alone; while many a light  
Flared here and there from wealthy festivals,  
And threw their moving shadows on the walls,  
Or found them cluster'd in the corniced shade  
Of some arch'd temple door or dusky colonnade."

In this little picture the drawing is very pure, and the distinctions of greater or less darks in the faces near together against the black background most pleasingly divined. In the large page, of the lovers meeting in the street with Apollonius the sophist, which cannot be reproduced here, these contrasts are even better managed, especially in the figure of Lycius as he raises his mantle so that the reflective yet observant eyes of his preceptor shall not perceive him or the gentle girl who shrinks close to him and holds with both her hands his strong bare right arm. The scene from an earlier moment, when the two have met, and Lycius faints on hearing from her lips that she is an immortal and cannot stay with him on earth, is beautifully composed. Lycius has sunk on one knee and with closed eyes is about to slip prone. Lamia leans over and supports his head from further degradation, while her left hand comforts his shoulder. As she leans, her hair forms a waving cloud above the fine line of her left arm. The draperies are very wisely made not unnecessarily complicated. About them are the trunks of olives and the branches of vine; at their feet, growing flowers. In the small scene of first recognition and love at first sight, the landscape is more remarkable than the figures, which are a trifle stiff; the distant river and sky are most poetic. The elaborate head-piece which ushers in the text must not be overlooked; it shows the Cretan nymph in a deep study, her robe slipping from her right shoulder and one bare arm hanging in front. To her right and left a satyr and a young river-god pour from horns of plenty

"—rich gifts, unknown to any Muse,  
Though Fancy's casket were unlock'd to choose.  
Ah, what a world of love was at her feet!"

It would be invidious to try forestalling by descriptions the pleasant surprises in the thirty or forty illustrations of this elaborate edition, even if it were possible to describe them adequately. Mr. Low has essayed French landscape and French peasant life; he has been patriotic in response to well-meant but often obtuse advice, which recommends at all odds an American subject for a native artist; and he has tried the historical field; nor has he omitted the composition of pictures in which figures take the attitudes of those on friezes. But nowhere have his great talents found their freest play until he began to conceive and rapidly make real his views of Lamia. A word as to the illustrations here. They are wood-cuts of the best class, but necessarily differ in some ways from the reproductions in the book itself. The latter show little or no interference with the exact product of the

artist, for they are photogravures by the process called Albertype, and while in some points they lose, in others they greatly gain by the faithfulness of the transcript. Delicate planes and intricate pieces of drawing sometimes suffer under the best engraving and the best printing, while the whole picture may have gained in spirit from the engraver's art. While the book is mentioned, it may be well to add that Mr. Low is responsible for the covers and the decorative linings. The design for the front is a system of a dozen or more garlands joined by a maze of ribbons, each garland having, within a mask, a Pan's-pipe, or other classical symbol, while the center offers an antique tablet which bears the title of the book. It is evident that the purpose was to make the exterior rich, but not too eccentric, and especially to avoid the prevailing fashion of placing landscapes and menageries on the book-cover.

"Lamia" is not considered Keats's best work, nor was it received by the public with the favor that met his other poems, though it represented the most mature state of that wonderful genius which was never to reach a healthy middle age. It has distinct marks of the lack of the file, and at least one place where a passage seems to have been left out. At the verses

"Or where in Pluto's garden palatine  
Mulciber's columns gleam in far piazzan line,"

the poet has not fulfilled the promise, made a few lines before, to explain how Lamia could have marked Lycius in the chariot-race at Corinth while she was still bound to her snaky prison-house on the island of Crete. It is probable that a revision would also have caused the adjective "piazzan" to disappear for something better; Keats was such a bold coiner of new words that it would have cost him little labor. Many lines, too, which have a tendency to limp just a trifle would have been strengthened in gait. Dryden and Spenser, on whom he chiefly leaned for the technique and some of the rich coloring of "Lamia," were more than his masters in such respects; if Dryden made his lines irregular, the unevenness always had a motive; but it may be doubted whether even Spenser reaches Keats in the richness of his coloring. Keats carried sensuous verse to a point almost unknown before his day and possibly since, although there is at least one poet—he, by the way, has published a very inadequate summary of Keats—who, along with a very notable sacrifice of sense, has pushed the harmonics of verse, the clash of consonants and chords of vowels, a distinct step farther. But "Lamia" is an exquisite blending of the strength of Dryden



with the softness of Spenser, and who shall blame any one for placing it in his estimation before the "Eve of St. Agnes" and "Hyperion"?

The popular mouth repeats one line from "Endymion" oftener than any other written by Keats. Uttering it, Keats himself is described. When we quote threadbare the words "a thing of beauty is a joy forever," we do not always stop to realize the importance it carries as a phrase that sums up the work and character of the poet. So the Greek, while he counted his tetradrachms bearing a profile or an animal, a fish or a fabulous monster, modeled with exquisite art and yet with the ease of an every-day affair, never stopped to admire the bigness of that sculpture in the little on the silver piece; least of all dreamed that one day men would find such coins better and more certain proof of the supremacy of his race in the plastic arts than the discovery of a score of marble masterworks. Keats was uneven in performance, not severely classical in the nicer points of grammar, nor was his ear absolutely perfect for the tiptoe march of rhythms; but he was Greek to the finger-nails in his passion for beauty in itself. He might have been a *revenant*, and have come back to England as the new fleshly abode of the spirit of that young Greek whose memorial stone with its half-effaced inscription has been found at Brough, imbedded in the foundation of a church porch, the spirit of Hermes Kommagene, who was in England during the Roman occupation and either died near the present Brough, or, according to one reading, was among the missing, and may have become the slave of some savage Pict during a raid southward from the old Caledonian Wood. Keats was not only given to poetry heart and soul, with hardly room left, perhaps, for the proper entertainment even of love, but he narrowed his field in poetry. His best work was the odes which are among the greatest pieces of literature in English; close after come descriptive *contes* like "Lamia." It is his fate to be always associated with Shelley, who never cared much for him, notwithstanding the beautiful memorial he has raised to him in "Adonais," and was as unlike him as possible, morally and mentally. Keats was a saner, more bridled spirit than Shelley. He was thoroughly English in the limited sense of the word, and belonged in poesy to the line of Surrey, Carew, and Herrick; the product of a rich soil, the flowers he

bore were heavy with perfume, too heavy for some tastes. Shelley belonged to another race, for, however English residence had obliterated in his kindred the recollection of their Celtic strain, it was impossible to eradicate the Celtic nature. Shelley was far more spiritual, original, and fantastic. He lived in the clouds, and of clouds his pictures are made. Keats and Shelley should be placed side by side as foils to each other, not as kindred souls; for they represent alien races, who are to-day hostile in their attitude, in spite of eight centuries of intermixture. Shelley was born in the south of England, but he belonged spiritually and by race in the south of Ireland, where, indeed, his family name is not uncommon. In poetry he has lines of attachment with the literature that was revealed by Macpherson to English ears under the form of the Scottish Ossian. Keats is a true countryman of Milton.

The illustrations of "Lamia" by Will H. Low are in this age remarkable for the small stress the artist has laid on archaeological exactness. His pictures are never encumbered with classical *bric-à-brac*. When we reflect on the fashion set by Mr. Alma Tadema and by French, German, and Italian painters, this is not a small point to note. He may be studied with advantage for the freshness and originality of composition in a good three-fourths of the work. The adjustments of figures to background and figures to figures, the delicate sense of light spaces and of dark, are matters that cannot be learned of masters or of books; they must be inborn. Mr. Low has extreme sensitiveness on these most important points. Mr. Elihu Vedder has treated the Fitzgerald rendering of Omar Khayyám's quatrains in a very different spirit, as indeed, the poem itself is utterly different from "Lamia." Not so striking as the illustrations by Vedder, these by Low are possibly quite as likely to grow in favor and live. For while they do not force themselves so powerfully on the attention as the masculine cartoons of Vedder, they are more delicate and sustained in drawing, and have in uncommon force the quality that made Keats a great poet, the trait of pure beauty. He may not have gone so high or so deep for the visible rendering of Lamia as his American comrade in art, but within narrower limits Mr. Low has produced a series of delicate, graceful, and pure pictures, on which any artist and any people may look with pride.

Henry Eckford.

IT  
g  
pers  
proc  
alike  
tend  
Jack  
thoro  
one v  
of sur  
traye  
saint  
her fi  
last p  
comp  
ough  
much  
uniqu  
that t  
spare  
takes  
her w  
skill o  
have l  
Fren  
thead  
throug  
ness, k  
of itse  
and co  
we ren  
own af  
to repo  
birthda  
istic wil  
it is po  
work w  
fame o  
to thos  
private  
about h  
dence.

HELL  
Nathan  
was bor  
18, 183  
Massac  
College,  
tution, b  
then of  
ing been  
mathem  
bination

## MRS. HELEN JACKSON ("H. H.).

IT is curious to see how promptly time begins to apply to the memory of remarkable persons, as to their tombstones, an effacing process that soon makes all inscriptions look alike. Already we see the beginnings of this tendency in regard to the late Mrs. Helen Jackson. The most brilliant, impetuous, and thoroughly individual woman of her time,—one whose very temperament seemed mingled of sunshine and fire,—she is already being portrayed simply as a conventional Sunday-school saint. It is undoubtedly true that she wrote her first poetry as a bereaved mother and her last prose as a zealous philanthropist; her life comprised both these phases, and she thoroughly accepted them; but it included so much more, it belonged to a personality so unique and in many respects so fascinating, that those who knew her best can by no means spare her for a commonplace canonization that takes the zest out of her memory. To describe her would be impossible except to the trained skill of some French novelist; and she would have been a sealed book to him, because no Frenchman could comprehend the curious thread of firm New England texture that ran through her whole being, tempering waywardness, keeping impulse from making shipwreck of itself, and leading her whole life to a high and concentrated purpose at last. And when we remember that she hated gossip about her own affairs, and was rarely willing to mention to reporters any fact about herself except her birthday,—which she usually, with characteristic willfulness, put a year earlier than it was,—it is peculiarly hard to do for her now that work which she held in such aversion. No fame or publicity could ever make her seem, to those who knew her, anything but the most private and intimate of friends; and to write about her at all seems the betrayal of a confidence.

### I.

HELEN MARIA FISKE, the daughter of Nathan Wiley and Deborah (Vinal) Fiske, was born at Amherst, Massachusetts, October 18, 1831. Her father was a native of Weston, Massachusetts, was a graduate of Dartmouth College, and, after being a tutor in that institution, became professor first of languages and then of philosophy in Amherst College, having been previously offered a professorship of mathematics at Middlebury College,—a combination of facts indicating the variety of his

attainments. He was also a Congregationalist minister and an author, publishing a translation of Eschenburg's "Manual of Classical Literature," and one or two books for children. He died May 27, 1847, at Jerusalem, whither he had gone for the benefit of his health. His wife was a native of Boston, and is mentioned with affection by all who knew her; and the daughter used to say that her own sunny temperament came from the mother's side. She also had literary tastes, and wrote the "Letters from a Cat," which her daughter afterwards edited, and which show a genuine humor and a real power of expression. She died February 19, 1844, when her daughter Helen was twelve years old. Both parents held the strict Calvinistic faith, and the daughter was reared in it, though she did not long remain there.

Mr. and Mrs. Fiske had two sons, who died young, and two daughters, who lived to maturity; the younger of whom, Anne, is the wife of Everett C. Banfield, Esquire, at one time solicitor of the Treasury Department at Washington, and now a resident of Wolfboro, New Hampshire. The other, Helen, was a child of uncommon versatility and vivacity; and her bright sayings were often quoted, when she was but ten or twelve years old, in the academical circle of the little college town. She has herself described in a lively paper, "The Naughtiest Day of my Life" ("St. Nicholas," September–October, 1880), a childish feat of running away from home in company with another little girl, on which occasion the two children walked to Hadley, four miles, before they were brought back. The whole village had joined in the search for them, and two professors from the college finally reclaimed the wanderers. There is something infinitely characteristic of the mature woman in the description written by her mother, at the time, of the close of that anxious day: "Helen walked in at a quarter before ten o'clock at night, as rosy and smiling as possible, and saying in her brightest tone, 'Oh, mother, I've had a perfectly splendid time.'"

A child of this description may well have needed the discipline of a variety of schools; and she had the advantage of at least two good ones,—the well-known Ipswich (Massachusetts) Female Seminary, and the private school of Rev. J. S. C. Abbott in New York city. She was married in Boston, when just twenty-one (October 28, 1852), to Captain (afterwards

Major) Edward B. Hunt, United States Army, whom she had first met at Albany, New York, his brother, the Honorable Washington Hunt, being at that time Governor of the State. Captain and Mrs. Hunt led the usual wandering life of military households, and were quartered at a variety of posts. As an engineer officer he held high army rank, and he was also a man of considerable scientific attainments. Their first child, Murray, a beautiful boy, died of dropsy in the brain, when eleven months old, at Tarrytown, New York, in August, 1854. Major Hunt was killed, October 2, 1863, at Brooklyn, New York, while experimenting with an invention of his own, called a "sea-miner," for firing projectiles under water. Mrs. Hunt still had her second boy, named Warren Horsford, after her friends, General G. K. Warren and Professor Horsford, but commonly called "Rennie." He had, by testimony of all, a rare combination of gifts and qualities, but died suddenly of diphtheria at his aunt's home in West Roxbury, Massachusetts, on April 13, 1865. Mrs. Hunt was thus left utterly bereaved, and the blow was crushing. It shows the strong relation between mother and child, and the precocious character of her boy, that he made her promise not to take her own life after he should be gone. She made him promise, in return, that if it were a possible thing he would overcome all obstacles and come back from the other world to speak to her; and the fact that this was never done kept her all her life a disbeliever in Spiritualism: what Rennie could not do, she felt must be impracticable. For months after his death she shut herself up from her nearest friends; and when she appeared among them at last, she was smiling, vivacious, and outwardly unchanged.

Up to this time, although her life had been full of variety and activity, it had been mainly domestic and social, and she had shown no special signs of a literary vocation. She loved society, was personally very attractive, dressed charmingly, and had many friends of both sexes. Through her husband she knew many superior men, but they belonged almost wholly to the military class, or were those men of science whom she was wont to meet at the scientific gatherings to which she accompanied Major Hunt. It was not till she went, at the age of thirty-four, to live in Newport, Rhode Island, that she was brought much in contact with people whose pursuits were literary; and it was partly, no doubt, through their companionship that a fresh interest and a new employment opened most unexpectedly before her. How wholly she regarded her life as prematurely ended at the close of its first phase, may be seen by a letter written soon after establishing herself in Newport, when

she had gone to West Point to superintend the removal of the remains of her husband and children to that spot. After speaking of the talents and acquirements whose career was finished, she bitterly added: "And I alone am left, who avail nothing." She had yet to learn how much her own life was to avail.

## II.

WHEN she went to live in Newport (February 10, 1866), she had already written poems, and had shown them to her friends. She had, indeed, when in her teens, published some girlish verses in the Boston "Press and Post," but her mature compositions had all related, so far as I know, to her personal bereavements. Of these she had published one in the "Nation" (July 20, 1865), this being in the very first volume of that periodical, which was edited by a personal friend, and which gave at first more space to poetry than now. This poem was called "Lifted Over," and consisted of fourteen lines of blank verse, referring to the death of her boy, and signed "Marah." The fact of its publication makes it likely that, wherever she had taken up her residence, she would have published more poetry of the elegiac kind; but it is doubtful whether her lyre would have reached a wide variety of notes, or whether she would have been known as a prose writer at all, but for the stimulus and fresh interests developed by her change of abode. In the society of her new friends she began for the first time to make a study of literary style and methods; she interchanged criticism with others, and welcomed it as applied to her own attempts; she soon ventured to publish more poems, and then to try herself in prose. The signature "H. H." first appeared, I believe, in connection with the first thing she published after her removal to Newport. This was a poem called "Tryst," in the "Nation" (April 12, 1866), followed soon by a translation—almost the only one she ever made—from Victor Hugo's "Le Soir" ("Nation," April 26, 1866), and by two poems called "A Burial Service" (May 22) and "Old Lamps for New" (May 29)—this last being, perhaps by accident, unsigned.

These were soon followed by poems in the New York "Independent," beginning with "Hagar" (August 2, 1866) and "Bread on the Waters" (August 9, 1866)—she still keeping mainly to her experiences of sorrow. Her first attempt in prose, under her own signature, appeared in the same newspaper for September 13, 1866, and was entitled "In the White Mountains." It was a sketch of a walk up Mount Washington from the Glen House,

and, though spiritedly written, gave little indication of her rising so far above the grade of the average summer correspondent as she ultimately attained. She also wrote an unsigned review of "Felix Holt," in the same number. From this time till her death she was an occasional correspondent of that journal, writing for it, as its editors say, three hundred and seventy-one articles in all. She wrote also in "Hearth and Home," and published a few poems in the New York "Evening Post."

Thus launched into literature, she entered with the enthusiasm of a child upon her new work. She distrusted herself, was at first fearful of each new undertaking, yet was eager to try everything, and the moment each plunge was taken lost all fear. I remember the surprise with which she received the suggestion that no doubt publishers would be happy to send her their books if she would only review them; and her delight, as in a new world, when she opened the first parcels. From the beginning she composed with great rapidity, writing on large sheets of yellow post-office paper, eschewing pen and ink, and insisting that a lead-pencil alone could keep pace with the swiftness of her thoughts. The remarkable thing was that, with all this quickness, she was always ready to revise and correct, and was also a keen and minute critic on the writings of others. It was very surprising that one who was not really familiar with any language but her own—for the Latin of her school-days had already faded and even her French was at that time very imperfect—should have such a perception of the details of style. She had, however, been well trained in English at school, and used to quote Kames's "Elements of Criticism" as one of the books she had read there. Both her father and mother had also taken an interest in her early school compositions.

A statement has been lately made, on the authority of the late Mr. R. W. Emerson, that she sent poems to the "Atlantic" in those early days, and that they were rejected. It is possible that my memory may not include all the facts, but I am confident that this statement is an error. It is certain that she was repeatedly urged to send something in that direction by a friend who then contributed largely to the magazine, but she for a long time declined; saying that the editors were overwhelmed with poor poetry, and that she would wait for something of which she felt sure. Accordingly she put into that friend's hands her poem called "Coronation," with permission to show it to Mr. Fields and let him have it if he wished, at a certain price. It was a high price for a new-comer to

demand; but she was inexorable, including rather curiously among her traits that of being an excellent business woman, and generally getting for her wares the price she set upon them. Fields read it at once, and exclaimed, "It's a good poem"; then read it again, and said, "It's a *devilish* good poem," and accepted it without hesitation. It appeared in the "Atlantic" for February, 1869, and another poem, "The Way to Sing," followed it a year after; but Fields never quite did justice to her poetry, while he greatly admired her prose, so that she offered but little verse to that magazine. Her "German Landlady" appeared there (October, 1870), and was followed by a long line of prose papers, continuing nearly until her death. Her little volume of "Verses" was printed rather reluctantly by Fields, Osgood & Co. (1870), she paying for the stereotype plates, as was also the case with her first prose volume, "Bits of Travel" (1873), published by their successors, James R. Osgood & Co. Soon after this she transferred her books to Roberts Brothers, who issued "Bits of Talk about Home Matters" (1873), and a much enlarged edition of "Verses" (1874).

She spent in all five winters at Newport, always at the same hospitable home,—Mrs. Hannah Dame's boarding-house,—and always going somewhere among the mountains in summer, early enough to keep off hay-fever, from which she suffered. Then she returned, late in autumn, preceded by great trunks and chests full of pressed ferns and autumn leaves, which she dispensed royally among her friends during the whole winter-time. These Newport seasons were interrupted by an absence of some fourteen months in Europe (November, 1868, to February, 1870), and she had several serious illnesses toward the latter part of the period. Indeed, she had an almost fatal attack while in Rome, and I am informed by the friend with whom she traveled, Miss Sarah F. Clarke, of a peculiarly characteristic act of hers when convalescent. Going to Albano to recruit, she refused to carry with her a professed nurse, as her friends desired, but insisted on taking a young Italian girl of sixteen, who had never had a vacation in her hard-working life, and to whom the whole period of attendance would be a prolonged felicity.

In May, 1872, she went to California with her friend Miss Sarah C. Woolsey; and in 1873-4, being convinced that her health needed a thorough change of climate, tried the experiment of a winter in Colorado. This State became soon after her permanent home; she being married in October, 1875, at her sister's house in Wolfboro, New



Hampshire, to Mr. William Sharpless Jackson, of Colorado Springs. They were married by the ceremonial of the Society of Friends, the bridegroom being of that persuasion. For the remaining ten years of her life she had a delightful abode and a happy domestic life, although the demands of her health and her literary work, joined with a restless and adventurous disposition, kept her a great deal in motion between her new and her old haunts. Nobody was ever a more natural wanderer. She always carried with her a compact store of favorite pictures, Japanese prints, and the like; so that, within an hour after she had taken possession of a room at the Parker House in Boston or the Berkeley in New York, she would be sitting in a tasteful boudoir of her own arranging. With this came an equally ready acceptance of the outdoor surroundings of each place; and in migrating farther west, she soon knew more of Omaha or San Francisco than the oldest inhabitant. Her wonderful eye for external nature traveled with her; she planned her house at Colorado Springs with an unerring adaptation to the landscape, and on one occasion welcomed a friend with more than twenty different vases of the magnificent wild flowers of that region — each vase filled with a great sheaf of a single species. She had always lavished so much adornment on one or two rooms that her friends had wondered what she would do with a whole house; and those who visited her at Colorado Springs beheld the fulfillment of their wonderings.

## III.

FOR the second time she was to encounter a wholly new intellectual experience after adopting a new abode. The literary development, which had begun somewhat late, was to be merged into a moral enthusiasm, beginning still later. She wrote to an intimate friend (January 17, 1880):

"I have done now, I believe, the last of the things I had said I never would do; I have become what I have said a thousand times was the most odious thing in life, 'a woman with a hobby.' But I cannot help it. I think I feel as you must have felt in the old abolition days. I cannot think of anything else from night to morning and from morning to night. . . . I believe the time is drawing near for a great change in our policy toward the Indian. In some respects, it seems to me, he is really worse off than the slaves; they did have, in the majority of cases, good houses, and they were not much more arbitrarily controlled than the Indian is by the agent on a reservation. He can order a corporal's guard to fire on an Indian at any time he sees fit. He is 'duly empowered by the Government.'"

In this same letter she announces her intention of going to work for three months at the Astor Library on her "Century of Dis-

honor"; and it is worth noticing that with all her enthusiasm she does not disregard that careful literary execution which is to be the means to her end; for in the same letter she writes to this friend, one of her earliest critics: "I shall never write a sentence, so long as I live, without studying it over from the stand-point of whether you would think it could be bettered." This shows that she did not, as some have supposed, grow neglectful of literature in the interest of reform; as if a carpenter were supposed to neglect his tools in order to finish his job.

Her especial interest in the Indians was not the instantaneous result of her Colorado life, but the travels and observations of those first years were doubtless preparing the way for it. It came to a crisis in 1879, when she heard the Indians "Standing Bear" and "Bright Eyes" lecture in Boston on the wrongs of the Poncas, and afterwards met them in New York, at the house of her friend Mrs. Botta. Her immediate sympathy for them seemed very natural to those who knew her, but it was hardly foreseen how strong and engrossing that interest would become. Henceforth she subordinated literature not to an ulterior aim merely, for that she had often done before, but to a single aim. It must be remembered, in illustration of this, that at least half the papers in her "Bits of Talk" were written with a distinct moral purpose, and so were many of her poems; and from this part of her work she had always great enjoyment. So ready were her sympathies that she read with insatiable pleasure the letters that often came to her from lonely women or anxious school-girls who had found help in her simple domestic or religious poems, while her depths of passion would only have frightened them, and they would have listened bewildered to those sonnets which Emerson carried in his pocket-book and pulled out to show his friends. No, there was always a portion of her literature itself which had as essentially a moral motive as had "Ramona"; and, besides, she had always been ready to throw aside her writing and devote whole days, in her impulsive way, to some generous task. For instance, she once, at the risk of great unpopularity, invoked the aid of the city solicitor and half the physicians in Newport to investigate the case of a poor boy who was being, as she believed, starved to death, and whom the investigation came too late to save.

Nor was the Indian question the first reform that had set her thinking, although she was by temperament fastidious, and therefore conservative. On the great slavery question she had always, I suspect, taken regular-army views; she liked to have colored people about



her as servants, but was disposed to resent anything like equality; yet she went with me to a jubilee meeting of the colored people of Newport, after emancipation, and came away full of enthusiasm and sympathy, with much contrition as to things she had previously said and done. She demurred at her Newport hostess's receiving a highly educated young quadroon lady as a temporary boarder in the house, but when the matter was finally compromised by her coming to tea, Mrs. Hunt lavished kindnesses upon her, invited her to her private parlor, and won her heart. The same mixture of prejudice and generosity marked her course in matters relating to the advancement of her own sex. Professedly abhorring woman suffrage, she went with me to a convention on that subject in New York, under express contract to write a satirical report in a leading newspaper; but was so instantly won over—as many another has been—by the sweet voice of Lucy Stone, that she defaulted as a correspondent, saying to me, "Do you suppose I ever could write against anything which that woman wishes to have done?" Afterwards she hospitably entertained the same lecturer when on the canvass in Colorado; and a few months before her death she gave an English advocate of the cause a letter to one of her Eastern friends, saying that her old prejudices were somewhat shaken. A California friend states, indeed, that she sometimes felt moved to write something on the legal and other disabilities of women.

But if other reforms had touched her a little, they had never controlled or held her, until the especial interest in the Poncas arose. After that she took up work in earnest, studied the facts, corresponded with statesmen, and finally wrote her "Century of Dishonor," as has been said. Over this she fairly worked herself sick, and was forced to go to Norway for refreshment with her friends the Horsfords, leaving the proof-reading to be done by a literary ally. Several charming memorials of this trip appeared in the magazines. She afterwards received an appointment from the United States Government to report on the condition and needs of the California "Mission Indians," in connection with Abbott Kinney, Esq.; and she visited all or most of those tribes for this purpose, in the spring of 1883. The report of the commissioners, which is understood to have been mainly prepared by her, is as clear, as full, and as sensible as if it had been written by the most prosaic of mankind. She also explored the history of the early Spanish missions, whose story of enthusiasm and picturesqueness won her heart; and she wrote the series of papers in regard to these missions which appeared in this magazine.

During this whole period, moreover, she did not neglect her earlier productions, but gathered them into volumes; publishing "Bits of Talk for Young Folks" (1876) and "Bits of Travel at Home" (1878). She also issued separately (1879) a single poem, "The Story of Boon." This was founded on a tale told in "The English Governess at the Siamese Court," by Mrs. A. H. Leonowens, a lady whose enthusiasm and eloquence found ardent sympathy in Mrs. Hunt, who for her sake laid down her strong hostility to women's appearance on the platform, and zealously organized two lectures for her friend. She published also a little book of her mother's, "Letters from a Cat" (1880), and followed it up by "Mammy Tittleback's Stories" (1881), of her own; and "The Hunter of Cats of Connorloa" (1884). Another book, for rather older children, was "Nelly's Silver Mine" (1878), and she wrote a little book called "The Training of Children" (1882). Then came "Ramona," first published in the "Christian Union" in 1884, appearing there because it had been written, as it were, at a white heat, and she could not wait for the longer delays of a magazine. It was issued in book form that same year, and completes the list of her acknowledged works. It was no secret, however, that she wrote, in the "No Name" series, "Mercy Philbrick's Choice" (1876) and "Hetty's Strange History" (1877). Into the question of other works that may have been rightly or wrongly attributed to her, the present writer does not propose to enter.

The sad story of her last illness need not here be recapitulated. She seemed the victim of a series of misfortunes, beginning with the long confinement incident to a severe fracture of the leg in June, 1884, this being followed by her transfer to a malarious residence in California, and at last by the discovery of a concealed cancerous affection that had baffled her physicians and herself. During all this period—much of it spent alone, with only a hired attendant, far from all old friends, though she was cheered by the constant kindness of newer ones—her sunny elasticity never failed; and within a fortnight of her death she wrote long letters, in a clear and vigorous hand, expressing only cheerful hopes for the future, whether she should live or die. One of the last of these was to President Cleveland, to thank him for sustaining the rights of the Indians. Her husband, who had been imperatively detained in Colorado by important business, was with her at the last, and she passed away quietly but unconsciously, on the afternoon of August 12, 1885. A temporary interment took place in San Francisco, the services being performed by the Rev. Horatio Stebbins, who read, very appropriately, the "Last

Words," with which her little volume of verses ends. It was the precise memorial she would have desired; and the burial-place assigned to her was also in accordance with her own expressed wishes—it being a spot near the summit of the Cheyenne Mountains, about four miles from Colorado Springs.

## IV.

THE poetry of Mrs. Jackson unquestionably takes rank above that of any American woman, and in the opinion of many above that of any Englishwoman but Mrs. Browning. Emerson, as is well known, rated it above that of almost all American men. Her works include, first, the simple poetry of domestic life; secondly, love-poems of extraordinary intensity and imaginative fullness; thirdly, verses showing most intimate sympathy with external nature; and lastly, a few poems of the highest dignity and melody in the nature of odes, such as "A Christmas Symphony" and "A Funeral March." The poem which combines the most of depth and the most of popular sympathy is that called "Spinning," where a symbol drawn from common life assumes the sort of solemn expressiveness that belongs to the humble actions of peasants in the pictures of the French Millet. Emerson's favorite was her sonnet called "Thought"; and other critics have given the palm for exquisiteness of musical structure to her "Gondolies." But her poetry was only a small portion of her literary work; and of the range and value of this product, a good conception will be given when we say that a plan was at one time seriously formed by the late Dr. Holland and his associate in charge of this magazine, to let Mrs. Jackson's contributions accumulate sufficiently to fill one number of the periodical — poetry, fiction, travels, criticism, and all — and then send it all forth as the product of one person. The plan was finally dismissed, as I am assured, not from the slightest doubt of its practicability, but only because it might be viewed as sensational. It is probably the greatest compliment ever yet paid by editors, in the whole history of magazine literature, to the resources of a single contributor.

There is in her prose writings an even excellence of execution which is not always to be found in her poetry, and which is surpassed by hardly any American writer. It is always clear, strong, accurate, spirited, and forcible; she had a natural instinct for literary structure, as well as style, and a positive genius for giving characteristic and piquant titles to what she wrote. It was her delight not merely to explore the new, but to throw

novel and unexpected freshness around the old. Before she had become so wide a traveler she used to plan a book, to be called "Explorations" or some such title, in which all the most familiar scenery was to be described under fictitious names; and only the map appended would gradually reveal, through its new local phraseology, that "Hide and Seek Town" was Princeton, Massachusetts, and so on indefinitely. Her poetry sometimes offered deeper enigmas than these superficial ones, and some of the best of it will never be fully comprehended but by the few who had the key to the events or emotions that called it forth. So ardent were her sympathies that everything took color from her personal ties; and her readiness to form these ties with persons of all ages, both sexes, and every condition not only afforded some of her greatest joys, but also brought the greatest perils of her life; often involving misconception, perplexity, and keen disappointment to herself and others. Her friendships with men had the frankness and openness that most women show only to one another; and her friendships with women had the romance and ideal atmosphere that her sex usually reserves for men. There was an utterly exotic and even tropical side of her nature, strangely mingled with the traits that came from her New England blood. Where her sympathy went, even in the least degree, there she was ready to give all she had,—attention, time, trouble, money, popularity, reputation,—and this with only too little thought of the morrow. The result was found not merely in many unreasonable requests, but in inconvenient and unlooked-for expectations. During the middle period of her life there was never any security that the morning postman might not bring an impassioned letter from some enamored young girl, proposing to come and spend her life with her benefactress; or a proffer of hand and heart from some worthy man, with whom she had mistakenly supposed herself to be on a footing of the plainest good-fellowship. It sometimes taxed all her great resources of kindness and ready wit to extract herself from such entanglements; and she never could be made to understand how they had come about or why others succeeded them.

She had great virtues, marked inconsistencies, and plenty of fascinating faults that came near to virtues. She was never selfishly ungenerous, but she was impulsive in her scorn of mean actions, and was sometimes cruelly unjust to those whom she simply did not understand; this misconception very often occurring, however, in the too Quixotic defense of a friend or a principle. To those

\* See this magazine for August, 1876.

who knew her best she was a person quite unique and utterly inexhaustible; and though her remoteness of residence during the last ten years had separated her from the society of many of her earlier friends, there is not one of them who does not feel the world deeply impoverished by her going out of it. She did not belong to a class; she left behind her no second; and neither memory nor fancy can restore her as she was, or fully reproduce,

even for those who knew her best, that ardent and joyous personality. And those who recall her chiefly in gayer moods will find their remembrance chastened by the thought that she could write, when finally face to face with death, such poems as "Habeas Corpus," "Acquainted with Grief," and "A Last Prayer,"—poems which are here first published, and which add a new dignity to the falling away of the flesh and a new nobleness to human nature.

## THE LAST POEMS OF HELEN JACKSON (H. H.).

## ACQUAINTED WITH GRIEF.

DOST know Grief well? Hast known her long?

So long, that not with gift or smile,  
Or gliding footstep in the throng,  
She can deceive thee by her guile?

So long, that with unflinching eyes  
Thou smilest to thyself apart,  
To watch each flimsy, fresh disguise  
She plans to stab anew thy heart?

So long, thou barrest up no door  
To stay the coming of her feet?  
So long, thou answerest no more,  
Lest in her ear thy cry be sweet?

Dost know the voice in which she says,  
"No more henceforth our paths divide;  
In loneliest nights, in crowded days,  
I am forever by thy side?"

Then dost thou know, perchance, the spell  
The gods laid on her at her birth,—  
The viewless gods who mingle well  
Strange love and hate of us on earth.

Weapon and time, the hour, the place,  
All these are hers to take, to choose,  
To give us neither rest nor grace,  
Not one heart-throb to miss or lose.

All these are hers; yet stands she, slave,  
Helpless before our one behest:  
The gods, that we be shamed not, gave,  
And locked the secret in our breast.

She to the gazing world must bear  
Our crowns of triumph, if we bid;  
Loyal and mute, our colors wear,  
Sign of her own forever hid.

Smile to our smile, song to our song,  
With songs and smiles our roses fling,  
Till men turn round in every throng,  
To note such joyous pleasuring,

And ask, next morn, with eyes that lend  
A fervor to the words they say,  
"What is her name, that radiant friend  
Who walked beside you yesterday?"  
July 1st.

## FEALTY.

THE thing I count and hold as fealty,  
The only fealty to give or take,  
Doth never reckoning keep, and coldly make  
Bond to itself with this or that to be  
Content as wage; the wage unpaid, to free  
Its hand from service, and its love forsake,  
Its faith cast off, as one from dreams might wake  
At morn, and smiling watch the vision flee.  
Such fealty is treason in disguise.  
Who trusts it, his death-warrant sealed doth bear.

Love looks at it with angry, wondering eyes;  
Love knows the face true fealty doth wear,  
The pulse that beats unchanged by alien air,  
Or hurts, or crimes, until the loved one dies.

## VISION.

By subtle secrets of discovered law  
Men well have measured the horizon's round,  
Kept record of the speed of light and sound,  
Have close defined by reasoning without flaw  
The utmost human vision ever saw  
Unaided, and have arrant sought and found  
Devices countless to extend its bound.  
Bootless their secrets all! My eyes but stray  
To eastward, and majestic, bright, arise  
Peaks of a range which three days distant lies!  
And of the faces, too, that light my day  
Most clear, one is a continent away,  
The other shines above the farthest skies!

## THE POET'S FORGE.

HE lies on his back, the idling smith,  
A lazy, dreaming fellow is he;  
The sky is blue, or the sky is gray,  
He lies on his back the livelong day;  
Not a tool in sight; say what they may,  
A curious sort of a smith is he.

The powers of the air are in league with him;

The country around believes it well;  
The wondering folk draw spying near;  
Never sight nor sound do they see or hear;  
No wonder they feel a little fear;

When is it his work is done so well?

Never sight nor sound to see or hear;

The powers of the air are in league with him;  
High over his head his metals swing,  
Fine gold and silver to shame the king;  
We might distinguish their glittering,

If once we could get in league with him.

High over his head his metals swing;

He hammers them idly year by year,  
Hammers and chuckles a low refrain:  
"A bench and book are a ball and chain,  
The adze is better tool than the plane;  
What's the odds between now and next  
year!"

Hammers and chuckles his low refrain,

A lazy, dreaming fellow is he:  
When sudden, some day, his bells peal out,  
And men, at the sound, for gladness shout;  
He laughs and asks what it's all about;  
Oh, a curious sort of smith is he!

July 12th.

#### VANITY OF VANITIES.

BEE to the blossom, moth to the flame;  
Each to his passion; what's in a name!

Red clover's sweetest, well the bee knows;  
No bee can suck it; lonely it blows.

Deep lies its honey, out of reach, deep;  
What use in honey hidden to keep?

Robbed in the autumn, starving for bread;  
Who stops to pity a honey-bee dead?

Star-flames are brightest, blazing the skies;  
Only a hand's breadth the moth-wing flies.

Fooled with a candle, scorched with a breath;  
Poor little miller, a tawdry death!

Life is a honey, life is a flame;  
Each to his passion; what's in a name?

Swinging and circling, face to the sun,  
Brief little planet, how it doth run!

Bee-time and moth-time, add the amount;  
White heat and honey, who keeps the count?

Gone some fine evening, a spark out-tost!  
The world no darker for one star lost!

Bee to the blossom, moth to the flame;  
Each to his passion; what's in a name

#### HABEAS CORPUS.

My body, eh? Friend Death, how now?  
Why all this tedious pomp of writ?  
Thou hast reclaimed it sure and slow  
For half a century, bit by bit.

In faith thou knowest more to-day  
Than I do where it can be found!  
This shriveled lump of suffering clay,  
To which I now am chained and bound,

Has not of kith or kin a trace  
To the good body once I bore;  
Look at this shrunken, ghastly face:  
Didst ever see that face before?

Ah, well, friend Death, good friend thou art;  
Thy only fault thy lagging gait,  
Mistaken pity in thy heart  
For timorous ones that bid thee wait.

Do quickly all thou hast to do,  
Nor I nor mine will hindrance make;  
I shall be free when thou art through;  
I grudge thee nought that thou must take!

Stay! I have lied; I grudge thee one,  
Yes, two I grudge thee at this last,—  
Two members which have faithful done  
My will and bidding in the past.

I grudge thee this right hand of mine,  
I grudge thee this quick-beating heart;  
They never gave me coward sign,  
Nor played me once a traitor's part.

I see now why in olden days  
Men in barbaric love or hate  
Nailed enemies' hands at wild crossways,  
Shrined leaders' hearts in costly state:

The symbol, sign, and instrument  
Of each soul's purpose, passion, strife,  
Of fires in which are poured and spent  
Their all of love, their all of life.

O feeble, mighty human hand!  
O fragile, dauntless human heart!  
The universe holds nothing planned  
With such sublime, transcendent art!

Yes, Death, I own I grudge thee mine.  
Poor little hand, so feeble now;  
Its wrinkled palm, its altered line,  
Its veins so pallid and so slow—

. . . (Unfinished here.)

Ah, well, friend Death, good friend thou art;  
I shall be free when thou art through.  
Take all there is—take hand and heart;  
There must be somewhere work to do.

August 7th.

## A LAST PRAYER.

FATHER, I scarcely dare to pray,  
So clear I see, now it is done,  
That I have wasted half my day,  
And left my work but just begun;

So clear I see that things I thought  
Were right or harmless were a sin;  
So clear I see that I have sought,  
Unconscious, selfish aims to win;

So clear I see that I have hurt  
The souls I might have helped to save,  
That I have slothful been, inert,  
Deaf to the calls thy leaders gave.

In outskirts of thy kingdoms vast,  
Father, the humblest spot give me;  
Set me the lowliest task thou hast,  
Let me repentant work for thee!

August 8th.

## THE LESSON OF GREEK ART.\*

## PART I. THE EDUCATION OF THE PEOPLE.

THE very difficulty which we must feel in expressing by means of words the chief artistic characteristics of the works of Greek art points to one of the cardinal virtues inherent in it, namely, its simplicity.

The works were meant to be gazed upon, and not to be the subject of learned commentaries; they were intelligible to the people, appealed to their senses, their feelings, their moral and intellectual nature, by means of their own substance and form, without the need of a verbal explanation. But the remains are comparatively scanty and in a fragmentary condition, and therefore require instruction and study in order to be appreciated. Furthermore, they belong to an age removed from us by more than two thousand years, to a people differing from us in the natural, social, and religious conditions of life; and thus it is not only from the purely artistic, but especially from the historical point of view that we must regard them. Here it is that art becomes perhaps the chief, at least one of the most important means of apprehending and realizing the civilization of ancient Hellas.

Still, we must never forget that art to the Greeks was a great reality; that it was a part of their daily life, covering and affecting their smallest, humblest needs, as it was evoked by and expressed their highest aspirations. And, above all, the modern student must remember that the works were not meant to be stowed away in museums, by which most of us mean repositories of curious, outlandish, and fractured articles, of all out-of-the-way things that have nothing to do with the needs of daily life, and from the contemplation of which we return with the sense of having done

something uncommon, almost amounting to a moral penance which is followed by a stern but pleasant self-approval.

Art with the Greeks was above all the outcome of a real need felt among the people, as it was at the same time the means of conveying to the whole public the most unalloyed and edifying pleasure. It was to the people a really intelligible language which conveyed to them in its impressive form the highest fruits of the culture of their time. And this it is which makes the position of Greek art so unique in the history of the world's civilization: the fact that, on the one hand, it was the adequate expression of the very best that the intellectual life of the people could offer, the highest and deepest of their thought; and that, on the other hand, its expressions were intelligible to the lowliest and humblest of Greek citizens. I will refer you to but one well-known instance in illustration of this fact: In the eastern pediment of the Parthenon Pheidias represented in the forms of mythology, in the most sensuous and easily intelligible form, one of the widest conceptions of cosmogony. The birth of Athene out of the head of Zeus is the cosmical conception of the birth of the clear atmosphere out of the depths of heaven. The clear-eyed daughter of Zeus is born on the heights of Olympus, in the presence of the gods, surrounded by the broadest personifications of nature. The scene is bounded at the one angle of the pediment by the rising sun-god, Helios, with his chariot, and at the other angle by the moon-goddess, Selene, descending into the regions of darkness with her steeds. We here have the widest metaphysical conceptions, Time and Space incorporate. And, moreover, they are put in such a form that these widest conceptions were intelligible and appealed to the most childlike of

\* The essay here printed was originally delivered as a lecture at Chickering Hall, New York, January 29, 1884. It has been revised and amplified for publication here.—EDITOR.



minds among the Greek citizens.\* The questions must present themselves to us: How came Greek art to be possessed of these attributes? And can this state of art be reproduced? As regards the second of these questions, most people answer hastily, "No, the time has gone by; that age will never again return," as if there were some mysterious essence underlying the growth and flower of Hellenic culture. But if we study the main conditions which led to this peculiar growth of Greek art, we may find that these conditions are to a certain degree reproducible; nay, that there is always something abnormal and wrong in the social constitution of a civilized community when the conditions are not similar.

The conditions which made Greek art intelligible to the mass of the population and adequately expressive of the highest culture of the age are above all to be found (1) in the education of the art-appreciating public, and (2) in the education of the productive artist.

In the first place, the chief characteristic of Greek popular education was, that it above all meant to produce men who were mentally as well as physically fully and normally developed on all sides of their nature. It is the roundness and versatility of the types of Greek social and political history which most strike us who belong to an age of over-specialization. A political leader like Pericles was at the same time a skilled soldier with full athletic training, a keen student of philosophy and of literature, and a votary of the highest art. A dreaming philosopher like Socrates was keenly alive to the political questions of his time, and, as a brave and hardy soldier, took part in the warlike expeditions of his country. As in the Palæstra the normally and fully developed human body was held up as the aim of physical education, and the defective growth of any one member was remedied by a series of athletic exercises; so the *musical* side, the intellectual training, and the full and normal development of the human mind on all sides was the supreme aim, and any deficiency in power or taste was vigorously counteracted.

But the chief distinctive feature of Greek education must be referred back to the distinctive Greek conception of the life for which this education was to prepare. Aristotle distinguishes two main aspects of the human soul: the active, laboring soul (*νοῦς ποιητικὸς*), and the passive, enjoying soul (*νοῦς παθητικὸς*).

\* Some readers may here object that the many theories which exist concerning the interpretation of this very work tend to prove the opposite of the simplicity which I claim for Greek art. I need but remind them that the interpretation of the whole scene and of Helios and Selene are beyond dispute, and that the differences which exist with regard to the meaning of

Education was not only to prepare for the life which consists in the material struggle for existence; but life to the Greeks had another half of equal importance with and practical bearing upon the material subsistence of the individual: it is the life of intellectual relaxation and enjoyment. Food was here to be provided to satisfy the moral and intellectual appetites of rational beings, in a manner most conducive to the moral health and vigor of the individual citizen and the people as a whole. Education was thus not only elementary or technical in character, but set itself the immediate aim of bestowing upon the fully-grown youth a fund of interests and appreciative power which would restore to its normal condition the mind strained in one direction during the hours of toil, and would furnish with interest old age when toil was no longer possible.

Finally, public feeling in Greece was so real a power that it drove the Greeks to demand and to create those forms of enjoyment that are essentially public in themselves, namely, the great works of art. It was not only the imminent danger of the advancing Persian foe which drove the citizens of Athens to concerted action, but after the war was over they joined with the same vigor and public-spirited eagerness not only to rebuild their needed homes, but to adorn them with the greatest works of art the world has ever seen; for art was to them a real need, as it responds to one side of human nature and life which remains the same throughout all ages.

In the second place, the education of the productive artists was equally characterized by this roundness and versatility of interest and training. They were not only carefully educated in the technical manipulation of their art, so that they could express with facility and clearness of form whatever they desired to express, but their education, even after the period that we should call school-days, as well as their intercourse with men of varied interests, were such as to make them conversant and in sympathy with all the varied intellectual interests and pursuits of their age. The artist as a man stood on the highest scale of the intellectual culture of his age. As a man he was the highest type of the civilized Greek; while as an artist he had the power to express clearly, in the sensuous language of his art, the high culture of which he himself was a living type. That Pheidias had

the figures are caused by the fact that the arms holding the distinct attributes are all lost. A Greek child would recognize a male figure holding the thunderbolt as Zeus, a reclining female with fruits or corn as Demeter, or one with sea-animals as Thalassa. For further information on this subject I must refer the reader to Essay V. in my work on the art of Pheidias.

political interests, that in daily intercourse with Pericles he shared with him the anxiety of overcoming political crises, that he was well read in the ancient and contemporary literature of his country, that he was a student of philosophy and of mechanical science, made him no less careful a student of the human form, no less skillful a modeler and draughtsman, though it made him more adequately an exponent of the highest that was in his age.

Such were the conditions which made Greek art the clear and intelligible expression of the highest culture of that great age and people.

Human nature and the needs of human life have remained the same as they were in ancient Hellas, yet the expression of one side of human nature and the satisfaction of one need of human life are not the same. The best art is not clearly intelligible to the lowliest and most childlike of modern citizens; and our best art is not fully and adequately expressive of the highest culture that our age has produced. Why should this be? Some thoughtful people say that it is necessary. Historical evolution, they say, made the Greeks a great artistic people, and us not. We have developed in the direction of science which requires an attitude of mind opposed to the artistic spirit, and the more we have grown in the one the less can we grow in the other. It appears to me that out of the doctrine of evolution, so fruitful in advancing the sphere of human knowledge, there has grown an ex-crescence of historical generalization as vicious as it is faulty and readily accepted. And this becomes still more vicious when the study of the past is used to regulate action in the future. I would call it Fatalistic Evolutionism. The dictum of such a hasty social philosopher would run thus: "The Greeks were the great artistic people; natural and social evolution have made us the great scientific and *therefore* unartistic people; it is necessary that it should be so." There are many scientific errors in this reasoning; such is the oversight of the fact that the Greeks in their time were as scientific, that they expressed as fully the intellectual, cognitive side of their spirit, as they were artistic, and manifested the emotional, creative side of their genius. But among these fallacies the most interesting is the implied analogy between the life of one individual man and the life of a nation; another is the misconception of the nature of the individual human mind, its needs and functions. Because the individual man is limited in the exercise of his intellectual functions by time and physical power, the diffusion of his interests and attention over many things is to a certain extent at the expense of the power directed

towards the consummation of one definite end. Still we must not forget that, as the human body is an organism, so the human mind is organic in its constitution; that, as such, the existence of the whole depends upon the proper and normal relation of all the organs and parts to one another; and that, though definite outer demands in the conditions of life may require a greater development of one organ, still the body and the mind, as a whole, will cease to exist and act if the proper relation of the parts to one another is fundamentally disturbed. Specialization has its limits so long as an organism is not a mechanism, as "*l'homme machine*" is nothing more than an exaggerated epigram. If this is the case even in the individual mind, it is still more the case in so complex an organism as a community, a state, or an age. The chief characteristic of the life of a whole people is its variety and change, and in a large community there is no fear of the same limitation of function and physical power; for its constituent units are so numerous and varied in their individuality that, if the conditions are properly regulated, full and normal expression will be found for the cultured life of the people on every side. In such a healthy community we shall meet with the proper expression of the immediate needs of the whole people for security and facility of intercourse; the full expression of the highest intellectual life of the people in the sphere of pure intellect and thought in science; and the adequate expression of the highest culture of the people in the direction of public enjoyment and the more emotional life of art. I should not like to overshoot the mark and state boldly that the great man is great all round; for history has given instances apparently showing that great specialists may be imperfectly developed or educated in directions not peculiarly their own; but I do not hesitate to say that a great age and a great people are great in all spheres, unless there be peculiar causes for some weakness either positively pernicious or positively inert. Because we are a great scientific age, we ought *therefore* also to be great in artistic creation; for it is the greatness and spiritual vitality of the age as a whole which show themselves in this one aspect.

Now, while the conditions of modern life have been favorable to the adequate expression of the highest intellectual culture in various directions, they have not been so in art. The study of the conditions which gave Greek art its chief characteristics will enable us to see where the weak points lie, and with concerted action on our part a good deal may in time be remedied. It is not in the spirit of fault-finding that I would point to

our weaknesses, but it is because I have the full faith that much may be done, and will be done, to remedy the evils, and moreover because I would fain believe that, from the indications of the present and the promise of the future, it is to the American Republic that this task is given.

The reasons which make it appear probable that to this country may belong this vocation will partly become evident as we proceed with this investigation. I may here briefly enumerate them as follows: Because we are comparatively unhampered by existing traditions and institutions which might impede the progress of a new or bold step. Because by the nature of our people we are representative of the various currents of culture characterizing European nations, and also by this fact we are predisposed to be historically sympathetic in an age in which historical (I do not mean romantic) feeling is a leading feature. Because, furthermore, we are a people possessed of the most general diffusion of education, in an age when, more than ever (for I maintain that to a certain degree the highest art was always so), great art must be democratic, must rise from the public demand, and must bear in itself the public character. And because, finally (and I consider this of great practical importance), there is in this country no recognized and stereotyped upper class which would lower the social status of the followers of art, and would thus counteract the highest natural selection of the artist from among the most distinguished members of a cultured community.

We differ from the Greeks as regards the artistic expression of the culture of the age in that our highest art is not readily intelligible to the simplest understanding of the modern citizen, and in that, though our age is a great one, we have no "great art," the art that is adequately expressive of the best and highest in us. In minor, especially in what I would call domestic art, we stand very high; but in an age moved by the very widest conceptions of human brotherhood, there ought to be a high art not merely corresponding to the home of the individual citizen and the secluded life of the private mansion, but expressive of the highest moral and intellectual attainments of the age, as our scientific attainments are fully representative of its culture.

We have traced back in the art of Greece the possession of these qualities to the education of the art-appreciating people and the producing artist; we must trace their want in our time to defects in the education of both these classes. We must examine, then, first, the education of the art-appreciating public, and see where its defects lie, and secondly,

the education of the producing artists, and endeavor to discover the weakness in this sphere.

It is the just pride of this nation that more is done here by the government, central and local, for popular education than in any other country, Germany not excepted. The founders of the republic and the devisers of its constitution recognized from the very beginning the fundamental importance of popular education in a republican country, as it is, no doubt, the basis of a well-regulated commonwealth whatever be the actual form of government. And these great men had not in view merely that education which should prove of immediate use to the individual, in assisting him in gaining the means of honest subsistence or the power of reading and writing his voting papers, but they had in view the less apparent, though from the social and political point of view the most important, result of general education in its bearing upon the general welfare of the citizen, and in its tendency to create a high intellectual and moral tradition in the political community as a whole. This was expressed tersely by Washington in his farewell address. "In proportion as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion," he says, "it is essential that the public opinion be enlightened." Now an interesting article by Mr. Charles F. Thwing, in Harper's Monthly Magazine (February, 1884), gives ample evidence of the great efforts made in this country for public education; while at the same time it shows how narrow and ill-conceived has been this notion of education, and especially how neglectful it has been of that side which would prepare the public for the appreciation of the highest art, and, by the need created in them for great works, would lead them to act upon the art-producing portion of the community, modifying the character of their work and encouraging their noblest efforts. According to Mr. Thwing, "the total amount by which the general government has aided the several states in education consists of the gift of 125,000 square miles, or about one-thirtieth part of the entire national domain, and of the gift of nearly thirty millions of dollars."

No doubt this proves the keenest appreciation of the value of public education, but it is important to remember that this is only for what must be called primary education, not for the highest education of the university, and still less of art academies. The exception to this rule quoted by Mr. Thwing is most interesting, as manifesting the general spirit which underlies this neglect of higher education. "In 1862 an act was passed donating lands to states and towns for colleges for the

*benefit of agricultural and mechanical arts."*

The limitation of these grants towards higher education to purposes of agricultural and mechanical arts betrays the general tenor of mind actuating not only the majority of our political leaders, but also the vast majority of our thinking population. It is that most ill-conceived and vicious idea of "the practical" and "the useful." Against this watchword of coarse-minded demagogues and conscientious dupes of "experience in the struggle of life" (as misdirected and viciously egotistical in its generalized form and application as it is oftentimes of long standing and dearly bought) all well-disposed reasonable people ought to make war.

In order to gain the moral support of a community for an institution directly or indirectly educational in purpose, it is but necessary to show that it is what is termed practically useful. The whole community will then feel that there is a moral justification in the expenditure, while they consider this justification wanting if the institution can be classed under what might be termed the luxuries of education and civilization. The grounds upon which their sympathy is based and their moral conscientiousness soothed are the following: The utility of any purpose is clearly defined to most people if it can definitely appeal to the personal interest of each individual, or if he can at least conceive of himself as directly benefiting by it. We can all readily conceive of ourselves as gaining a livelihood as joiners, or at least we can appreciate the utility of this vocation from the need we have of its products in the surroundings of our daily life; and thus there would be no doubt in our mind of the decided utility of a school for joiners. But what is here ignored is the fact that in such cases public action is invoked, and that there is a difference between public and private utility. The very nature of public utility, as such, is often that its immediate application to any individual person is vague and more difficult to accomplish. Nay, we may almost put it as a formula, that the more public in character any institution grows, the smaller grows its apparent individual applicability to the use of any individual. The practice of individual doctors is of more apparent and direct utility than the action of a city board of health, and the work of this board of health than that of a national sanitary commission investigating recondite questions of medical science. The action of the one body of individuals directly concerns individuals, and is supported by them; that of the other concerns the public as a whole, and would hardly receive support from individuals, but is maintained by public administration. The practical

utility of the policeman for the promotion of public peace and safety is more easily perceived and demonstrated than is that of the United States Supreme Court, of the postman than of the Postmaster-General; of an elementary village school than of a national university in which are studied and solved the great questions of highest science. But we must here note and insist upon the difference between public and private utility, and remember that in most cases private utility does and ought to stimulate private efforts, while institutions with public utility as their purpose are entirely dependent upon public support. But we find that the public action taken as regards education is the very reverse, and educational institutions the character of whose utility is essentially public (namely, the universities and the art academies) are left to the precarious liberality of individuals and corporations, on the very ground (confessed or implied) that they are not possessed of that utility which is chiefly characterized by its ready application to the individual citizen. It is, however, but fair to point to another ground which often actuates those who oppose the claims to public support of these highest institutions of education, as compared with the claims of the immediately useful schools. It is on the ground of the more generous feeling of democracy, in which the duty of the government is above all conceived as being directed towards the good of the many, and to let the few (who are capable of doing so) look after themselves. But it is against this very vicious circle that we are arguing, concerning which the Greeks teach us the great lesson. We shall see that the very spirit of art is democratic. If it be true that hitherto in our communities the higher education which produces the need of intellectual pleasure and its satisfaction has been restricted to the few, it is this very evil which ought to be remedied, and from the many ought no longer to be withheld their birthright of the faculty of enjoying what is beautiful and true and good. If it were true (which fortunately it is not in our country) that all superior education is restricted to the wealthy few, it is high time, in a republican country, that this be altered. I do not mean to propose the (for the present) impracticable idea that every citizen is to be sent to the university or art academy; but the spirit of which these institutions are the embodiment must be made a reality, a recognized tradition; its public utility must be acknowledged; its fruits must respond, as was the case with the Greeks, to a real need of daily life, of which an admixture is to be infiltrated from the earliest educational years into the system of every boy and girl. But



this is not the case with the spirit of our public schools; nay, even the many rich people among us do not avail themselves of the existing means of giving their sons and daughters the opportunities of acquiring the highest fruits of civilization, in sending them to universities, bestowing an enlightened and refined taste upon those who will have the material opportunities for encouraging the higher art-production, in beautifying their homes, and in showing their public spirit and liberality in the munificent donations which have distinguished our countrymen.

That art is aristocratic in contradistinction to democratic is fundamentally untrue, from whatever side we view it: *a priori* in its inner meaning, and historically as regards the facts of art history. Art is, and has been in its splendid periods, essentially democratic; that is, it has appealed to larger masses of people in contradistinction to individuals. Kant and Schiller have drawn the true distinction between ordinary pleasures and the pleasures of art; the first are selfish, the others are public. The ordinary, selfish pleasures depend upon possession or consumption by one person or one group of individuals; the æsthetic pleasures are those of contemplation or of sympathy common to many. An apple is eaten by one person or a horse possessed by him, and the possibility of some other person enjoying the fruit or using the horse is thereby debarred. The acquisition of these pleasures by any individual is potentially always at the cost of the possession of the same pleasure by some other person. In æsthetic pleasures it is not so. The monumentality of a great edifice, the beauty of a picture, the nobility of a statue, the harmony of a musical composition, the thrilling interest of a drama, and the charm of a book are not diminished in their virtue by the fact that a large number of people enjoy them. On the contrary, we might almost say that they gain in virtue, that they receive the "soul" of their existence through being admired and enjoyed. A building hidden from view, a picture unseen, a statue veiled, a drama unperformed, a book unpublished or not read, are robbed of the soul of their æsthetic existence. Of course there are good souls and bad souls, and it is well that the latter should not live. The whole essence of art is its public, unselfish character, as its pleasures are disinterested and free from the grasping voracity of selfish possession, and it is thus essentially democratic in spirit.

Historically, too, the democratic character of art has ever manifested itself. The periods in history which are marked by the artistic development are also marked by the spread of appreciation among the people, and repub-

lican forms of government. Even if these republics were aristocratic in their constitution, the fact remains that the mass of the population in these periods and countries were thoroughly responsive to the higher artistic delights; nay, that they demanded them as a real need. There exists a common notion, as widespread as it is fallacious, that the splendid growth of art was peculiar to the reign of enlightened tyrants and languished under more democratic forms. This is so neither during the highest period of Greek art nor in the history of mediæval and renaissance art. With regard to Greece, what we have already said confirms the established fact that art was the popular expression of the genius of a people to whom it appealed strongly as a clear and intelligible language. In its highest period, as well as in the period of transition to this perfection, Greece was republican. It is true that in Greece, as well as in the Italian renaissance, individual rulers and usurpers, such as Alexander the Great, Attalus of Pergamon, the Medici, and the Popes, were liberal patrons of art, giving it especially a character of splendor. But this only means that these tyrants and rulers found in the composition of the people over whom they ruled or had just succeeded in gaining sway the existence of art and the need of its works, and that they felt driven by interest or inclination to increase or maintain this pursuit and to satisfy this popular demand. Art had reached its highest point in Greece more than a century before the rule of Alexander the Great, and the great artists, like Skopas, Praxiteles, and even Lysippus, were bred and inspired in the generation preceding him. The Pergamene and Rhodian period marks the decline of Greek art, and the splendor which princes like Attalus and Eumenes infused into it was a futile attempt consciously to reproduce the past culture of Greece proper.

In mediæval and renaissance history the same facts present themselves. In the North it is a free town like Nuremberg, with its guilds and craftsmen, that produces the highest art. Never were art and literature more thoroughly popular than in the springtide of prosperity at Nuremberg. In Flanders, at Ghent, Antwerp, and Bruges, art had the same homely and popular character; and though Bruges became the home of emperors and their court, it was in the merchant community that the princes found the means of satisfying their need for splendor and luxury. It must be remembered that the noblest order of the Golden Fleece is originally symbolical of the commercial prosperity of this market of textile fabrics. And when we come to the South, to Italy, we must not forget that it was not

in the  
art is  
Med  
men  
fore  
stup  
teent  
the f  
any i  
versi  
in the  
Nap  
short  
peri  
with  
imme  
lowly  
and t  
throu  
itself  
tellect  
becaus  
empire  
tion, c  
Germa  
genera  
among  
centur  
and th  
were n  
doubt  
versity  
thousa  
by a u  
in smal  
attracti  
bringing  
have pr  
ing and  
town of  
to a lea  
lic lectu  
gave pe  
enable  
re, i  
one of  
a profes  
lectual  
tion itse  
indirect  
sire to e  
hand in  
beautified  
ephemer  
munalitie  
embellish  
houses if  
build pal  
did cath  
and monu  
contributi  
VOL. 2



in the *cinque cento* that began the spread of art in Italy, not with the Popes nor with the Medici, but that it was already a part of the mental condition of every Italian city long before this period, and had produced works of stupendous importance. As early as the thirteenth century we have the popular spread of the fruits of culture in Italy. Each city of any importance was anxious to possess a university. Beginning with Bologna and Modena in the twelfth century, follow Vicenza, Padua, Naples, Arezzo, Treviso, Pisa, Pavia,—in short, all the great free cities. At this early period the whole country was thus checkered with centers of high culture, and from these, immediately through each student of even lowly family, the realization of the existence and the appreciation of higher culture filtered through the whole population, and manifested itself in their desire and finally need for intellectual pleasures. In modern times it is because of this diffusion throughout the whole empire, this decentralization and multiplication, of the highest class of universities in Germany that the country ranks highest in the general spread of intellectual appreciativeness among modern nations. And the thirteenth century universities in Italy were well attended; and though at the more famous ones there were many foreign students, they were no doubt largely recruited from Italy. The University of Bologna at one time had about ten thousand students, a number never attained by a university of modern times. But even in small towns, where there was no hope of attracting large numbers of foreign students bringing immediate gain to the citizens, we have proof of the same recognition of learning and culture. Thus we hear that the small town of San Gimignano gave a special salary to a learned town clerk who was to give public lectures on civic law; that the same town gave pecuniary help to gifted young men to enable them to study abroad; that they received and honored with a public festival one of their citizens who had gained fame as a professor of law. But this sense for intellectual acquirement on the part of the population itself not only manifested itself in this indirect and passive form, but led them to desire to enjoy its fruits directly,—on the one hand in the lasting monuments of art which beautified their cities, on the other in the more ephemeral form of public festivals. The communalities had the duty of looking after the embellishment of the town, to buy private houses if needed to make a public square, to build palaces for public business and splendid cathedrals, and to erect artistic fountains and monuments. They would even assist with contributions the monasteries or private per-

sons who undertook to build beautiful churches. It is frequently possible to prove in the present day how the example of one city in erecting a fine city-hall or fountain stimulated the neighboring town to erect another which was to surpass it in beauty. The Florentine document of the year 1300 is well known, in which Florence bestows immunity from taxation on Arnolfo, the architect of the baptistery, because she hoped thereby to possess a more beautiful temple than any other town in Tuscany.

The public amusements, illuminations, processions, races, dances, plays, and ingenious conceits of all kinds were recognized by the communities as a real material need of the people, and were therefore provided at public expense; they were considered by them as being useful. The grand notion of "play" as being neither useless nor frivolous marks a truly healthy community. What can be more simple and touching than the account of the festival given by the city of Treviso to which the neighboring towns were invited? The chief feature was the storming of a fortress, defended by the most beautiful ladies and their servants, by noblemen who made war with fruits, flowers, sweetmeats, and perfumes.

This will suffice to show that the growth of art in its highest form in Greece and Italy rose from the ground of a populace educated to and encouraged in the desire for intellectual edification, and that art is thus thoroughly democratic in spirit, and ought to appeal to the mass of the population. It will be so if the public education acknowledges the claim and stimulates the satisfaction of the need.

The whole spirit of modern education must be modified in this respect; that is, it must not be guided by this misconceived notion of "the useful." It is Goethe who said, with epigrammatic exaggeration: "See to the beautiful, the useful will look after itself." It is often most practical to begin with that which is least manifestly useful, especially when it is most in need of support and encouragement; while the manifestly useful is more likely to enforce the satisfaction of its own wants. The German architect Ferstel, who died recently, was in the rare position of seeing the completion, while comparatively young, of an immense cathedral-like church built on subscription. The secret of this singular *practical* success is to be found in the good advice which King Louis of Bavaria gave to the young architect. As he was beginning the *Votiv-Kirche* at Vienna, "Begin with the tower and finish it," said the King in Bavarian dialect; "the others will see to the nave when they can't use the church." Had he not followed this advice, it is almost certain that the beautiful church would, to

the present day and for some time to come, stand with uncompleted tower.

Well, in the organization of public education in this country, so far as public support is concerned, it may be most practical "to begin with the tower and to complete it"; but with a real tower, one existing for its beautiful form and from which there is a view far into distant lands, and not one conceived merely as a buttress to the nave.

We must begin with ordinary school education; and here the action which is to counteract the neglect of popular artistic feeling is to be direct and indirect: direct in the immediate teaching of art-appreciation; indirect in the modification of the spirit of general teaching.

I have said "the direct teaching of art-appreciation," and not art, because I hold that the two things ought to be kept distinctly separate, the distinction, namely, between art-appreciation and art-production,—art-appreciation, which constitutes one side of every normally developed intellectual citizen, and art-production, which constitutes the vocation of but a few. It is the confusion of these two distinctly different modes of viewing art that causes much mischief in our day. The artist labors and studies the causes with which he may produce certain effects, while the spectator is to enjoy the fruits of these labors, to feel the effects rather than to study the causes; nay, the obtrusion of these causes, or rather of the intention and labor which are meant to produce artistic illusion, is at the very cost of this illusion.

This is not the occasion for the exhaustive discussion of this most important point. Suffice it to state that the teaching which I wish to advocate is the teaching of the history of art with a view to the appreciation of artistic works, and not drawing and painting, for it is this side which has been entirely neglected. I do not wish it to be understood that I disfavor the teaching of drawing in schools. On the contrary, I think that to express ourselves with pencil and brush, by means of the representation of things, ought to be a natural and normal part of the power of expression of civilized beings. In modern times we are too prone to believe, and to act in accordance with the belief, that words are the only means of communicating thought. Nay, I go so far as to regret the defection of the old system of "accomplishments"—education for young ladies in one point; namely, that the *purely amateur* spirit of teaching sketching in water-colors or pencil is going out in England. It has given way either to the great multiplication of would-be professional artists who fail to give pleasure to others with their work,

and have left for themselves after their efforts the pain of unattained aims, or to the complete neglect of this delightful guide to the pleasant study and the most complete appreciation of nature, and lasting recorder of beautiful places seen and pleasant days spent. Surely the practice of sketching from nature is as pleasure-bringing and refining as the power of performing on a musical instrument.

But it is the teaching of art-appreciation in schools which must be impressed upon all those concerned with education, in order that with regard to general education we might in a direct way apply the lesson of Greek Art, and be like them in the normal constitution of a healthy civilization, equally developed on all sides. In England there is on foot at the present moment a movement which we sincerely hope will receive widest support. It is the Art for Schools Association, which sets itself the aim of distributing, at the very lowest price, reproductions of works of art to the various schools that ask for them. It required an association of individuals in England, where education is not to so high a degree in the hands of the public administration as is the case in this country with public schools. Still, even there the richly endowed institutions called public schools ought to take the matter into their own hands. Rugby has already set an excellent example in the establishment of a school museum. Harrow, too, has the beginning of one. But generally this side of education is completely neglected. In this country this branch of education ought to be thoroughly organized. Each school ought to be provided with a set of reproductions of the most representative works of art from all periods and countries. Photo-engravings, casts from works of sculpture, nay, even the chromo-lithographs with which the Arundel Society has won a well-deserved fame—these works should adorn the walls of school-rooms, and should accustom the eyes of the children from the earliest age to what is excellent in art, thus watching over and cultivating taste as well as sharpness of reasoning and clearness of intellect. Out of many testimonies to the lasting influence of early contemplation of good art, I will but recall the public testimony recently given by Mr. Lowell to the lasting effect which certain reproductions from the antique had upon him as a child when taken to the Boston Athenæum. But we are not to stop at the selected decoration of school-rooms. Each school is further to be provided with a complete set of reproductions systematically chosen to represent the chief stages in the history of art; and the teachers of history, and literature, and language are to be competent to illustrate

and explain the artistic manifestation of any period they are treating of, or any passages in ancient or modern authors which refer to the works of art under consideration. In the higher classes, finally, there ought to be a definite course of instruction in the history of art, without which no boy or girl ought to pass into the world or enter the university. The subjects just mentioned are not the only ones in connection with which the study of art might well be used to supplement and vitalize knowledge. The study of geography, for instance, as at present conceived, is one of the studies the restricted acceptance of which is a crying evil. It is true that it has been supplemented by physical geography, but it ought also to be supplemented by the study of the history of localities in the widest sense; that is, the knowledge not only of the political events marking the various localities, but also the culture that prevailed there, and the appearance of the country, illustrated by photographs of such places, and of the famous works of art which they contain. The various studies ought to be used to illustrate each other; the connection between the groups of studies is to be insisted upon; they are, in short, to be endowed with their own life as they are to be living in the mind of the student, a part of his own intellectual vitality, and not merely an alien element introduced for the time being under a mechanical process of pressure, and discarded as soon as the pressure is withdrawn.

But this leads us to the question of the indirect modification of the spirit of general teaching which is required in order to remedy the diseased state of the development of art. Expressed or only implied, there is a fear in teachers lest, in giving life, say, to the study of geography, in thus illustrating it by means of pictures and the stories of its men, the study be not made too amusing and interesting to maintain the serious character of work. This is the same spirit which we met before swaying the wand of practical utility. In this case it is the domination of the ethical and moral over the intellectual and artistic. The effect of compulsory learning upon the pupils is no doubt often good in making them realize the idea of duty, and in teaching them to control their inclination towards self-indulgence. But life presents so many occasions for teaching and practicing these moral qualities that they need hardly be multiplied for the young, generally overburdened with the feeling of renunciation and with all that counteracts the spirit of joyousness. At all events, immediate moral discipline is not the chief and direct aim of the pursuit of definite studies, and every means which tends to make

systematic knowledge complete and to infuse it into the mental system of the pupil with greatest power or promise of tenacity is highly commendable. The general tone of school education is, above all, to be altered in its groundwork in this very direction. The teacher is to realize that one noble thing to strive after is the creation in the pupil of lasting interests and the joy of learning and apprehending. The *nous pathetikos* of the Greeks, and not only the *nous poietikos*, is to be watched over and developed. The aim of school-teaching will not only be to fit man and woman best for the active struggle of existence, for the practically useful, but equally to create in them a great capital of interests which will refresh them when wearied with the active struggle, and will give them lasting elevating interests and pleasures when the power of active work has ceased; a capital of interests which do not depend upon possession or consumption, that are open to the rich and the poor, that are in themselves ennobling and strengthening as well as satisfying; in short, the artistic or aesthetic attitude of mind, whether applied to actual works of art or to intellectual and moral pursuits. Let the teacher infuse some of this spirit into whatever subject he teaches. Let him stop and dwell upon the beauty or truth of the passage he is translating, upon the fascination and charm in the history of words, and the graceful fretwork of the huge grammatical structure; let him call back to life the study of the past, and ennobles and mellow the study of the present by showing its systematic interrelation with all things which form the lasting whole of the universe. Surely it will not be to the detriment of the appreciation of truth or the practical application of facts acquired, but it will satisfy another need which is highly practical, inasmuch as it concerns the mental health and happiness of every man. Thus trained in school, the average boy will grow to a man capable of appreciating the best art of his time.

But education does not cease with the boy, and it is in the appreciation of this fact that again in this country we are peculiarly wanting. The capital of interests, once acquired, must be renewed and even increased, or else it will soon die away under the heavy calls from the eager life of interested work. In this country a hard-and-fast line is drawn between the life of play of the boy and the "serious" life of work of the man. A certain amount of toleration exists (though even here too little) towards the more playful thoughts and distractions of the boy at school; but when these years are over, play is to cease and work is to begin, and thereafter the one great and engrossing aim is in some form or other to gain

the means of subsistence, or to increase them as much as possible. All the previous thoughts of play are to be and are at once dismissed.

This is especially the case with athletic games. The boy who wins laurels as a baseball player ceases this healthy amusement the moment he enters the active life of manhood, and leaves the adult playing to professionals. Even in the universities where athletic games are still cultivated there is with us a certain feeling that the student who rows or is prominent in other games is so, to a certain degree, at the expense of his reading habits. In England, I would venture to say, the most distinguished students, the high wranglers and senior classics, are generally, and have been, boating men. From two to four o'clock in the afternoon it is customary in the English universities, not only for students, but also for teachers, to take their outdoor exercise in some form. I have in my mind at this moment a number of gray-haired university teachers at Cambridge, each one of them a distinguished representative of his branch of science, who all indulge in some form of athletic exercise, be it tennis, rackets, fives, rowing, or riding. Of these a large number merely indulge in constitutional walks; but even of these there are few who would not at times take part in some game. There exists at Cambridge a rowing crew called the Ancient Mariners, consisting exclusively of "dons," and the "stroke" is generally a tutor of Trinity Hall who ceased to be an undergraduate forty years ago. A frequent oarsman of this crew was the late professor of political economy and postmaster-general, who, as is well known, despite his arduous duties and the grievous misfortune of blindness, skated and took all forms of horse-exercise. Luckily for England, adult games are not so exclusively in the hands of professionals, and have retained the freshness and charm of their attraction and the noble purpose which they are destined to serve. I dwell upon this matter of the comparative cultivation of athletic games, though at first sight it might appear alien to the main question before us, because their neglect in this country shows the general neglect of the spirit of play, the *nous patheticos*, struggling for recognition against the all-destroying domination of the spirit of work, the *nous poeticos*. It is at bottom the same spirit of play which underlies the cultivation of art, as with the Greeks it was the same impulse which on the physical side led them to develop so highly their athletic games as on the intellectual side it made them the great artistic nation. Herein we might follow the example of England, especially those who are in the happy position of being able to create

leisure, if only they would desist from considering the acquisition of wealth the one great aim of their existence (would that the means were given to all!). I do not mean the establishment of a "leisure class" of which we hear so much. On the contrary, we are most fortunate in not having a class which distinguishes itself from the remainder of the population in that it is not actually productive and does not take an active position in the great coöperative community. May we never desist from withholding our complete respect from those who have no distinct vocation in life; only let us not consider the less apparently and immediately useful avocations as not being an active coefficient in this coöperative social community. But what we do require is the infusion of leisure into all our working classes, and the recognition of its just and moral claim to our consideration.

To return to the less physical aspect of the power of enjoying. It is here that in this country, especially with men, the same abrupt transition from the preparatory life at school to this serious life of business or profession takes place. The capital of interests and intellectual pleasures is no longer increased, but is slowly consumed, until all thoughts and aspirations are completely absorbed by the wearing cares or eager desires of gain and advancement. How often do we meet with the sad sight of the awkwardness or helplessness of people of fair intellect when circumstances have for the time being prevented them from following the ordinary pursuits of life; they are then deprived of the one object which can still exercise a stimulating influence upon their minds, the influence of which is wearing and not refreshing. And it is still sadder to meet with the frequent instances of people who have arrived at that age when the active vigor required for the ordinary vocations of life has been spent, when the "active mind" can no longer exercise its functions, and the "passive mind" has degenerated from early neglect; to see them either vegetating in comatose selfishness (they who before were active and unselfish), or worrying themselves and others with petulant seeking after something of interest which they fail to find (they who before were cheerful and burning with interest). We have instances of this before our eyes every day in this country.

Then picture to yourself, on the other hand, a retired veteran from the bloodless battle of modern economical life, whose vigor just fails to suffice for business or profession, but leaves him free to follow and then to be refreshed by the intellectual pursuit the germs of which took root in his school-days, and have grown

and  
of e  
long  
life  
shru  
to  
can  
work  
book  
some  
their  
or bu  
art of  
mon  
intell  
the in  
quiet  
life-bl  
not t  
ulus  
beaut  
thoug  
hour,  
terest  
to tea  
enjoy  
imme  
most  
power  
not to  
to-do.  
was w  
It i  
ernme  
among  
means  
ures th  
comm  
crease  
the de  
concei  
tion of  
ture.  
admin  
of inte  
produc  
music,  
rooms,  
amuse  
the gre  
Hellas  
not the  
requir  
guard  
against  
enemie  
the da  
grown  
come t  
it is th  
ter and



and budded by the side of the sturdy tree of earnest life-work; until, when the sap no longer suffices to nourish the great tree, life is not yet extinct, for the flower and shrub now bud and give growth and beauty to the whole life as it wanes. When they can no longer go to their office or their work, there remains to them the interest in books, in pictures or bric-à-brac, in prints, in some study of science, in music, the theater, their garden and botany, in shells, or beetles, or butterflies. Above all, they have learnt the art of being alone. The first and most common symptom of intellectual vulgarity, of intellectual anæmia, if I may use the term, is the incapacity of people to remain alone or quiet. They are so poor in the intellectual life-blood that the pulse of interest will not throb unless they have the outer stimulus of the chatter of people. A book, a beautiful scene, not to mention their own thoughts, cannot fascinate them even for an hour, and they must beg for the offal of interest from the social banquet. I hold that to teach people the art of being alone and enjoying it, is of more practical use than the immediate good that comes from much of the most practical school-teaching. And this power of moral enjoyment is not, and ought not to be, restricted to the rich or the well-to-do. It ought to be a popular good, as it was with the Greeks.

It is, moreover, the duty of popular government to foster and cultivate this power among the people, which they can do by means of the encouragement of those pleasures the very nature of which is that they are common and belong to the many, that they increase with the degree of participation; namely, the democratic pleasures of art. Nor do I conceive the term art in the narrow acceptance of painting, and sculpture, and architecture. The art that is to be encouraged by public administration is all that comes under the head of *intellectual play* common to the many and productive of moral edification. Public feasts, music, the drama, museums, libraries, reading-rooms, and the more immediately instructive amusement of lectures,—all these ought to be the great care of state, as they were in ancient Hellas; nay, even more so in a time which has not the restricted notions of national duties requiring the chief energy of the people to guard or to aggrandize their national domain against aliens whom they considered as their enemies, or at least not their friends. I see the day coming when this fact will have grown in the public consciousness until it will come to be realized by the government, that it is the supreme duty of the state to foster and cultivate the higher amusements of

the people more than to play at antiquated Talleyrandism in foreign policy.

How little this is realized at present, especially in Europe, is shown most strikingly in England. Eastern and Egyptian questions are of such absorbing importance that the public care of intellectual pursuits and amusements would naturally appear trivial to most persons concerned with government. A relatively small sum for the acquisition of a work of art or the maintenance of a museum is withheld or granted after much discussion, where millions are devoted unhesitatingly to some object of "foreign policy."

As one of the most curious instances of the neglect, not to say contempt, which this group of public institutions suffers in England, I need but point to the administration of the British Museum. Of all the civil service of which the administration of this museum forms a part, this institution requires in its officers and assistants the greatest previous preparation and initial capital of intelligence; and still its appointments are lowest in the scale of salaries in the civil service. A clerk whose duty it is to add up the salaries of non-commissioned officers, or to copy letters and fill out forms, starts with a higher salary, rises at a higher ratio, and ends with a higher final salary, than an assistant who must catalogue and identify Greek and Oriental coins, who must watch over rare manuscripts, and is responsible for priceless articles of science and art. The principal officers of this greatest institution of the kind in the world, who ought all to be the highest representatives of their study, are paid far less than chief-assistant secretaries in the government offices. And this neglect is in a country where the larger schools and universities are richly endowed by private donations and bequests, and where the museums and libraries have been greatly enriched by the same means; where, in short, the burden is comparatively much smaller than it is in this country or in Germany. But it is encouraging to find that of late there is an awakening to the public duties in this direction, both with regard to school and after-school education of the people. Though not yet the act of the Government, the establishment of the Royal Academy of Music remains a public act. The recent Fisheries, Health, and Inventions exhibitions, with their concerts and promenades, have been made a means towards the cultivation of higher popular amusement.

It is here in America, however, where luckily there is no Eastern or Egyptian question, no oppressive standing army, and where the duty of public action with regard to education has been recognized from the very foun-



dation of the Republic, that more ought to be done in the direct intervention of public administration. Entertainments and lectures in the town and city halls, establishment and maintenance of museums, embellishment of towns in every respect,—these are to form an integral part of governmental function. As a rule government grants for artistic purposes are limited to architecture; but after the building is complete, a new sphere of public artistic activity ought to begin. The great sculptors and painters and decorators ought to be called in to make of each city hall, each government or public building, in itself a museum, a representative type of the highest advance in art that the place or period has been able to make. Our national capitol is to a certain degree decorated; but I should be sorry, not to say ashamed, to think that this is all the country can produce of highest art. If it is answered that the great art is wanting, I would but point to the fact that artistic demand will produce supply. I have

on several occasions urged talented artists painting small domestic pictures, or modeling statuettes and reliefs, to try something great and worthy. Their answer has been: "Where can we find a market for our great works? We must work for the house of the well-to-do art patron, and the house will not hold a monumental work." I dare say that some, perhaps most, of these artists would have failed in this "great" work; but others, if only one, might have had the noble soul, the *alma gentile*, awakened, and a genius might have been born to us.

There are two broad classes of artistic works, the domestic and the monumental. The latter class is public in character, and ought either to be in a museum or part of some public building. Domestic art is growing every day and will find its support; it is the monumental art, beyond the reach of the individual (as it ought to be), which must be public property and ought to be encouraged by the representatives of the people.

Charles Waldstein.

## BIRD ENEMIES.

HOW surely the birds know their enemies! See how the wrens and robins and blue-birds pursue and scold the cat, while they take little or no notice of the dog! Even the swallow will fight the cat, and, relying too confidently upon its powers of flight, sometimes swoops down so near to its enemy that it is caught by a sudden stroke of the cat's paw. The only case I know of in which our small birds fail to recognize their enemy is furnished by the shrike; apparently the little birds do not know that this modest-colored bird is an assassin. At least I have never seen them scold or molest him, or utter any outcries at his presence, as they usually do at birds of prey. Probably it is because the shrike is a rare visitant, and is not found in this part of the country during the nesting season of our songsters.

But the birds have nearly all found out the trick of the jay, and when he comes sneaking through the trees in May and June in quest of eggs, he is quickly exposed and roundly abused. It is amusing to see the robins hustle him out of the tree which holds their nest. They cry, "Thief, thief!" to the top of their voices as they charge upon him, and the jay retorts in a voice scarcely less complimentary as he makes off.

The jays have their enemies also, and need

to keep an eye on their own eggs. It would be interesting to know if jays ever rob jays, or crows plunder crows; or is there honor among thieves even in the feathered tribes? I suspect the jay is often punished by birds which are otherwise innocent of nest-robbing. One season I found a jay's nest in a small cedar on the side of a wooded ridge. It held five eggs, every one of which had been punctured. Apparently some bird had driven its sharp beak through their shells, with the sole intention of destroying them, for no part of the contents of the eggs had been removed. It looked like a case of revenge; as if some thrush or warbler, whose nest had suffered at the hands of the jays, had watched its opportunity and had in this way retaliated upon its enemies. An egg for an egg. The jays were lingering near, very demure and silent, and probably ready to join a crusade against nest-robbers.

The great bugaboo of the birds is the owl. The owl snatches them from off their roosts at night, and gobbles up their eggs and young in their nests. He is a veritable ogre to them, and his presence fills them with consternation and alarm.

One season, to protect my early cherries, I placed a large stuffed owl amid the branches of the tree. Such a racket as there instantly

began about my grounds is not pleasant to think upon! The orioles and robins fairly "shrieked out their affright." The news instantly spread in every direction, and apparently every bird in town came to see that owl in the cherry-tree, and every bird took a cherry, so that I lost more fruit than if I had left the owl indoors. With craning necks and horrified looks the birds would alight upon the branches, and between their screams would snatch off a cherry, as if the act was some relief to their outraged feelings.

The chirp and chatter of the young of birds which build in concealed or inclosed places, like the woodpeckers, the house-wren, the high-hole, the oriole, etc., is in marked contrast to the silence of the fledglings of most birds that build open and exposed nests. The young of the sparrows,—unless the social sparrow be an exception,—warblers, fly-catchers, thrushes, etc., never allow a sound to escape them, and on the alarm note of their parents being heard sit especially close and motionless; while the young of chimney swallows, woodpeckers, and orioles are very noisy. The latter, in their deep pouch, are quite safe from birds of prey, except perhaps the owl. The owl, I suspect, thrusts its leg into the cavities of woodpeckers and into the pocket-like nest of the oriole, and clutches and brings forth the birds in its talons. In one case which I heard of, a screech-owl had thrust its claw into a cavity in a tree, and grasped the head of a red-headed woodpecker; being apparently unable to draw its prey forth, it had thrust its own round head into the hole, and in some way became fixed there, and had thus died with the woodpecker in its talons.

The life of birds is beset with dangers and mishaps of which we know little. One day, in my walk, I came upon a goldfinch with the tip of one wing securely fastened to the feathers of its rump, by what appeared to be the silk of some caterpillar. The bird, though uninjured, was completely crippled, and could not fly a stroke. Its little body was hot and panting in my hand, as I carefully broke the fetter. Then it darted swiftly away with a happy cry. A correspondent writes me that one of his orioles got entangled with a cord while building her nest, and that, though by the aid of a ladder he reached and liberated her, she soon afterward died. He also found a chippie, or social sparrow, suspended from a branch by a horse-hair, beneath a partly finished nest. I heard of a cedar-bird caught and destroyed in the same way, and also of two young blue-birds around whose legs a horse-hair had become so tightly wound that the legs withered up and dropped off. The birds grew just the same, and finally left the

nest with the others. A record of all the accidents and tragedies of bird life for a single season would show many curious incidents. A friend of mine opened his box stove one fall to kindle a fire in it, when he beheld in the black interior the desiccated forms of two blue-birds. The birds had probably taken refuge in the chimney during some cold spring storm, and had come down the pipe to the stove, from whence they were unable to ascend. A peculiarly touching little incident of bird life occurred to a caged female canary. Though unmated, it laid some eggs, and the happy bird was so carried away by her feelings that she would offer food to the eggs, and chatter and twitter, trying, as it seemed, to encourage them to eat! The incident is hardly tragic, neither is it comic.

The first nest-builders in spring, like the first settlers near hostile tribes, suffer the most casualties. A large proportion of the nests of April and May are destroyed; their enemies have been many months without eggs, and their appetites are keen for them. It is a time, too, when other food is scarce, and the crows and squirrels are hard put. But the second nests of June, and still more the nests of July and August, are seldom molested. It is rarely that the nest of the goldfinch or cedar-bird is harried.

Certain birds nest in the vicinity of our houses and outbuildings, or even in and upon them, for protection from their enemies, but they often thus expose themselves to a plague of the most deadly character. I refer to the vermin with which their nests often swarm, and which kill the young before they are fledged. In a state of nature this probably never happens; at least I have never seen or heard of its happening to nests placed in trees or under rocks. It is the curse of civilization falling upon the birds which come too near man. The vermin, or the germ of the vermin, is probably conveyed to the nest in hens' feathers, or in straws and hairs picked up about the barn or hen-house. A robin's nest upon your porch or in your summer-house will occasionally become an intolerable nuisance from the swarms upon swarms of minute vermin with which it is filled. The parent birds stem the tide as long as they can, but are often compelled to leave the young to their terrible fate.

One season a phoebe-bird built on a projecting stone under the eaves of the house, and all appeared to go well till the young were nearly fledged, when the nest suddenly became a bit of purgatory. The birds kept their places in their burning bed till they could hold out no longer, when they leaped forth and fell dead upon the ground.

After a delay of a week or more, during which I imagine the parent birds purified themselves by every means known to them, the couple built another nest a few yards from the first, and proceeded to rear a second brood; but the new nest developed into the same bed of torment that the first did, and the three young birds, nearly ready to fly, perished as they sat within it. The parent birds then left the place as if it had been accursed.

I imagine the smaller birds have an enemy in our native white-footed mouse, though I have not proof enough to convict him. But one season the nest of a chickadee which I was observing was broken up in a position where nothing but a mouse could have reached it. The bird had chosen a cavity in the limb of an apple-tree which stood but a few yards from the house. The cavity was deep, and the entrance to it, which was ten feet from the ground, was small. Barely light enough was admitted, when the sun was in the most favorable position, to enable one to make out the number of eggs, which was six, at the bottom of the dim interior. While one was peering in and trying to get his head out of his own light, the bird would startle him by a queer kind of puffing sound. She would not leave her nest like most birds, but really tried to blow, or scare, the intruder away; and after repeated experiments I could hardly refrain from jerking my head back when that little explosion of sound came up from the dark interior. One night, when incubation was about half finished, the nest was harried. A slight trace of hair or fur at the entrance led me to infer that some small animal was the robber. A weasel might have done it, as they sometimes climb trees, but neither a squirrel nor a rat could have passed the entrance.

Probably few persons have ever suspected the cat-bird of being an egg-sucker; I do not know that she has ever been accused of such a thing, but there is something uncanny and disagreeable about her, which I at once understood when I one day caught her in the very act of going through a nest of eggs.

A pair of the least fly-catchers, the bird which says *chebeque, chebeque*, and is a small edition of the pewee, one season built their nest where I had them for many hours each day under my observation. The nest was a very snug and compact structure placed in the forks of a small maple about twelve feet from the ground. The season before a red squirrel had harried the nest of a wood-thrush in this same tree, and I was apprehensive that he would serve the fly-catchers the same trick; so, as I sat with my book in a summer-house near by, I kept my loaded gun within easy reach. One egg was laid, and the next

morning, as I made my daily inspection of the nest, only a fragment of its empty shell was to be found. This I removed, mentally imprecating the rogue of a red squirrel. The birds were much disturbed by the event, but did not desert the nest as I had feared they would. After much inspection of it and many consultations together, they concluded, it seems, to try again. Two more eggs were laid, when one day I heard the birds utter a sharp cry, and on looking up I saw a cat-bird perched upon the rim of the nest, hastily devouring the eggs. Seizing my gun, her career as an egg-sucker ended then and there.

Then this pair of little fly-catchers did what I had never seen birds do before: they pulled the nest to pieces and rebuilt it in a peach-tree not many rods away, where a brood was successfully reared. The nest was here exposed to the direct rays of the noonday sun; and to shield her young when the heat was greatest, the mother bird would stand above them with wings slightly spread, as other birds have been known to do under like circumstances.

To what extent the cat-bird is a nest-robber I have no evidence, but that feline mew of hers, and that flirting, flexible tail, suggest something not entirely bird-like.

Probably the darkest tragedy of the nest is enacted when a snake plunders it. All birds and animals, so far as I have observed, behave in a peculiar manner toward a snake. They seem to feel something of the same loathing toward it that the human species experience. The bark of a dog when he encounters a snake is different from that which he gives out on any other occasion; it is a mingled note of alarm, inquiry, and disgust.

One day a tragedy was enacted a few yards from where I was sitting with a book; two song-sparrows were trying to defend their nest against a black snake. The curious, interrogating note of a chicken who had suddenly come upon the scene in his walk, first caused me to look up from my reading. There were the sparrows, with wings raised in a way peculiarly expressive of horror and dismay, rushing about a low clump of grass and bushes. Then, looking more closely, I saw the glistening form of the black snake, and the quick movement of his head as he tried to seize the birds. The sparrows darted about and through the grass and weeds, trying to beat the snake off. Their tails and wings were spread, and, panting with the heat and the desperate struggle, they presented a most singular spectacle. They uttered no cry, not a sound escaped them; they were plainly speechless with horror and dismay. Not once did they drop their wings, and the peculiar expression of those

uplifted palms, as it were, I shall never forget. It occurred to me that perhaps here was a case of attempted bird-charming on the part of the snake, so I looked on from behind the fence. The birds charged the snake and harassed him from every side, but were evidently under no spell save that of courage in defending their nest. Every moment or two I could see the head and neck of the serpent make a sweep at the birds, when the one struck at would fall back, and the other would renew the assault from the rear. There appeared to be little danger that the snake could strike and hold one of the birds, though I trembled for them, they were so bold and approached so near to the snake's head. Time and again he sprang at them, but without success. How the poor things panted, and held up their wings appealingly! Then the snake glided off to the near fence, barely escaping the stone which I hurled at him. I found the nest rifled and deranged; whether it had contained eggs or young I know not. The male sparrow had cheered me many a day with his song, and I blamed myself for not having rushed at once to the rescue when the arch enemy was upon him. There is probably little truth in the popular notion that snakes charm birds. The black snake is the most subtle, alert, and devilish of our snakes, and I have never seen him have any but young, helpless birds in his mouth.

We have one parasitical bird, the cow-bird, so called because it walks about amid the grazing cattle and seizes the insects which their heavy tread sets going, which is an enemy of most of the smaller birds. It drops its egg in the nest of the song-sparrow, the social sparrow, the snow-bird, the vireos, and the wood-warblers, and as a rule it is the only egg in the nest that issues successfully. Either the eggs of the rightful owner of the nest are not hatched, or else the young are overridden and overreached by the parasite and perish prematurely. The young of the cow-bird is disproportionately large and aggressive, one might say hoggish. When disturbed it will clasp the nest and scream and snap its beak threateningly. One hatched out in a song-sparrow's nest which was under my observation, and would soon have overridden and overborne the young sparrow which came out of the shell a few hours later, had I not interfered from time to time and lent the young sparrow a helping hand. Every day I would visit the nest and take him out from under the pot-bellied interloper and place him on top, so that presently he was able to hold his own against his enemy. Both birds became fledged and left the nest about the same time. Whether the race was an even one after that I know not.

When the cow-bird finds two or more eggs in a nest in which it wishes to deposit its own, it will remove one of them. I found a sparrow's nest with two sparrow's eggs and one cow-bird's egg, and another egg lying a foot or so below it on the ground. I replaced the ejected egg, and the next day found it again removed, and another cow-bird's egg in its place; I put it back the second time, when it was again ejected, or destroyed, for I failed to find it anywhere. Very alert and sensitive birds like the warblers often bury the strange egg beneath a second nest built on top of the old.

Among the worst enemies of our birds are the so-called "collectors," men who plunder nests and murder their owners in the name of science. In the majority of cases the motive is a mercenary one; the collector expects to sell these spoils of the groves and orchards. Robbing nests and killing birds becomes a business with him. He goes about it systematically, and becomes an expert in circumventing and slaying our songsters. Every town of any considerable size is infested with one or more of these bird-highwaymen, and every nest in the country round about that the wretches can lay hands on is harried. Their professional term for a nest of eggs is "a clutch," a word that well expresses the work of their grasping, murderous fingers. They clutch and destroy in the germ the life and music of the woodlands. The various natural history journals are mainly organs of communication between these human weasels. They record exploits at nest-robbing and bird-slaying in their columns. One collector tells with gusto how he "worked his way" through an orchard, ransacking every tree, and leaving, as he believed, not one nest behind him. He had better not be caught working his way through my orchard. Another gloats over the number of Connecticut warblers, a rare bird, he killed in one season in Massachusetts. Another tells how a mocking-bird appeared in southern New England and was hunted down by himself and friend, its eggs "clutched," and the bird killed. Who knows how much the bird-lovers of New England lost by that foul deed? The progeny of the birds would probably have returned to Connecticut to breed, and their progeny, or a part of them, the same, till in time the famous Southern songster would have become a regular visitant to New England. In the same journal still another collector describes minutely how he outwitted three humming-birds and captured their nests and eggs,—a clutch he was very proud of. A Massachusetts bird-harrier boasts of his clutch of the eggs of that dainty little warbler, the blue yellow-back. One season he took two



sets, the next five sets, the next four sets, besides some single eggs, and the next season four sets, and says he might have found more had he had more time. One season he took, in about twenty days, three sets from one tree.

Thus are our birds hunted and cut off, and all in the name of science; as if science had not long ago finished with these birds. She has weighed and measured and dissected and described them and their nests and eggs, and

placed them in her cabinet, and the interest of science and of humanity now is that this wholesale nest-robbing cease. I can pardon a man who wishes to make a collection for his own private use, though he will find it much less satisfactory and less valuable than he imagines, but he needs but one bird and one egg of a kind; but the professional nest-robbing and skin-collector should be put down, either by legislation or with dogs and shot-guns.

John Burroughs.

## FAITH-CURES.

### A STUDY IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

A FAITH-CURE is a cure wrought by God in answer to prayer, *without any other means*, such as medicine, surgery, change of climate, or indeed any external or internal remedies.

#### THE THEORY.

1. ALL sickness is the result of sin. Sin is the cause, sickness the effect. This sin may or may not be that of the individual afflicted. But the race of man being sinful, sickness has invaded the mortal body as a consequence. Hence sin and sickness go together, and the soul and body are indissolubly connected.

2. Christ's Atonement avails for sin and all its consequences. Since sickness is one of these consequences, the Atonement makes complete provision for its cure. In proof of this, reference is made to Isaiah liii. 4, where we read: "Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows." Here the word griefs is rendered "sickness," and this passage, taken in connection with Matt. viii. 17, they claim, establishes the point. Psalm ciii. 3, "Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases," they claim, is also a proof of the completeness of the Atonement as affecting bodily ills as well as spiritual malady.

3. Spiritual redemption provided by Christ is of no avail unless accepted by the individual needing it. So the ample provision for bodily healing made in the Atonement is of no avail unless appropriated by the individual in an act of faith. Further, as soul-health is sustained only by a continually repeated exercise of faith, so bodily health is to be retained in the same way.

4. Death is one of the effects of sin. Since the Atonement avails for sin and all its consequences, it also can release mortals from

the power of death. In this connection it is fair to say that, so far as we know, the English and American school of faith-healers do not claim this; but Pastor Stockmayer, of the German school, openly takes this position. When asked why all believers still die, he constructs an argument based on the "solidarity which exists between the members of the body of Christ," which prevents the individual believer from rising very much above the average experience and faith of the church. He claims that the average faith of the church of to-day is so low, that while here and there believers rise to the privilege of "faith-healing," they are not yet able to reach the climax of deliverance from death. When the church at large has risen to the height of "faith-healing," then we may expect the vanguard to reach deathless life.

5. In consequence of the above theory of the completeness of Christ's Atonement, as availing for bodily ailments, true faith will refuse to use any other than the divinely appointed way of healing. All remedies, external or internal, are "works," and are not germane to faith. An unwavering faith will discard them all. Here, again, it is fair to say that Doctor Cullis of Boston (himself an M. D.) considers the use of medicinal and surgical means allowable, where the patient has not the requisite faith. The Rev. Mr. Simpson of New York, however, and most of the leaders of the American school, hold that the use of any means other than that of anointing and prayer is sinful, because tainted with unbelief.

#### THE FALLACY.

1. WE admit that sickness is the result of sin, and death its consummate flower; we also admit that the Atonement of Christ avails for sin and all its consequences.



2. But we do not admit that Christ's Atonement avails for all the consequences of sin in this world. Here lies the fallacy of the school of "faith-healers." Not until after the resurrection can the full redemption of man's body be attained. This is positively taught in the Word. Nor do we find in the Scriptures any evidence that sickness, as one of the consequences of sin, is to be completely conquered this side of the grave.

3. If Christ's Atonement, as claimed, avails for all the consequences of sin in this world, then all evils, such as extreme poverty, accidents, etc., should be overcome, since they, too, are consequences of sin. Yet no "faith-healer" will dare march down the line of his premises to this conclusion.

4. Vaccination prevents small-pox. If remedies are wrong, then they and the temptation to use them come from Satan. Therefore, in this case, we have Satan prompting men to use his evil remedies to overcome the consequences of sin. But if Satan thus cast out Satan, how shall his kingdom stand? But, on the other hand, if vaccination is not from Satan, then it is from God. But if from God, it is wrong not to avail ourselves of a God-given remedy. The same is true of every tested remedy for any bodily ailment. The same, also, is true of any surgical appliances, and even of any changes of climate undertaken for the sake of health. There is no way out of this "small-pox argument," excepting to deny that vaccination prevents small-pox.

5. The analogy (chapter 1, section 3) between spiritual health and bodily soundness is vain and deceitful; for faith is absolutely essential for spiritual healing, but it is not absolutely essential for bodily restoration, as witness thousands of cures of unbelievers. The analogy does not hold.

6. The "solidarity of a corrupt church," in the days of Ahab or of Paul, never prevented Elijah or Paul from the exercise of miraculous power. The church of to-day, taken as a whole, is far purer than that of Ahab's or Paul's day. Therefore, by Pastor Stockmayer's argument, she should work greater works than Elijah or the apostle. But she does not and can not.

#### BIBLE CURES.

1. WHETHER in the Old or New Testament, they had two uniform characteristics: they were instantaneous and complete. Only one instance can be given where this seems not to have been the case. It is found in Mark viii. 22-26. The first touch of Jesus's hand seems to have restored the sight of the patient only partially, so that he saw "men as

trees walking." The second touch completed the healing. But to all intents and purposes the cure was immediate, and all agree that it was complete. The claims of faith-healers that the cure of the ruler's son was gradual, is not good. The case is given in John iv. 46-54. Here the father's question as to "when he *began* to amend" is claimed as proving that the convalescence was gradual. The answer is simply, "At the seventh hour the fever left him." Now the only other instance where the phrase "the fever left" is used is in Matthew viii. 15. In this case, as soon as the fever left her Peter's mother-in-law arose and began household duties, without any long period of convalescence. The presumption, therefore, in the case of the Ruler's son, is that the healing power of the Master worked in the same way, viz., instantly and completely.

Should any quote the case of the Shunammite's son (2 Kings iv. 33-35) as one of gradual cure, we answer, that even this was practically instantaneous, for the cure was wrought within *minutes*, and not within hours, or even days and weeks, as is so often the case in modern "faith-cures."

2. There are at least two cases of the use of means in the Word: in the Old Testament, that of Hezekiah (see 2 Kings xx. 1, and Isaiah xxxviii. 21-22); in the New Testament, that of Timothy, 1 Timothy v. 23.

3. Paul's estimate of the value of "gifts of healing" was not very exalted. He ranks them as far below "love," as is apparent from his whole discussion of the subject in 1 Corinthians xii and xiii. The Church in Corinth was quarreling about these "gifts," and was forgetting the "graces" of character which are the best fruits of the Spirit. This conduct he rebukes. This wrong relative estimate of the spiritual and the temporal appeared in the seventy when "they returned again with joy, saying, Lord, even the devils are subject unto us." This excessive joy the Master rebuked, saying, "In this rejoice not that the spirits are subject unto you; but rather rejoice because your names are written in heaven." See Luke x. 17-20. In all their epistles, neither Paul, nor Peter, nor James, nor John once refers to his gifts of healing, excepting in two instances, viz., in Romans xv. 19, and 2 Corinthians xii. 12, in both of which instances Paul merely alludes to his exercise of miraculous power as a proof of his apostleship. This is in marked contrast with the literature of modern faith-healers, who with pen and tongue have never done with this one theme. Christ and the apostles evidently thought *relatively* little of these temporal "gifts" as compared with spiritual "graces."

4. The gifts of healing in apostolic times

were, by God's providence, confined to a few. See 1 Corinthians xii. 9, 28, 30. But modern faith-healers claim this gift as the prerogative of any believer with sufficient faith, and they claim, furthermore, that every believer *should have this faith*.

#### THE PRACTICE.

1. GREAT claims are put forth at conventions and meetings, and in published works, of numerous and marvelous "cures" wrought by anointing and prayer, without the use of any other means. But, first, let it be well noted, hundreds are not healed at all, who yet want to be healed and who believe they can be. At Mannedorf in Switzerland, where Dorothea Trudel had her faith-cure home, Dr. Cullis says he saw one hundred and fifty patients *waiting to be healed*. The doctor himself says that he receives "hundreds of letters" asking for his prayers. In all the homes, such as that at Mannedorf, in Bethshan in London, Berachah in New York, and Dr. Cullis's various homes in Boston, many are not healed at all. But of these cases the faith-healers give no detailed account, nor do they even indicate the proportion of healed and not healed. Is this honest?

2. Of those reported as "cured" many are not at all "cured." In two volumes entitled "Faith-cures," there are one hundred and fifty cures reported. Of these we find seventy-one, or nearly one-half, are not "cured," but at the best only "benefited," yet they are reported under the head of "Faith-cures." Any ordinary hospital acting thus would be rightly reprimanded as "fraudulent" in its reports. Again, of the one hundred and fifty cases, we find twenty-seven so unclear in their statements that we can make nothing of them. This leaves fifty-two cases which, according to the testimony of the patients themselves, are really cured. The cases reported cover a period of ten years. To be honest in this matter, we claim that all faith-healers should report as do our hospitals, as follows: Patients treated, —. Died, —. Discharged healed, —. Discharged benefited, —. Not benefited, —. Then, and then only, can men judge of the true results of faith-healing.

3d. The enormous majority of the apparently "cured" are very slow in their convalescence, taking weeks, months, and even years to recover. This is far from the scriptural way, which, as we have seen, was practically sudden and complete.

4. But even in the fifty-two cases above mentioned, we are left in doubt as to the reality of the cure, by the singular use of language

which faith-cure folk permit themselves to employ. They are taught by their leaders to claim that they are healed as soon as they have been anointed and prayed over, and that in spite of any subsequent symptoms that may remain. The following quotation from directions to patients, given by a clergyman, is but a sample of all their teaching: "When anointed, BELIEVE THAT YOU DO NOW RECEIVE, *i. e.*, say, I am healed *now*; do not say, I *expect* to be healed. Believe against contrary physical evidence. After having CLAIMED THE PROMISE, be not surprised at the continuance of symptoms and physical pains. You may expect sudden and powerful returns of your sickness after anointings and prayers. But carefully note that they are ONLY TESTS OF YOUR FAITH. You ought not to recognize any disease, believing that God has rebuked it." Such unwonted use of language staggers ordinary mortals, and makes them wary in receiving testimony from those who allow themselves such liberties. The writer addressed a letter to Captain C., who claims to have been "cured" by prayer, asking him, "Are you now perfectly well?" Answer: "Praise the Lord; I am entirely well." Question: "Do your bodily senses bear witness with your faith that you are healed; or do you have to believe in spite of the evidence of your senses?" Answer: "Both; *i. e.*, my bodily senses assure me that for six years I have done everything reasonable for a well man, and have suffered no serious (or any) injury whatever; while I have always to rely on the promises and am tempted by the devil at every possible point. *E. g.*, if I attempt any unusual exertion, Satan says, You will hurt your heart, and *sometimes succeeds in causing a few symptoms*; but I look to Jesus only, and am perfectly delivered." (The italics are ours.) To understand the "true inwardness" of this reply, we must remember that faith-healers make a distinction between disease and "symptoms" so marked that they claim to be healed of disease even while the "symptoms" continue. This being the case, Captain C. can in one sentence affirm that he is "entirely well," while in the next he admits having "a few symptoms." How many, then, of the fifty-two cases out of the one hundred and fifty are of this nature, it is impossible to say without a detailed examination of each case and an inquisitorial form of questioning. Another of the cases widely advertised is that of a lady whose story may be found in Miss Carrie Judd's book entitled "The Prayer of Faith." The second question asked Captain C. was also put to her, with the following answer: "I have walked by faith for eight years, regardless of the senses."

(The italics are hers.) Yet another person said to the writer, "I am healed by faith." When asked if the bodily senses bore witness to the healing, the reply was: "I am healed by faith, but not by my senses." When asked why language was so strangely used, the reply came: "I do not exactly like this way of speaking myself, but the leaders tell us we must say so." Now imagine any hospital physician giving such instructions to his patients, and then advertising them as "cured."

In further elucidation of the singular mental attitude of some of these faith-cure folk, the following is given as a fair specimen of many cases of "cure":

"I have been troubled with headache since I was six years of age. My head would ache violently for three or four hours, then I would become sick at my stomach, and throw off everything I had eaten. I had tried every remedy I knew of, until I was discouraged, and concluded that, perhaps, this was my 'thorn in the flesh,' and that it was not God's will that I should be cured of it. Yet I could not rest in that thought; and I want to say, just here, that I believe this is one of the devil's best arguments to keep souls from finding out God's power and love to us poor mortals. But on the 21st of January, Satan had God's own voice to set at naught, and he was, bless the Lord, unable to do it.

"In my attacks of headache I was totally unfitted for duties of any kind, and the day following I would be so weakened that I was almost useless. Well, this day I speak of, I felt my old complaint coming on, and I had a good many other ills pressing me besides. Then God spoke to me by his Word, saying, 'Cast your care on me; I care for you.' I did so. I cast everything, unbelief, doubt, headache, 'perhaps it is not God's will,' and all, all, on the Lord. In less time than it takes me to write it my headache was gone.

"But the fight was not over yet. The next day I caught a severe cold, which, with me, is always followed by a raging headache. I awoke the next morning with a very severe one. I asked the Lord what that meant. I had my message the night before; it was this: 'The Lord shall be seen over them.' Zech. ix. 14." [In this connection we may say that many of these faith-healers get their "message" by simply opening the Bible at random, and taking the first verse on which the eye rests. As in this case, they often strike passages which have no more application to them than the command to Peter to go and catch a fish has.] "The Spirit showed me that the Lord would be seen over that headache; so I prayed God to cure me of it. After I had

prayed, this came to me: 'Do you believe it will be done?' I said, 'Yes.' Then the suggestion came, 'If you believe the Lord will do it, you will go about your work just as though it was done.' It had not stopped, but I got up and went to my work, my head aching violently all the time. Satan was as busy as a bee, asking why my head did not stop aching: I had asked and believed, and yet it had not stopped! But God's Word rose above him, '*The Lord shall be seen over them.*' So I fought the devil with these words until near noon, when my faith began to stagger. The devil very cunningly suggested that God would not do it for me, and I began to think so; when these words came with powerful weight: '*It is impossible for God to lie.*' I did not remember at the time to have seen these words anywhere, but I felt sure they were God's words, because the devil fled in an instant. I went home and ate dinner, a thing I never before attempted to do when in such a condition, because I could not keep food on my stomach. But I sat down by faith! and ate, and God rewarded me. But I had a hard fight all the afternoon, and when I came home to supper I felt as though I could not eat a mouthful, I was so sick; yet I believed God would cure me, and I sat down and ate, and then went out to my duties as usual. Finally, when I was all alone, and my faith nearly gone, and when I felt I could hold out no longer, these words came with strength to my soul: '*Thy word is settled in heaven.*' I thought, 'But not on earth,' when a rebuke, kind and gentle, but oh how powerful, came to me: 'If we believe not, yet *he abideth faithful.*' It was enough. It settled me. I stopped doubting and trusted; yes, rested in the belief that God would cure me. It did not make any difference if it was not done till next year; anyway, I would believe, and God would give me the victory. And in a twinkling of an eye the pain left me, and I am cured, bless the Lord. I have not had a headache since (*i. e.*, from Jan. 23-Feb. 18, 1880), but only little trials" [does he mean "symptoms"?], "which have left me as soon as my soul returned to its rest. I am growing stronger every day. Your brother in the Lord, W. M. H."

This sad case of self-deception is given in full (and it does not stand alone, by any means) chiefly because a physician in regular standing, who ought to know better, publishes it as a "faith-cure," thereby indorsing it. Imagine any such narrative of apostolic healing, and realize how utterly incongruous and pitiful it would appear alongside of such stories as the restoration of Æneas, of Dorcas, or of the ten lepers!

## QUESTIONS IN CONCLUSION.

1. ARE not the leaders of this movement guilty either of gross ignorance or of dishonesty when they thus instruct their followers?

2. Do they not pervert the Word of God, and draw deceitful analogies between spiritual healing and bodily cure?

3. Are not the leaders of this movement

also dishonest or grossly careless when they fail to publish lists of the unhealed, of the relapsed, and of the dead?

4. Are not the leaders of this movement inconsistent in not daring (with the exception of Pastor Stockmayer) to face the full logical consequence of their fundamental postulate that the Atonement of Christ avails in this world for sin and its consequences?

*A. F. Schaffler.*

## THE HAUNTED HEART.

AT the parting-hour we stood  
In the doorway dim, the night  
Underneath a cloudy hood  
Hid her jeweled brow from sight.  
Like a guest who cometh late,  
Wind of Winter as it passed,  
Rudely shook the garden-gate,  
Angry that the latch was fast—  
For the year was dark and cold,  
And the frost was on the wold.

Then my lover, straight and tall,  
Graceful as the gods of Greece,  
Breathed in murmurs musical  
Of a land beyond the seas.  
Pleading softly: "Come away,  
With me, far across the foam,  
To the shores of some bright bay  
Where the summer makes her home,  
Where the year is never cold,  
Nor the white frost on the wold.

"Let your blue eyes on my hours,  
Stars of beauty, ever shine.  
O'er the seas to lands of flowers  
Sail with me, and so be mine."  
Half a sob, and half a sigh,  
Was my answering "No!" Ah me!  
Duty then not love chose I,  
Though I knew my life would be  
Like the year, both dark and cold,—  
Frost forever on the wold.

Round me close his arms had been,  
When he heard my faltered "No!"  
Coldly, sadly, did he then  
Loose his hold, and let me go—  
Lifted to his lips my hand  
In a passion of regret;  
Leaned a little forward and  
Kissed my cheek—with tears 'twas wet—  
Then was gone into the cold,  
And the frost, across the wold.



Snow of Winter! some may tell  
What a merry guest thou art;  
But to me each flake that fell,  
Fell and froze upon my heart.  
Wind of Winter! when thy wail  
Rose at midnight, from my sleep  
I have wakened, but to quail  
At my loneliness and weep,  
While the house was dark and cold,  
And the snow lay on the wold.

When the days were short and drear,  
And the nights long, and a mouse  
In the wall would make you fear,—  
Came a Presence in the house;  
Semblance of my love it wore,  
Eyes, and hair, and manner too,  
Just the same as weeks before,  
When he sighed that long adieu,—  
Ere he passed into the cold,  
And the frost, across the wold.

First one night when raged a storm,  
And I started from a dream  
Of him, I beheld his form  
In the firelight's ruddy gleam—  
Arms outstretched in pleading way,  
Eyes that with entreaty shone,—  
Since that time by night or day,  
I am nevermore alone,  
Though the year be hot or cold,—  
Frost or flower upon the wold.

If I read, at noon or night,  
He is just behind my chair;  
If I walk in broad daylight  
Through the rooms, I see him there;  
When I talk with others now,  
I can feel his finger-tips  
On my arm, or on my brow  
Soft the touch of shadowy lips.  
But the lips and hands are cold,—  
As the frost upon the wold.

I am haunted, and will be  
Till Death's slumber, deep and long,  
Seals for all Eternity  
Eyes to sight and lips to song.  
'Mong the lilies on my breast,  
Will the ghost be laid, forgot,  
When I lie in dreamless rest—  
When to me it matters not  
If the year be dark and cold,  
And the frost upon the wold.

*Minna Irving.*

## THE MONITORS.\*

THE introduction of General Paixhans's brilliant invention, the shell-gun, in 1824, followed, in 1858, by the successful application of armor-plating to the steam-frigate *La Gloire*, under Napoleon III., compelled an immediate change in naval construction which startled the maritime countries of Europe, especially England, whose boasted security behind her "wooden walls" was shown to be a complete delusion. The English naval architects, however, did not overlook the fact that their French rivals, while producing a gun which rendered wooden navies almost useless, had also by their armor-plating provided an efficient protection against the destructive Paixhans shell.

Accordingly, the Admiralty without loss of time laid the keel of the *Warrior*, an armored iron steam-frigate 380 feet long, 58 feet beam, 26 feet draught, and 9200 tons displacement. The work being pushed with extraordinary vigor, this iron-clad ship was speedily launched and equipped, the admiration of the naval world.

Shortly after the adoption of armor-plating as an essential feature in the construction of vessels of war, the Southern States seceded from the Union, some of the most efficient of the United States naval officers resigning their commissions. Their loss was severely felt by the Navy Department at Washington; nor was it long before the presence of great professional skill among the officers of the naval administration of the Confederate States became manifest. Indeed, the utility of the armor-plating adopted by France and England proved to be better understood at Richmond than at Washington. While the Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Welles, and his advisers were discussing the question of armor, news reached Washington that the partly burnt and scuttled steam-frigate *Merrimac*, at the Norfolk Navy Yard, had been raised and cut down to her berth-deck, and that a very substantial structure of timber, resembling a citadel with inclined sides, was being erected on that deck.

The Navy Department at Washington had previously advertised for plans and offers for iron-clad steam-batteries to be built within a stipulated time. My attention having been thus called to a subject which I had thoroughly considered during a series of years, I was fully prepared to present plans of an impregnable steam-battery of light draught, suitable to navigate the shallow rivers and harbors of the Confederate States. Availing myself of the services

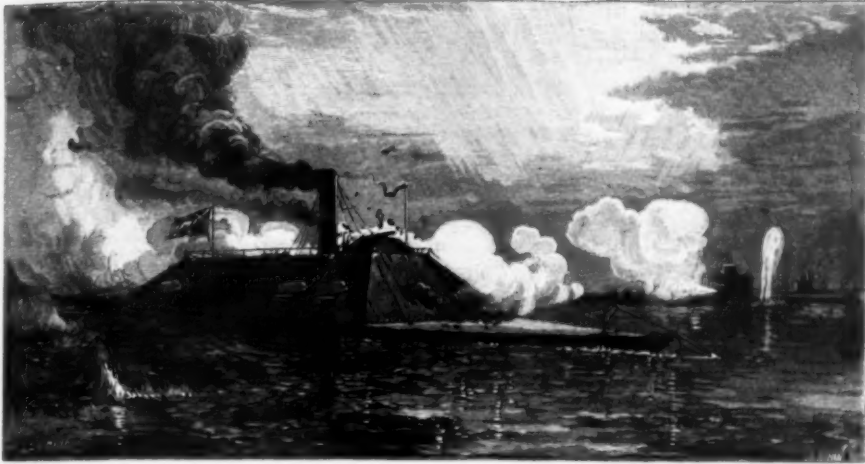
of a friend who chanced to be in Washington at the time, proposals were at once submitted to a board of naval officers appointed by the President; but the plans presented by my friend being rejected by the board, I immediately set out for Washington and laid the matter personally before its members, all of whom proved to be well-informed and experienced naval experts. Contrary to anticipation, the board permitted me to present a theoretical demonstration concerning the stability of the new structure, doubt of which was the principal consideration which had caused the rejection of the plan presented. In less than an hour I succeeded in demonstrating to the entire satisfaction of the board appointed by President Lincoln that the design was thoroughly practical, and based on sound theory. The Secretary of the Navy accordingly accepted my proposal to build an iron-clad steam-battery, and instructed me verbally to commence the construction forthwith. Returning immediately to New York, I divided the work among three leading mechanical establishments, furnishing each with detailed drawings of every part of the structure; the understanding being that the most skillful men and the best tools should be employed; also that work should be continued during night-time whenever practicable. The construction of nearly every part of the battery accordingly commenced simultaneously, all hands working with the utmost diligence, apparently confident that their exertions would result in something of great benefit to the national cause. Fortunately no trouble or delay was met at any point; all progressed satisfactorily; every part sent on board from the workshops fitted exactly the place for which it was intended. As a consequence of these favorable circumstances, the battery, with steam-machinery complete, was launched in one hundred days from the laying of the keel-plate. It should be mentioned that at the moment of starting on the inclined ways toward its destined element, the novel fighting-machine was named *Monitor*.

Before entering on a description of this fighting-machine I propose to answer the question frequently asked: What circumstances dictated its size and peculiar construction?

1. The work on the *Merrimac* had progressed so far that no structure of large dimensions could possibly be completed in time to meet her.

2. The well-matured plan of erecting a citadel of considerable dimensions on the am-

\* See also articles on the fight between the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac*, in THE CENTURY for March, 1885.—EDITOR.



THE MONITOR "WEEHAWKEN" CAPTURING THE CONFEDERATE IRON-CLAD RAM "ATLANTA,"  
WARSAW SOUND, GEORGIA, JUNE 17, 1863.

ple deck of the razed *Merrimac* admitted of a battery of heavy ordnance so formidable that no vessel of the ordinary type, of small dimensions, could withstand its fire.

3. The battery designed by the naval constructor of the Confederate States, in addition to the advantage of ample room and numerous guns, presented a formidable front to an opponent's fire by being inclined to such a degree that shot would be readily deflected. Again, the inclined sides, composed of heavy timbers well braced, were covered with two thicknesses of bar iron, ingeniously combined, well calculated to resist the spherical shot peculiar to the Dahlgren and Rodman system of naval ordnance adopted by the United States Navy.

4. The shallow waters on the coast of the Southern States called for very light draught; hence the upper circumference of the propeller of the battery would be exposed to the enemy's fire unless thoroughly protected against shot of heavy caliber. A difficulty was thus presented which apparently could not be met by any device which would not seriously impair the efficiency of the propeller.

5. The limited width of the navigable parts of the Southern rivers and inlets presented an obstacle rendering manœuvring impossible; hence it would not be practicable at all times to turn the battery so as to present a broadside to the points to be attacked.

6. The accurate knowledge possessed by the adversary of the distance between the forts on the river banks within range of his guns, would enable him to point the latter with such accuracy that unless every part of

the sides of the battery could be made absolutely shot-proof, destruction would be certain. It may be observed that the accurate knowledge of range was an advantage in favor of the Southern forts which placed the attacking steam-batteries at great disadvantage.

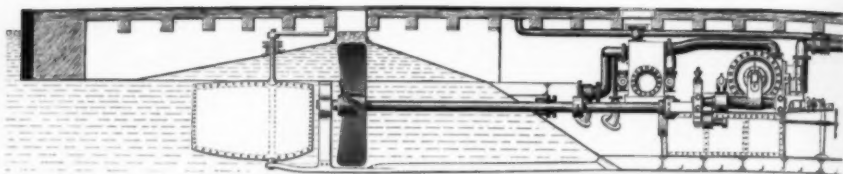
7. The difficulty of manipulating the anchor within range of powerful fixed batteries presented difficulties which called for better protection to the crew of the batteries than any previously known.

Several minor points familiar to the naval artillerist and naval architect presented considerations which could not be neglected by the constructor of the new battery; but these must be omitted in our brief statement, while the foregoing, being of vital importance, have demanded special notice.

The plans on pages 282-3 represent a longitudinal section through the center line of the battery, which, for want of space on the page, has been divided into three sections, viz., the forward, central, and aft sections, which for ready reference will be called *forward*, *central*, and *aft*.

Referring particularly to the upper and lower sections, it will be seen that the hull consists of an upper and lower body joined together in the horizontal plane not far below the water-line. The length of the upper part of the hull is 172 feet, beam 41 feet; the length of the lower hull being 122 feet, beam 34 feet. The depth from the underside of deck to the keel-plate is eleven feet two inches, draught of water at load-line ten feet.

Let us now examine separately the three sectional representations.



2. AFT SECTION. LONGITUDINAL PLAN THROUGH THE CENTER LINE OF THE ORIGINAL MONITOR.

*Forward Section.* The anchor-well, a cylindrical perforation of the overhanging deck, near the bow, first claims our attention. The object of this well being to protect the anchor when raised, it is lined with plate iron backed by heavy timbers, besides being protected by the armor-plating bolted to the outside of the overhang. It should be noticed that this method proved so efficient that in no instance did the anchor-gear receive any injury during the several engagements with the Confederate batteries, although nearly all of the monitors of the *Passaic* class were subjected to rapid fire at short range in upwards of twenty actions. It will be remembered that the unprotected anchor of the *Merrimac* was shot away during the short battle with the *Congress* and the *Cumberland*. Having described the method of protecting the anchors, the mechanism adopted for manipulating the same remains to be explained. Referring to the illustration, it will be seen that a windlass is secured under the deck-beams near the anchor-well. The men working the handles of this mechanism were stationed on the bottom of the vessel, and hence were most effectually protected against the enemy's shot, besides being completely out of sight. The Confederate artilleryists were at first much surprised at witnessing the novel spectacle of vessels approaching their batteries, then stopping and remaining stationary for an indefinite time while firing, and then again departing, apparently without any intervention of anchor-gear. Our examination of this gear and the anchor-well affords a favorable opportunity of explaining the cause of Lieutenant Greene's alarm, mentioned in a statement recently published by a military journal, concerning a mysterious sound emanating from the said well during the passage of the *Monitor* from New York to Fortress Monroe. Lieutenant Greene says that the sound from the anchor-well "resembled the death-groans of twenty men, and was the most dismal, awful sound [he] ever heard." Let us endeavor to trace to some physical cause this portentous sound. The reader will find, on close examination, that the chain cable which suspends the anchor passes through an aperture ("hawse-pipe") on the aft side of the well, and that this pipe is very near the water-

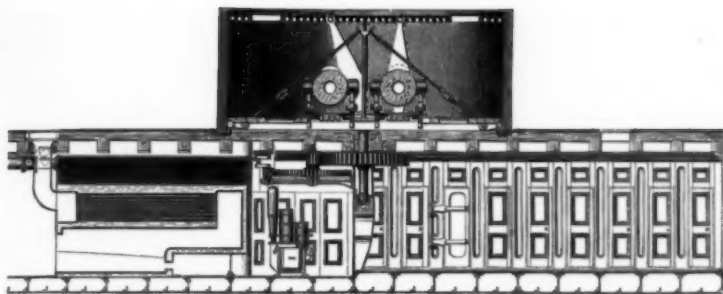
line; hence the slightest vertical depression of the bow will occasion a flow of water into the vessel. Obviously, any downward motion of the overhang will cause the air confined in the upper part of the well, when covered, to be blown through the hawse-pipe along with the admitted water, thereby producing a very discordant sound, repeated at every rise and fall of the bow during pitching. Lieutenant Greene also states that apart from the reported fearful sound, the battery was flooded by the water which entered through the hawse-pipe; a statement suggesting that this flooding was the result of faulty construction, whereas it resulted from gross oversight on the part of the executive officer,—namely, in going to sea without stopping the opening round the chain-cable at the point where it passes through the side of the anchor-well.

The pilot-house is the next important object represented in the forward section of the illustration now under consideration. This structure is situated ten feet from the anchor-well, its internal dimensions being three feet six inches long, two feet eight inches wide, three feet ten inches high above the plating of the deck, the sides consisting of solid blocks of wrought iron, twelve inches deep and nine inches thick, firmly held down at the corners by three-inch bolts passing through the iron-plated deck and deck-beams. The wheel, which by means of ordinary tiller-ropes operates the rudder, is placed within the pilot-house, its axle being supported by a bracket secured to the iron blocks as shown by the illustration. An ordinary ladder resting on the bottom of the battery leads to the grated floor of the pilot-house. In order to afford the commanding officer and the pilot a clear view of objects before and on the sides of the battery, the first and second iron blocks from the top are kept apart by packing pieces at the corners; long and narrow sight-holes being thereby formed extending round the pilot-house, and giving a clear view which sweeps round the entire horizon, all but that part which is hidden by the turret, hardly twelve degrees on each side of the line of keel. Regarding the adequacy of the elongated sight-hole formed between the iron blocks in the manner described, it should be borne in mind

that  
affor  
dista  
not  
insti  
deliv  
Unfo  
quen  
and  
such  
ant  
such

pletel  
show  
the si  
would  
during  
althou  
traord  
tenant  
enemy  
struck  
The  
dicio  
report  
explos  
the ou  
of "p  
should  
two in  
prie  
cumsta  
Greene  
constru

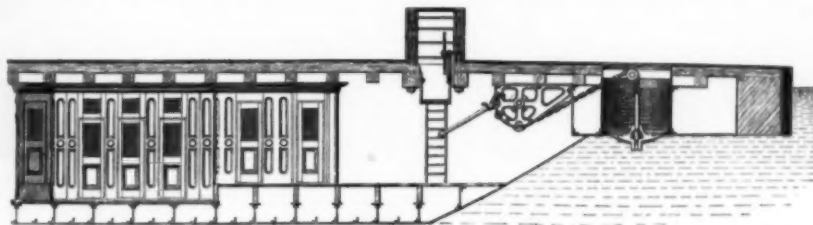




2. CENTRAL SECTION, SAME PLAN.

that an opening of five-eighths of an inch affords a vertical view eighty feet high at a distance of only two hundred yards. More is not needed, a fact established during trials instituted by experts before the constructor delivered the battery to the Government. Unfortunately the sight-holes were subsequently altered, the iron blocks being raised and the opening between them increased to such an extent that at sea, to quote Lieutenant Greene's report, the water entered "with such force as to knock the helmsman com-

pilot-house loose, so as to be readily pushed up from below, was that of affording egress to the crew in case of accident. Had the monitor *Tecumseh*, commanded by Captain T. A. T. Craven, when struck by a torpedo during the conflict in Mobile Bay, August 5, 1864, been provided with a similar loose plate over the main hatch, the fearful calamity of drowning officers and crew would have been prevented. In referring to this untoward event it should be observed that means had been provided in all the sea-going monitors to afford egress in



3. FORWARD SECTION, SAME PLAN.

pletely round from the wheel." It may be shown that but for the injudicious increase of the sight-holes, the commander of the *Monitor* would not have been temporarily blinded during the conflict at Hampton Roads, although he placed his vessel in such an extraordinary position that, according to Lieutenant Greene's report, "a shell from the enemy's gun, the muzzle not ten yards distant, struck the forward side of the pilot-house." The size of the sight-hole, after the injudicious increase, may be inferred from the reported fact that the blast caused by the explosion of the Confederate shell on striking the outside of the pilot-house had the power of "partly lifting the top." This "top," it should be observed, consisted of an iron plate two inches thick, let down into an appropriate groove, but not bolted down—a circumstance which called forth Lieutenant Greene's disapprobation. The object of the constructor in leaving the top plate of the

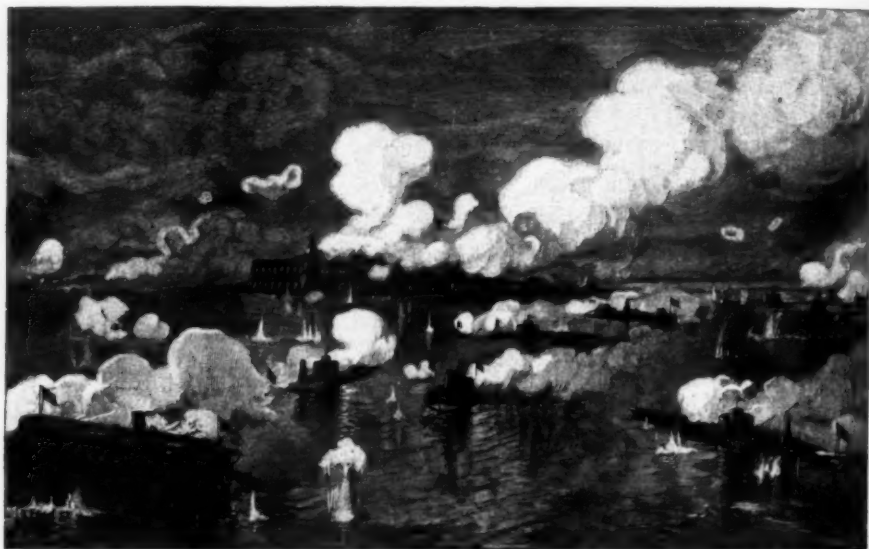
case of injury to the hull: an opening in the turret floor, when placed above a corresponding opening in the deck, formed a free passage to the turret, the top of which was provided with sliding hatches. Apparently the officer in charge of the turret-gear of Captain Craven's vessel was not at his post, as he ought to have been during action, or else he had not been taught the imperative duty of placing the turret in such a position that these openings would admit of a free passage from below.

Lieutenant Greene's report with reference to the position of the pilot-house calls for particular notice, his assertion being that he "could not fire ahead within several points of the bow." The distance between the center of the turret and the pilot-house being fifty-five feet, while the extreme breadth of the latter is only five feet, it will be found that by turning the turret through an angle of only *six degrees* from the center line of the vessel, the shot will clear the pilot-house, a structure too sub-

stantial to suffer from the mere aerial current produced by the flight of the shot. Considering that the *Monitor*, as reported by Lieutenant Greene, was a "quick-turning vessel," the disadvantage of not being able to fire over the bow within *six degrees* of the line of keel is insignificant. Captain Coles claimed for his famous iron-clad turret-ship the advantage of an all-round fire, although the axis of his

*Monitor* would not have been ready to proceed to Hampton Roads until the beginning of April, 1862. The damage to the national cause which might have resulted from that delay is beyond computation.

The next important part of the battery delineated on the forward section of the illustration, namely, the quarters of the officers and crew, will now be considered; but before



BOMBARDMENT OF FORT SUMTER AND ADJACENT FORTS, APRIL 7, 1863.

The monitors engaged were the *Weehawken*, *Pastate*, *Montauk*, *Catskill*, *Nahant*, *Pataasco*, and *Nantuxet*.

turret guns had many times greater deviation from the line of keel than that of the *Monitor*.

The statement published by Lieutenant Greene, that the chief engineer of the battery immediately after the engagement in Hampton Roads "suggested the clever plan of putting the pilot-house on top of the turret," is incorrect and calls for notice. The obvious device of placing the pilot-house in the center and above the turret was carefully considered before the *Monitor* turret was constructed, but could not be carried out for these reasons:

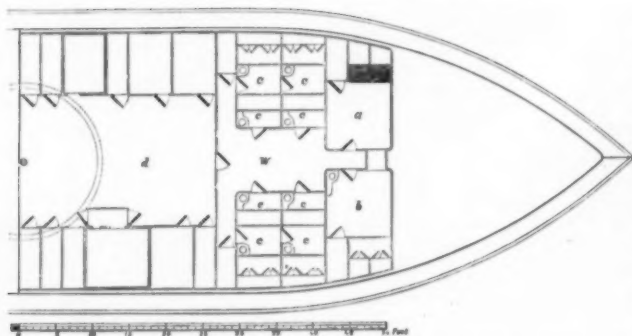
1. The turret of the battery was too light to support a structure large enough to accommodate the commanding officer, the pilot, and the steering-gear, under the severe condition of absolute impregnability against solid shot from guns of ten-inch caliber employed by the Confederates.

2. A central stationary pilot-house connected with the turret involved so much complication and additional work (see description of turret and pilot-houses further on), that had its adoption not been abandoned the

entering on a description it should be mentioned that in a small turret-vessel built for fighting, only one-half of the crew need be accommodated at a time, as the other half should be in and on the turret, the latter being always covered with a water-proof awning. Referring again to the forward and to part of the central section, it will be seen that the quarters extend from the transverse bulkhead under the turret to within five feet of the pilot-house, a distance of fifty feet; the forward portion, twenty-four feet in length, being occupied by the officers' quarters and extending across the battery from side to side. The height of the aft part of these quarters is eight feet six inches under the deck-beams; while the height of the whole of the quarters of the crew is eight feet six inches. A mere glance at the illustrations showing a side elevation [page 283] and top view of internal arrangement [page 286] gives a correct idea of the nature of the accommodations prepared for the officers and crew of the battery which Lieutenant Greene



CAPTURE OF FORT FISHER, JANUARY 15, 1864. (DRAWN BY J. O. HAYESON, FROM LITHOGRAPHS BY ENSCOTT & CO.)



PLAN OF THE BERTH-DECK OF THE ORIGINAL MONITOR, DRAWN TO SCALE.

*a*, captain's cabin; *b*, his state-room; *c*, state-rooms of the officers; *se*, ward-room; *d*, quarters of the crew, with store-rooms on the sides.

regards as a "crude" structure, and of which he says: "Probably no ship was ever devised which was so uncomfortable for the crew." If this opinion were well founded, it would prove that submerged vessels like the monitors are unfit to live in.

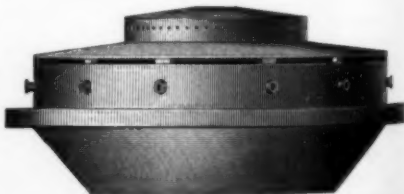
Fortunately, the important question whether crews can live permanently below water-line has been set at rest by the report of the chief of the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery to the Secretary of the Navy, 1864. This minute and carefully considered report enabled the naval administration, organized by President Lincoln, to prove the healthfulness of the monitors, by the following clear presentation of the subject: "The monitor class of vessels, it is well known, have but a few inches of their hulls above the water-line, and in a heavy sea are entirely submerged. It has been doubted whether under such circumstances it would be possible long to preserve the health of the men on board, and consequently maintain the fighting material in a condition for effective service. It is gratifying, therefore, to know that an examination of the sick-reports, covering a period of over thirty months, shows that, so far from being unhealthy, there was less sickness on board the monitors than on the same number of wooden ships with an equal number of men and in similar exposed positions. The exemption from sickness upon the iron-clads in some instances is remarkable. There were on board the *Saugus*, from November 25th, 1864, to April 1st, 1865, a period of over four months, but four cases of sickness (excluding accidental injuries), and of these two were diseases with which the patients had suffered for years. On the *Montauk*, for a period of one hundred and sixty-five days prior to the 29th of May, 1865, there was but one case of disease on board. Other vessels of the class exhibit equally remarkable results,

and the conclusion is reached that no wooden vessels in any squadron throughout the world can show an equal immunity from disease."

Apart from the ample size of the quarters on board the battery, shown by the illustration, it should be mentioned that the system adopted for ventilating those quarters furnishes an abundant supply of fresh air by the following means. Two centrifugal blowers, driven by separate steam-engines,

furnished seven thousand cubic feet of atmospheric air per minute by the process of suction through standing pipes on deck. Part of the air thus drawn in supported the combustion of the boiler furnaces, the remainder entering the lower part of the hull, gradually expelling the heated and vitiated air within the vessel. It has been imagined that the fresh air supplied by the blowers ought to have been conveyed to the quarters at the forward end of the vessel, by a system of conducting pipes. The laws of static balance, however, render the adoption of such a method unnecessary, since agreeably to those laws the fresh cold air, unless it be stopped by closed doors in the bulkheads, will find its way to every part of the bottom of the hull, gradually rising and expelling the upper heated strata through the hatches, and lastly through the grated top of the turret. Naval constructors who speculate on the cause of the extraordinary healthfulness of the monitors need not extend their researches beyond a thorough investigation of the system of ventilation just described.

**Turret Department.** The most important object delineated on the *central* section of the illustration, namely, the rotating turret, will now be considered; but before describing this essential part of the monitor system, it will be well to observe that the general belief is quite



SIDE ELEVATION OF A FLOATING REVOLVING CIRCULAR TOWER, PUBLISHED BY ABRAHAM BLOODGOOD IN 1867.

erron  
cover  
being  
to the  
years  
struct  
certai  
all sid  
guns  
the *M*  
revolv  
ships  
naval  
of rev  
purpo  
emplo  
strateg  
itors  
differi  
rectne  
batter  
floatin  
a cent  
referer  
The  
an acc  
batter  
of Sco  
movab  
pervio  
cannot  
aim at  
"the i  
service  
is adap



FLOATING CIRCULAR CITADEL, SUBMITTED TO THE FRENCH DIRECTORY IN 1798.

erroneous that a revolving platform, open or covered, is a novel design. So far from that being the case, this obvious device dates back to the first introduction of artillery. Sixty-four years ago the writer was taught by an instructor in fortification and gunnery that under certain conditions a position assailable from all sides should be defended by placing the guns on a turn-table. Long before building the *Monitor* I regarded the employment of a revolving structure to operate guns on board ships as a device familiar to all well-informed naval artillerists. But although constructors of revolving circular gun-platforms for naval purposes, open or covered, have a right to employ this ancient device, it will be demonstrated further on that the turret of the monitors is a distinct mechanical combination differing from previous inventions. The correctness of the assumption that revolving batteries for manipulating guns on board floating structures had been constructed nearly a century ago will be seen by the following reference to printed publications.

The "Nautical Chronicle" for 1805 contains an account of a "movable turning impregnable battery, invented by a Mr. Gillespie, a native of Scotland, who completed the model of a movable impregnable castle or battery, impervious to shot or bombs, provided with a cannon and carriage calculated to take a sure aim at any object." It is further stated that "the invention proposed will be found equally serviceable in floating batteries. Its machinery is adapted to turn the most ponderous mortars

with the greatest ease, according to the position of the enemy." Again, the Transactions of the Society for the Promotion of Useful Arts in the State of New York, 1807, contains an illustration representing a side elevation of a circular revolving floating battery constructed by Abraham Bloodgood (see cut on page 286). The guns of this battery, as the inventor points out, "would be more easily worked than is common, as they would not require any lateral movement." It is also stated, as a peculiar feature of this floating battery, that "its rotary motion would bring all its cannon to bear successively, as fast as they could be loaded, on objects in any direction"; and that "its circular form would cause every shot that might strike it, not near the center, to glance." Thirty-five years after the publication of the illustration and description of the circular floating revolving tower of Abraham Bloodgood, Theodore R. Timby proposed to build a tower on land for coast defense, to be composed of iron, with several floors and tiers of guns, the tower to turn on a series of friction-rollers under its base. The principal feature of Timby's "invention" was that of arranging the guns radially within the tower, and firing each gun at the instant of its coming in line with the object aimed at during the rotary motion of the tower, precisely as invented by Bloodgood. About twenty years ago certain influential citizens presented drawings of Timby's revolving tower to the authorities at Washington, with a view of obtaining orders to build such towers for coast defense; but



the plan was found to be not only very expensive, but radically defective in principle. The slides of the gun-carriages being fixed permanently in a radial direction within the tower, the guns, of course, are directed to all

Unfortunately, before the battery left New York for Hampton Roads, it was suggested at the Navy Yard to insert a plaited hemp rope between the base of the turret and the bronze ring, for the purpose of making the



BATTLE OF MOBILE BAY, AUGUST 5, 1864. THE MONITORS CAPTURING THE IRON-CLAD RAM "TENNESSEE."

points of the compass. Hence, during an attack by a hostile fleet, with many ships abreast, only one assailant can be fired at, its companions being scot-free in the dead angle formed between the effective gun and the guns on either side. In the mean time the numerous guns, distributed round the tower on the several floors, cannot be fired until their time comes during the revolution of the tower. The enemy's fleet continuing its advance, of course, calls for a change of elevation of the pieces, which, considering the constant revolution of the tower and the different altitudes above the sea of the several tiers, presents perplexing difficulties. Nothing further need be said to explain why the Government did not accept the plans for Timby's revolving towers.

The origin of rotating circular gun-platforms being disposed of, the consideration of the central section of the illustration will now be resumed. It will be seen that the turret which protects the guns and gunners of the *Monitor* consists simply of a short cylinder resting on the deck, covered with a grated iron roof provided with sliding hatches. This cylinder is composed of eight thicknesses of wrought-iron plates, each one inch thick, firmly riveted together, the inside course, which extends below the rest, being accurately faced underneath. A flat, broad ring of bronze is let into the deck, its upper face being very smooth in order to form a water-tight joint with the base of the turret without the employment of any elastic packing, a peculiar feature of the turrets of the monitors, as will be seen further on.

joint perfectly water-tight. As might have been supposed, the rough and uneven hemp rope did not form a perfect joint; hence during the passage a great leak was observed at intervals as the sea washed over the decks. "The water came down under the turret like a waterfall," says Lieutenant Greene in his report. It will be proper to observe in this place that the "foundering" of the *Monitor* on its way to Charleston was not caused by the "separation of the upper and lower part of the hull," as was imagined by persons who possessed no knowledge of the method adopted by the builders in joining the upper and lower hulls. Again, those who asserted that the plates had been torn asunder at the junction of the hulls did not consider that severe strain cannot take place in a structure nearly submerged. The easy motion at sea, peculiar to the monitors, was pointed out by several of their commanders. Lieutenant Greene in his report to the Secretary of the Navy, dated on board the *Monitor*, March 27, 1862, says with reference to sea-going qualities:

"During her passage from New York her roll was very easy and slow and not at all deep. She pitched very little and with no strain whatever."

Captain John Rodgers's report to the Secretary of the Navy, dated on board the monitor *Weehawken*, January 22, 1863, refers specially to the easy motion of his vessel:

"On Tuesday night, when off Chincoteague shoals, we had a very heavy gale from the E. N. E. with a very heavy sea, made confused and dangerous by the

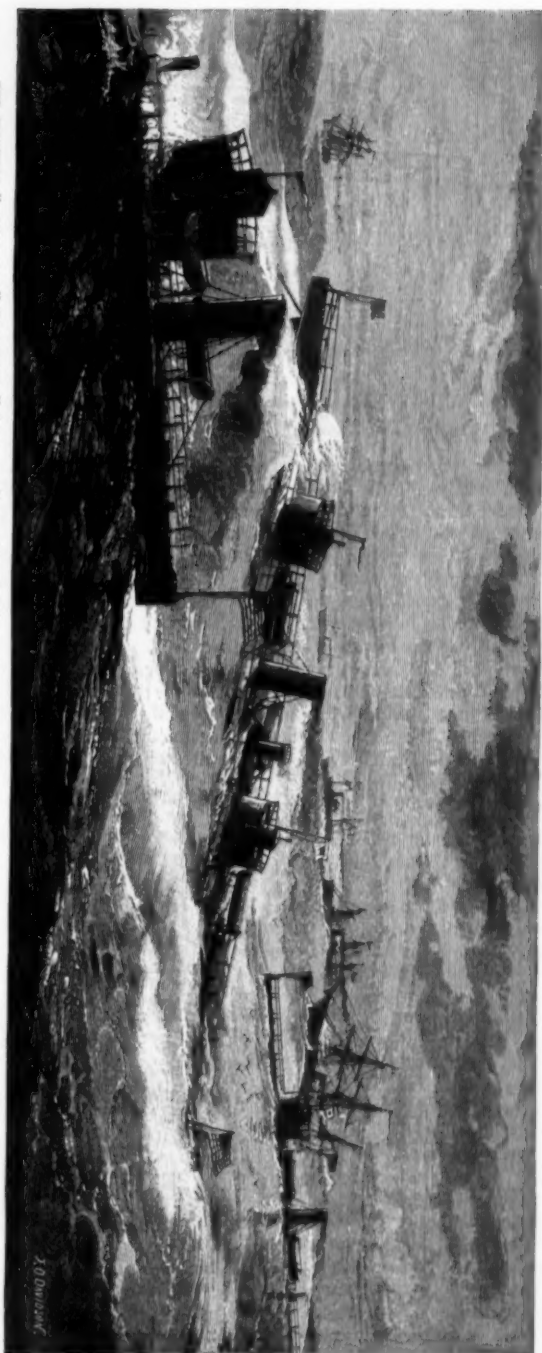
pro  
w  
ab  
thre  
cert  
the  
th  
up  
the  
rose  
I co  
form  
ties.  
no h

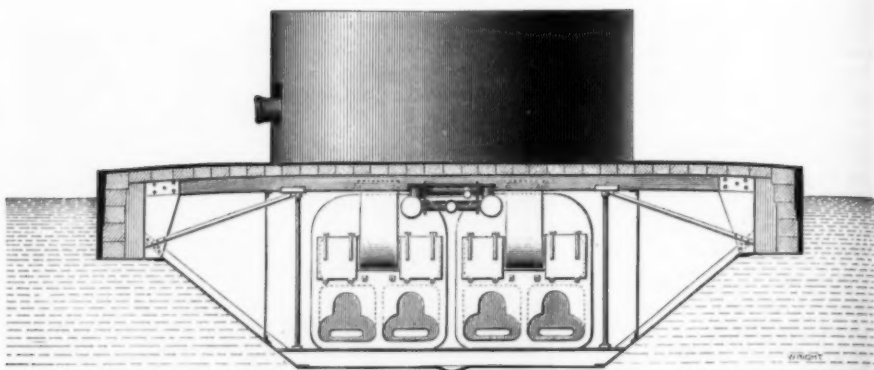
T  
foun  
was  
the  
the  
gine  
pers  
cent  
gine  
time.  
stater  
pack  
the  
sea,  
of a  
this  
gethe  
wash  
those  
been  
by pe  
quant  
under  
three  
that  
ing-en  
cient  
Thehu  
gradua  
at the  
four h  
to the  
asked,  
ceding  
constru  
tor tur  
the sm  
ret form  
with th  
why w  
under  
going to  
comman  
Captain  
report a  
adverts  
of water  
but does  
the ser  
Vol.

proximity of the land. The waves I measured after the sea abated; I found them twenty-three feet high. They were certainly seven feet higher in the midst of the storm. During the heaviest of the gale I stood upon the turret and admired the behavior of the vessel. She rose and fell to the waves, and I concluded that the monitor form had great sea-going qualities. If leaks were prevented no hurricane could injure her."

The true cause of the foundering of the *Monitor* was minutely explained to the writer some time after the occurrence by the engineer, a very intelligent person, who operated the centrifugal pumping-engine of the battery at the time. According to his statement, oakum was packed under the base of the turret before going to sea, in order to make sure of a water-tight joint; but this expedient failed altogether, the sea gradually washing out the oakum in those places where it had been loosely packed, thereby permitting so large a quantity of water to enter under the turret, fully sixty-three feet in circumference, that the centrifugal pumping-engine had not sufficient power to expel it. The hull consequently filled gradually and settled, until at the expiration of about four hours the battery went to the bottom. It will be asked, in view of the preceding explanation of the construction of the monitor turrets, namely, that the smooth base of the turret forms a water-tight joint with the ring on the deck, why was oakum packed under the turret before going to Charleston? The commander of the battery, Captain Bankhead, in his report of the foundering, adverts to the admission of water under the turret, but does not duly consider the serious character of

THE MONITORS "MONADNOCK," "CANONICAL," "HARPOUR," AND "SARGIS" AT ANCHOR NEAR FORT FISHER DURING A GALE. (AFTER LITHOGRAPH BY ENHOTT & CO.)





TRANSVERSE SECTION OF THE HULL OF THE ORIGINAL MONITOR.

The diagram gives a front view of the boilers and furnaces; also a side elevation of the rotating cylindrical turret which proved impregnable against ten-inch solid shot fired with battering charges at very short range.

the leak, sixty-three feet in length. Captain Bankhead evidently had not carefully investigated the matter when he attributed the accident to an imaginary separation of the upper and lower hull. It should be observed, in justice to this officer, that having commanded the *Monitor* only during a brief period he possessed but an imperfect knowledge of his vessel, and probably knew nothing regarding the consequence of employing packing,—namely, that it might cause “water to come down under the turret like a waterfall,” as previously reported by the second officer in command. Having explained that Captain Bankhead had

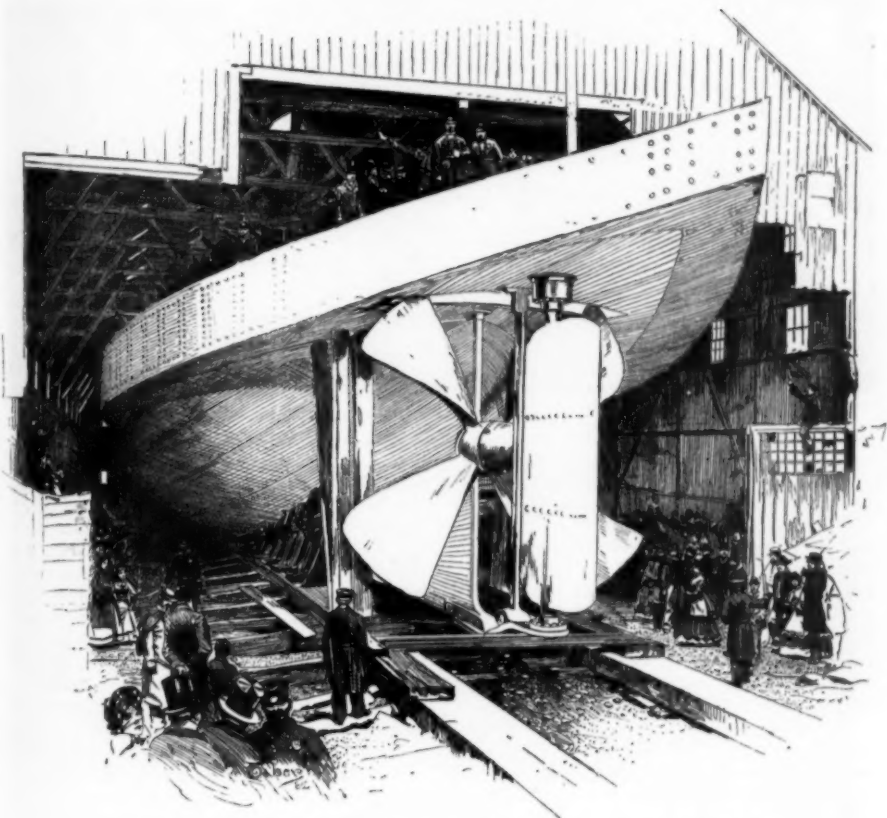
not commanded the battery long enough to become fully acquainted with its construction, it will be proper to mention as a mitigating circumstance in favor of the second officer, Lieutenant Greene, that previous to the battle in Hampton Roads he had “never performed any but midshipman duty.” The important question, therefore, must remain unanswered, whether the *Monitor*, like the other vessels of her type, might not in the hands of an older and more experienced executive officer have reached Charleston in safety.

Referring again to the central part of the



ON DECK.

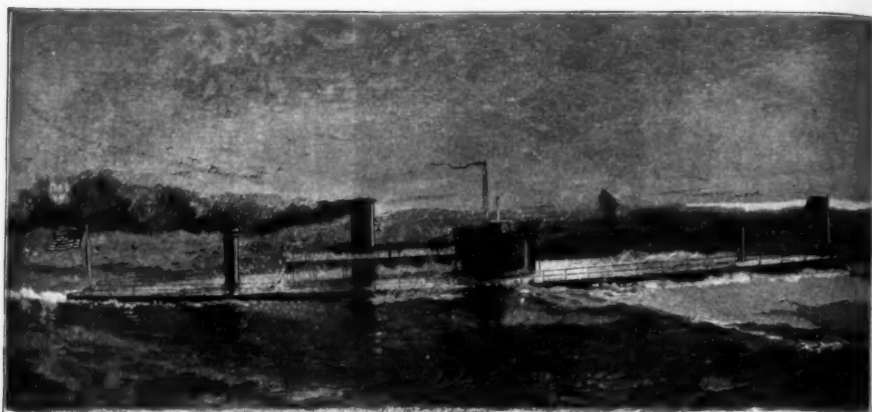
illustr  
sentat  
the g  
quent  
part o  
of th  
under  
turret  
erally  
and  
from  
ing th  
the p  
ing th  
forme  
a sing  
port-s  
Green  
slow  
compl  
sioned  
port-s



LAUNCH OF THE "DICTATOR" FROM THE DELAMATER IRON WORKS, DECEMBER 27, 1863.

illustration, page 283, and the sectional representation of the turret, it will be found that the guns are placed across the vessel, consequently only the end of the breech and upper part of the port-hole are seen. The object of the pendulum port-stoppers suspended under the roof is to afford protection to the turret crew while loading the guns. Generally, however, the turret should be moved, and the port-holes thereby turned away from the enemy. Much time was lost during the conflict with the *Merrimac* by closing the port-stoppers in place of merely moving the turret, the latter operation being performed by a small steam-engine controlled by a single hand; while opening and closing the port-stoppers, as reported by Lieutenant Greene, required the entire gun-crew. The slow fire of the *Monitor* during the action, complained of by critics, was no doubt occasioned by an injudicious manipulation of the port-stoppers. There are occasions, however,

when the turret should not be turned, in which case the port-stoppers are indispensable. The method adopted for turning the turret will be readily understood. The small steam-engine, controlled by one man, before referred to, drives a double train of cog-wheels connected with the vertical axle of the turret, this axle being stepped in a bronze bearing secured to the central bulkhead of the battery. The mechanism thus described was carefully tested before the *Monitor* left New York for Hampton Roads, and was found to move very freely, the turret being turned and the guns accurately pointed by the sailing-master without aid. The trouble reported by Lieutenant Greene regarding the manipulation of the turret was caused by inattention during the passage from New York; the working-gear having been permitted to rust for want of proper cleaning and oiling while exposed to the action of salt water entering under the turret, from causes already explained.



THE "DICTATOR" AT SEA.

Amidships is seen the elevated promenade deck to which the ship's company resort when driven from the main deck by the seas.

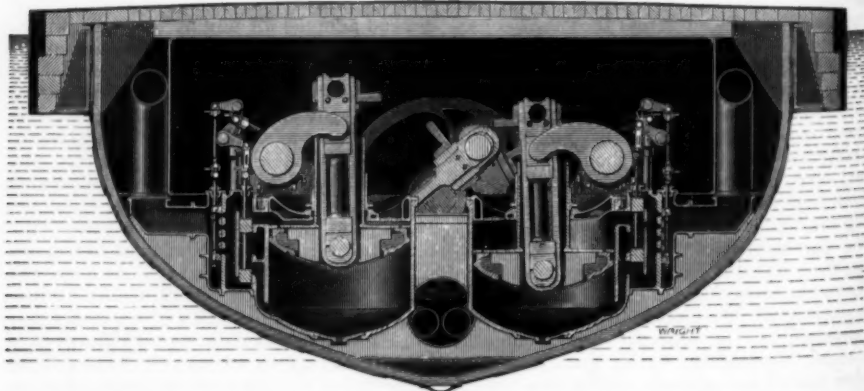
Having thus briefly described the turret and its mechanism, our investigation of the central part of the sectional view of the battery will be completed by a mere reference to the steam-boilers placed aft of the turret. There are two of these boilers placed side by side, as shown in the cut on page 290. Two views being thus presented, the nature of the boilers will be understood without further explanation. It should be mentioned, however, that they proved very economical and efficient.

*Aft Section.* The following brief reference to this section of the sectional illustration, showing the motive engine, propeller, and rudder, will complete our description of the battery :

1. The motive engine, the construction of which is somewhat peculiar, consists of only

one steam-cylinder with pistons applied at opposite ends, a steam-tight partition being introduced in the middle. The propeller-shaft has only one crank and one crank-pin, the difficulty of "passing the centers" being overcome by the expedient of placing the connecting-rods, actuated by the steam-pistons, at right angles to each other. Much space is saved within the vessel by employing only one steam-cylinder, an advantage of such importance in the short hulls of the monitors that the entire fleet built during the war was provided with engines of the stated type.

2. The propeller, being of the ordinary four-bladed type, needs no description; but the mode of protecting the same against shot demands full explanation. Referring to the illustration, it will be seen that the under side



TRANSVERSE SECTION OF THE MONITOR "DICTATOR" THROUGH THE CENTER LINE OF THE STEAM CYLINDERS. The diagram shows the application of rock-shafts and vibrating levers by which the problem of placing engines with vertical cylinders below the water-line has been solved.



of the overhang near the stern is cut out in the middle, forming a cavity needed to give free sweep to the propeller-blades; the slope of the said cavity on either side of the propeller being considerably inclined in order to favor a free passage of the water to and from the propeller-blades.

3. The extreme beam at the forward side of the propeller-well is thirty-one feet, while the diameter of the propeller is only nine feet;

pronounced the entire structure a fine specimen of naval engineering.

The conflict in Hampton Roads, and the immediate building of a fleet of sea-going monitors by the United States Government, attracted great attention in all maritime countries, especially in the north of Europe. Admiral Lessofsky of the Russian navy was at once ordered to be present during the completion and trial of our sea-going monitors.



THE MONITOR "MONTAUK" DESTROYING THE CONFEDERATE PRIVATEER "NASHVILLE," OGEECHEE RIVER, GEORGIA.

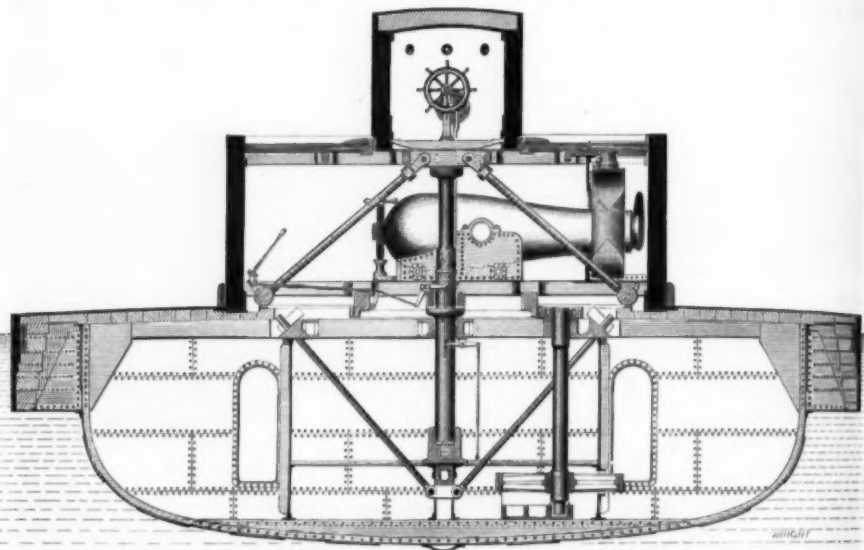
it will therefore be seen that the deck and side armor projects eleven feet on each side, thus protecting most effectually the propelling instrument as well as the equipoise rudder applied aft of the same. It will be readily admitted that no other vessel constructed here or elsewhere has such thorough protection to rudder and propeller as that just described.

The foregoing description of the hastily constructed steam-battery proves that, so far from being, as generally supposed, a rude specimen of naval construction, the *Monitor* displayed careful planning, besides workmanship of superior quality. Experts who examined the vessel and machinery after completion

The report of this talented officer to his government being favorable, the Emperor immediately ordered a fleet of twelve vessels on the new system, to be constructed according to copies of the working drawings from which the American sea-going monitors had been built. Sweden and Norway also forthwith laid the keels of a fleet of seven vessels of the new type, Turkey rapidly following the example of the northern European nations. It will be remembered that during the naval contest on the Danube the Russian batteries and torpedo boats subjected the Turkish monitors to severe tests. England, in due course, adopted our turret system, discarding the turn-table and cupola.

Many prominent naval architects in the European maritime countries warmly advocated our system of war-vessels with turrets and low freeboard. In England the subject was critically investigated by ship-constructors

require the sides of the ship to rise much above the water's edge; that you should not require more protection to the guns than would contain the guns and gunners; that you should be content with as many guns as the ship



TRANSVERSE SECTION OF THE HULL OF A SEA-GOING MONITOR THROUGH THE CENTER LINE OF THE TURRET AND PILOT-HOUSE.

of the highest standing; the following epitome presents their views of the monitor system:

"1. It is a creation altogether original, peculiarly American, admirably adapted to the special purpose which gave it birth. Like most American inventions, use has been allowed to dictate terms of construction, and purpose not prejudice has been allowed to rule invention. The ruling conditions of construction for the inventor of the American fleet were these: the vessels must be perfectly shot-proof; they must fight in shallow water; they must be able to endure a heavy sea, and pass through it, if not fight in it. The American iron-clad navy is a child of these conditions. Minimum draught of water means minimum extent of surface; perfect protection means thickness to resist the heaviest shot, and protection for the whole length of the ship; it also means perfect protection to guns and gunners. Had they added, what English legislators exact, that the ports shall lie in the ship's side, nine feet above the water, the problem might at once have become impossible and absurd; but they wanted the work done as it could be done, and allowed the conditions of success to rule the methods of construction.

"2. The conditions of success in the given circumstances were these: that you should not

could carry, and no more. To do the work, therefore, the full thickness of armor required to keep out the enemy's shot was taken, but the ship was made to rise a few inches above water, and no more; and so a narrow strip of thick armor, all along the upper edge of the ship's side, gave her complete protection. Thus the least quantity of thickest armor did most work in protecting the ship, engines, boilers, and magazine. Next, to protect the guns, a small circular fortress, shield, or tower encircled a couple of guns, and, if four guns were to be carried, two such turrets carried the armament and contained the gunners. Thus, again, weight of armor was spared to the utmost, and so both ship and armament were completely protected. But the consequences of these conditions are such as England, at least for sea-going ships, would reluctantly accept. The low ship's side, in a seaway, allows the sea to sweep over the ship, and the waves, not the sailors, will have possession of the deck. The American accepts the conditions, removes the sailors from the deck, allows the sea to have its way, and drives his vessel through, not over, the sea to her fighting destination by steam, abandoning sails. The American also cheerfully accepts the small round turret as protection for guns

and  
table  
port  
then  
little  
ac  
the  
It is  
class  
guns  
can  
It m  
secur  
the a  
platf  
whic  
tratio  
he ca  
furiou  
the a  
has th  
ing w  
aim s  
if he  
what  
the A  
with  
vessel  
Engli  
many  
subje  
ful by  
they f  
was t  
has ab  
audac  
despis  
of the  
about  
usual.  
bulwar  
tal pla  
deck  
This g  
to the  
it; it i  
and th  
them b  
tire bu  
ing pla  
The  
the En  
demon  
monit  
proved  
shot, b  
and pr  
which  
it will  
forman  
Dahlg

and men, and pivots them on a central turntable in the middle of his ship, raising his port high enough to be out of the water, and then fighting his guns through an aperture little larger than its muzzle. By thus frankly accepting the conditions he could not control, the American did his work and built his fleet. It is beyond doubt that the American *Monitor* class, with two turrets in each ship, and two guns in each turret, is a kind of vessel that can be made fast, shot-proof, and sea-going. It may be uncomfortable, but it can be made secure. The sea may possess its deck, but in the air, above the sea, the American raises a platform on the level of the top of his turrets, which he calls his hurricane-deck [see illustration of the *Dictator* at sea, page 292], whence he can look down with indifference at the waves furiously foaming and breaking themselves on the abandoned deck below. His vessel, too, has the advantage, as he thinks it, of not rolling with the waves; so that he can take his aim steadily and throw his shot surely. Thus, if he abandons much that we value, he secures what he values more. It may be shown that the American turret ships, of the larger class, with two turrets and four guns, are successful vessels—successful beyond the measure of English estimate of their success. Like so many American inventions, they are severely subject to the conditions of use, and successful by the rigidity and precision with which they fit the end and fulfill the purpose which was their aim. The design of these vessels has about it all the characteristics of American audacity. Every conventionality has been despised and discarded; in the sailor's sense of the word, there is nothing 'ship-shape' about this original *Monitor*; everything is unusual. She has neither keel, nor bilges, nor bulwarks. She is covered by a great horizontal platform of timber, projecting beyond her deck and descending below the water-line. This great upper platform in no way conforms to the shape of the under-ship which carries it; it is obviously meant to shelter the rudder and the stern from every attempt to damage them by shot or collision. At the bow the entire hull is equally protected by the overhanging platform of the deck."

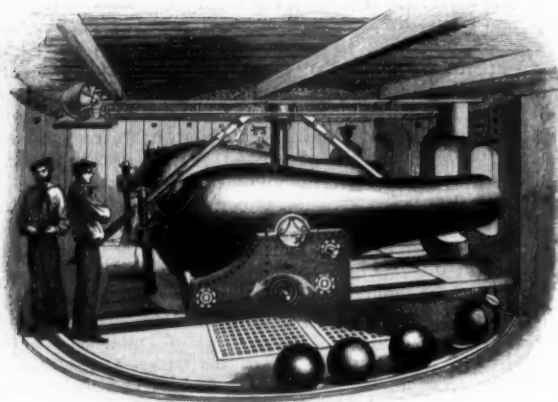
The correctness of the views entertained by the English naval constructors was practically demonstrated by the performance of the monitors during the civil war. Impregnability proved by capability to keep out Confederate shot, being demanded by President Lincoln and promised by the constructor of the fleet which was built during the early part of 1862, it will be proper to inquire how far the performance accorded with anticipation. Admiral Dahlgren, the distinguished naval artillery,

commanding the blockading fleet at Charleston, reported to the Navy Department that from July 18 to September 8, 1863, a period of fifty-two days, the monitors *Weehawken*, *Patapsco*, *Montauk*, *Nahant*, *Catskill*, and *Passaic* engaged Forts Sumter, Moultrie, Wagner, Gregg, and the batteries on Morris and Sullivan's islands, on an average ten times each, the *Montauk* going before the muzzles of the enemy's guns fifteen times during the stated period, while the *Patapsco* was engaged thirteen times and the *Weehawken* twelve times. The number of hits received by the six vessels mentioned amounted to 629; yet not a single penetration of side armor, turret, or pilot-house took place. Admiral Dahlgren observes that the *Montauk* was struck 154 times during the engagements referred to, "almost entirely," he states, "by ten-inch shot." Considering that the hull of the *Montauk* was nearly submerged, hence presenting a very small target, the recorded number of hits marked splendid practice on the part of the Confederate gunners. The report of the experienced commander concludes thus: "What vessels have ever been subjected to such a test?" It merits special notice that the same monitors which Admiral Dahlgren thus found to possess such remarkable power of endurance had led the unsuccessful attack at Charleston three months previously,—a circumstance which shows that difficulties presented themselves during that attack which had not been foreseen, or the magnitude of which had not been properly estimated. The attack referred to being one of the leading incidents of the civil war, the following facts connected with the same cannot properly be withheld in this place, more particularly since these facts rebut the allegation that injudicious advice to certain officers induced the Navy Department to adopt hazardous expedients in connection with the attack on Charleston. A letter from the Assistant-Secretary of the Navy in reference to the contemplated attack, written before the news of its failure had been received, contained the following sentence:

"Though everybody is despondent about Charleston, and even the President thinks we shall be defeated, I must say that I have never had a shadow of a doubt as to our success, and this confidence arises from careful study of your marvelous vessels."

To this letter the following reply was forwarded the next day:

"I confess that I cannot share in your confidence relative to the capture of Charleston. I am so much in the habit of estimating force and resistance that I cannot feel sanguine of success. If you succeed, it will not be a mechanical consequence of your 'marvelous' vessels, but because you are marvelously fortunate. The most I dare hope is, that the contest will end without



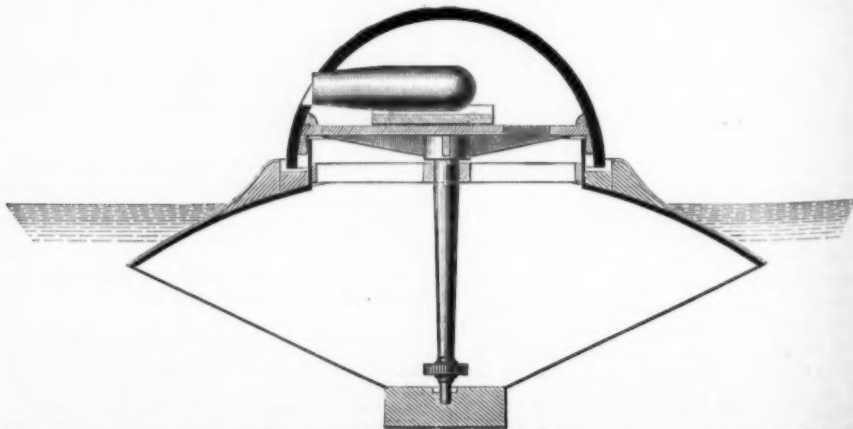
INTERIOR VIEW OF THE TURRET OF A SEA-GOING MONITOR.

The compact form of the gun-carriages, the simplicity of the massive port-stoppers, and the enormous size of the spherical projectiles (25-inch diameter) surprised naval experts.

the loss of that prestige which your iron-clads have conferred on the nation abroad. A single shot may sink a ship, while a hundred rounds cannot silence a fort, as you have proved on the Ogeechee. The immutable laws of force and resistance do not favor your enterprise. Chance, therefore, can alone save you."

The discomfiture of the "marvelous" vessels before Charleston, however, did not impair their fitness to fight other battles. It will be recollected that the *Wechawken*, commanded by the late Admiral John Rodgers, defeated and captured the Confederate ram *Atlanta*, in Warsaw Sound, June 17, 1863, ten weeks after the battle of Charleston; consequently, previous to the engagements in which this monitor participated, as reported by Admiral Dahlgren. The splendid victory in Warsaw Sound did not attract much atten-

tion in the United States, while in the European maritime countries it was looked upon as an event of the highest importance, since it established the fact, practically, that armor-plating of the same thickness as that of *La Gloire* and the *Warrior* could be readily pierced, even when placed at an inclination of only twenty-nine degrees to the horizon. Moreover, the shot from the *Wechawken* struck at an angle of fifty degrees to the line of keel, thereby generating a compound angle, causing the line of the shot to approach the face of the armor-plate within twenty-two degrees. The great amount of iron and wood dislodged by the fifteen-inch spherical shot entering the citadel, protected by four-inch armor-plating and eighteen-inch wood backing, was shown by the fact that forty men on the *Atlanta's* gun-deck were prostrated by the concussion, fifteen being wounded, principally by splinters; a circumstance readily explained, since penetration at an angle of twenty-two degrees means that, independent of deflection, the shot must pass through nearly five feet of obstruction,—namely, eleven inches of iron and four feet of wood. Rodgers's victory in Warsaw Sound, therefore, proved that the four-and-a-half-inch vertical plating of the magnificent *Warrior* of nine thousand tons—the pride of the British Admiralty—would present a mere pasteboard protection against the fifteen-inch monitor guns.



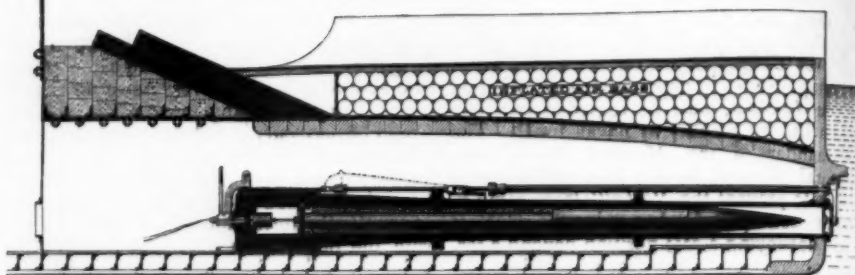
TRANSVERSE SECTION OF AN IRON-CLAD STEAM-BATTERY THROUGH THE CENTER LINE OF ITS REVOLVING SEMI-SPHERICAL TURRET—SUBMITTED TO NAPOLEON III. IN THE LATTER PART OF 1854.

The destruction of the Confederate privateer *Nashville* by the *Montauk*, February 28, 1863, also calls for a brief notice. The expedition by which this well-appointed privateer was destroyed, just on the eve of commencing a series of depredations in imitation of the *Alabama*, must be regarded as a feat which has no parallel in naval annals. The commander of the *Montauk*, the present Admiral Worden, having received stringent orders to prevent the *Nashville* from going to sea, devised a plan for destroying the privateer (then occupying a safe position beyond a torpedo obstruction on the Ogeechee River), by means of the fifteen-inch shells which formed part of his equipment; but in order to get near enough for effective shelling, he was compelled to take up a position under the guns of Fort McAllister, then commanded by a Confederate officer of distinguished ability. Obviously, the success of the daring plan of not returning the concentrated flanking fire from the fort while shelling the privateer depended on the power of endurance of the *Montauk*, then for the first time subjected to such a crucial test. The result proved that Worden had not overestimated the resisting power of his vessel. The fifth shell had scarcely reached its destination when signs of serious damage on board the privateer were observed; a few additional shells being dispatched, a volume of black smoke was seen rising above the doomed *Nashville*. The shelling was continued for a short time, with the result that the entire hull of the intended depredator was enveloped in flames. The magazine ultimately exploded with terrific violence, tearing part of the structure into fragments. The gunners in the Confederate fort, McAllister, had in the mean time continued to practice against the *Montauk*; but no serious damage having been inflicted, the anchor was raised and the victor dropped down the river, cheered by the crews of the blockading fleet.

The cut on page 294 represents a transverse section through the turret and pilot-house of the *Montauk* and other sea-going vessels of the monitor type. It will be noticed that the pilot-house is placed above the turret, an arrangement which for lack of time could not be adopted in the original *Monitor*, as before particularly referred to. Evidently the pilot-house must remain stationary while the turret is being turned for the purpose of directing the guns; consequently it can derive no support from the turret; a stationary central shaft of wrought iron resting on the bottom of the vessel has therefore been introduced to carry the weight of the pilot-house, the substantial wrought-iron floor of which rests on the top of the shaft. The method adopted

in constructing the *Monitor* turret, before described, of allowing the base of the same to rest on the deck, obviously calls for means of relieving the pressure caused by the great weight of the revolving structure before going into action; otherwise a very powerful engine and a complex arrangement of cog-wheels would be necessary in order to point the guns. The turret itself must therefore be supported by the central shaft, for which purpose the latter is provided with two strong collars,—one under the turret flooring nearly on a level with the deck of the vessel, the other at a point just below the roof of the turret. Referring to the illustration (page 294), it will be seen that diagonal braces connect the central part of the turret roof with the ends of the gun-slides, which latter consist of heavy girders of wrought iron stretching across the turret, to which they are firmly bolted. Corresponding diagonal braces applied below connect the ends of the gun-slides with the bearings into which the vertical shaft is stepped. The turret, the base of which is accurately faced underneath, rests on a smooth ring composed of bronze let into the deck, the base and this ring forming a water-tight joint at all times, even when the weight of the turret is partially relieved by keying up the central shaft. The port-stopper consists simply of a massive crank of wrought iron placed vertically, turning on a central pivot, readily operated by two men, and requiring only a few seconds in opening and closing. When turned in a line with the axis of the gun it closes the port, and when turned at right angles, as shown in the illustration, permits the gun to be run out. By means of a small steam-engine and a train of cog-wheels, the turret is turned and the guns pointed, as previously explained. The turret and pilot-house are perfectly cylindrical, each being composed of eleven plates of wrought iron, one inch thick, riveted together by "lapping" the same in a very peculiar manner insuring great strength. The pilot-house, provided with numerous sight-holes, generally elongated, is sufficiently large to accommodate the commanding officer, pilot, and helmsman. The mechanism for transmitting the power from the wheel to the tiller-ropes which control the rudder is quite novel. The success of this apparently complex mechanism has called forth favorable comments among European naval engineers, who all admit that a closed rotating gun-platform is not complete unless it is provided with an impregnable stationary protection for the commanding officer, pilot, and helmsman. A device which allows the commander to watch in perfect safety the movements of his opponent, instruct his helmsman, and direct the





LONGITUDINAL SECTION OF THE BOW OF AN IRON VESSEL OF THE "DESTROYER" TYPE, SHOWING ITS SUBMARINE GUN, EXPLOSIVE PROJECTILE, AND SEA-VALVES.

gunners under his feet, without changing his position, may well be deemed a mechanical triumph.

Regarding the plan of the *Monitor* and its origin, it should be stated that during the month of September, 1854, I presented a drawing and description of an iron-clad steam-battery to the Emperor Napoleon III.\* This battery, like the *Monitor*, carried in its center a rotating circular gun-platform protected by a semi-spherical cupola composed of wrought iron six inches thick, the rotary platform and cupola being supported by a vertical axle resting on the bottom of the battery and operated by a steam-engine and a train of cog-wheels geared to the axle, as in the *Monitor*. The deck of this original battery was composed of plate iron three inches thick, curved upwards, the sides being entirely submerged, as shown by the illustration representing a transverse section of the hull through the center of the gun-platform and cupola. The peculiar form of this transverse section calls for an explanation,—namely, the keel consists of a square hollow box filled with cast iron, the weight of which is necessary to give stability to the structure. The illustration (page 296), it should be mentioned, is a facsimile of the drawing presented to the French Emperor. Regarding the internal arrangement of the battery, the fact calls for special notice that it was provided with a cylindrical tube for expelling submarine projectiles charged with explosives for destroying ships. The original battery submitted to Napoleon III. may, therefore, be regarded as a duplex fighting-machine, capable of attacking an enemy by an improved method of firing above water, together with the application of *submarine artillery* for expelling projectiles under water, capable of piercing the lower part of the hull

of iron-clads, thereby rendering the employment of armor-plating as a means of protection practically useless.

The nautical community is aware that I have recently built a vessel, the *Destroyer* (now lying at the wharf in the United States Navy Yard at Brooklyn), provided with a submarine gun. The *Destroyer* is an iron vessel one hundred and thirty feet long, seventeen feet wide, eleven feet deep, protected by a wrought-iron breastwork of great strength applied near the bow. The submarine gun, a formidable piece of ordnance of sixteen-inch caliber and thirty feet length, is placed on the bottom of the vessel, the muzzle projecting through an opening in the stem, as shown by the illustration representing a longitudinal section of the bow of the *Destroyer*. The projectile expelled by the submarine gun is twenty-five feet long, its weight being fifteen hundred pounds, including an explosive charge of three hundred pounds of gun-cotton, its form being shown by the above illustration. It is hardly necessary to point out that the carrier of the submarine gun is intended to supersede the costly ships called steam-rams, admitted to be the most powerful offensive weapons for naval purposes hitherto constructed. The *Destroyer* attacks bows on, and discharges the projectile at a distance of three hundred feet from the ship attacked. Experts need not be told that the explosion of three hundred pounds of gun-cotton against the lower part of a ship's hull will shatter it so completely that the expedient of employing water-tight compartments will be of no avail. Naval experts who have been present during the trials of the submarine gun of the *Destroyer* can give good reasons for not taking a warm interest in the present contest between armor-plates two feet thick and one-

\* The Emperor promptly acknowledged the receipt of the plans, through General Favé, who said in his letter: "L'Empereur a examiné lui-même avec le plus grand soin le nouveau système d'attaque navale que

vous lui avez communiqué. S. M. me charge d'avoir l'honneur de vous informer qu'elle a trouvé vos idées très ingénieuses et dignes du nom célèbre de leur auteur."

hund  
less c  
tant s  
States  
the co  
of Sh  
lost b  
merit  
Th  
ate, d  
of the  
for pr

AT  
short  
foren  
South  
B. Ba  
side-w  
and to  
with  
weath  
clouds  
of the  
ceedin  
in the  
when  
and in  
was n  
good  
about  
Cape  
pitches  
seen a  
slowly  
over u  
ocean  
men w  
Island  
though  
for min  
seas en  
had be  
turret,  
duty in  
their r  
ments  
stood  
very h  
\* By  
esting p

hundred-ton guns. Considering the defenseless condition of New York and other important seaports, it may be urged that the United States should no longer lose time by watching the contest between the plate manufacturers of Sheffield and Essen; nor should time be lost by investigations intended to decide the merits of Krupp and Armstrong guns.

The Committee of Naval Affairs of the Senate, during the last session of Congress, in view of the fact that this country possesses no plant for producing either thick armor-plates or big

guns, reported a bill (passed by the Senate February 27, 1885) for purchasing the *Destroyer*, in order to enable the Navy Department to test experimentally the efficacy of submarine artillery. The defense of the seaports of the United States by the new method of piercing iron-clads in spite of their thick armor-belt will in due time demonstrate that a conflict between an *Inflexible* and a *Destroyer* will be shorter and more decisive than that between the *Merrimac* and the *Monitor*.

John Ericsson.

## THE LOSS OF THE MONITOR.\*

BY A SURVIVOR.

AT daybreak on the 29th of December, 1862, at Fort Monroe, the *Monitor* hove short her anchor, and by ten o'clock in the forenoon she was under way for Charleston, South Carolina, in charge of Commander J. B. Bankhead. The *Rhode Island*, a powerful side-wheeled steamer, was to be our convoy, and to hasten our speed she took us in tow with two long twelve-inch hawsers. The weather was heavy with dark, stormy-looking clouds and a westerly wind. We passed out of the Roads and rounded Cape Henry, proceeding on our course with but little change in the weather up to the next day at noon, when the wind shifted to the south-south-west and increased to a gale. At twelve o'clock it was my trick at the lee wheel, and being a good hand I was kept there. At dark we were about seventy miles at sea, and directly off Cape Hatteras. The sea rolled high and pitched together in the peculiar manner only seen at Hatteras. The *Rhode Island* steamed slowly and steadily ahead. The sea rolled over us as if our vessel were a rock in the ocean only a few inches above the water, and men who stood abaft on the deck of the *Rhode Island* have told me that several times we were thought to have gone down. It seemed that for minutes we were out of sight, as the heavy seas entirely submerged the vessel. The wheel had been temporarily rigged on top of the turret, where all the officers, except those on duty in the engine-room, now were. I heard their remarks, and watched closely the movements of the vessel, so that I exactly understood our condition. The vessel was making very heavy weather, riding one huge wave,

plunging through the next as if shooting straight for the bottom of the ocean, and splashing down upon another with such force that her hull would tremble, and with a shock that would sometimes take us off our feet, while a fourth would leap upon us and break far above the turret, so that if we had not been protected by a rifle-armor that was securely fastened and rose to the height of a man's chest, we should have been washed away. I had volunteered for service on the *Monitor* while she lay at the Washington Navy Yard in November. This going to sea in an iron-clad I began to think was the dearest part of my bargain. I thought of what I had been taught in the service, that a man always gets into trouble if he volunteers.

About eight o'clock, while I was taking a message from the captain to the engineer, I saw the water pouring in through the coal-bunkers in sudden volumes as it swept over the deck. About that time the engineer reported that the coal was too wet to keep up steam, which had run down from its usual pressure of eighty pounds to twenty. The water in the vessel was gaining rapidly over the small pumps, and I heard the captain order the chief engineer to start the main pump, a very powerful one of new invention. This was done, and I saw a stream of water eight inches in diameter spouting up from beneath the waves.

About half-past eight the first signals of distress to the *Rhode Island* were burned. She lay to, and we rode the sea more comfortably than when we were being towed. The *Rhode Island* was obliged to turn slowly ahead to keep from drifting upon us and to prevent the tow-lines

\* By the courtesy of the Rhode Island Historical Society we are permitted to print the following interesting paper condensed from one of its pamphlets, of which only a very small edition has been published.

from being caught in her wheels. At one time, when she drifted close alongside, our captain shouted through his trumpet that we were sinking, and asking the steamer to send us her boats. The *Monitor* steamed ahead again with renewed difficulties, and I was ordered to leave the wheel and was kept employed as messenger by the captain. The chief engineer reported that the coal was so wet that he could not keep up steam, and I heard the captain order him to slow down and put all steam that could be spared upon the pumps. As there was danger of being towed under by our consort, the tow-lines were ordered to be cut, and I saw James Fenwick, quarter-gunner, swept from the deck and carried by a heavy sea leeward and out of sight in attempting to obey the order. Our daring boatswain's mate, John Stocking, then succeeded in reaching the bows of the vessel, and I saw him swept by a heavy sea far away into the darkness.

About half-past ten o'clock our anchor was let go with all the cable, and struck bottom in about sixty fathoms of water; this brought us out of the trough of the sea, and we rode it more comfortably. The fires could no longer be kept up with the wet coal. The small pumps were choked up with water, or, as the engineer reported, were drowned, and the main pump had almost stopped working from lack of power. This was reported to the captain, and he ordered me to see if there was any water in the ward-room. This was the first time I had been below the berth-deck. I went forward, and saw the water running in through the hawse-pipe, an eight-inch hole, in full force, as in dropping the anchor the cable had torn away the packing that had kept this place tight. I reported my observations, and at the same time heard the chief engineer report that the water had reached the ash-pits and was gaining very rapidly. The captain ordered him to stop the main engine and turn all steam on the pumps, which I noticed soon worked again.

The clouds now began to separate, a moon of about half size beamed out upon the sea, and the *Rhode Island*, now a mile away, became visible. Signals were being exchanged,\* and I felt that the *Monitor* would be

saved, or at least that the captain would not leave his ship until there was no hope of saving her. I was sent below again to see how the water stood in the ward-room. I went forward to the cabin and found the water just above the soles of my shoes, which indicated that there must be more than a foot in the vessel. I reported this to the captain, and all hands were set to baling,—baling out the ocean, as it seemed,—but the object was to employ the men, as there now seemed to be danger of excitement among them. I kept employed most of the time taking the buckets from through the hatchway on top of the turret. They seldom would have more than a pint of water in them, however, the balance having been spilled out in passing from one man to another.

The weather was clear, but the sea did not cease rolling in the least, and the *Rhode Island*, with the two lines wound up in her wheel, was tossing at the mercy of the sea, and came drifting against our sides. A boat that had been lowered was caught between the vessels and crushed and lost. Some of our seamen bravely leaped down on deck to guard our sides, and lines were thrown to them from the deck of the *Rhode Island*, which now lay her whole length against us, floating off astern; but not a man would be the first to leave his ship, although the captain gave orders to do so. I was again sent to examine the water in the ward-room, which I found to be more than two feet above the deck; and I think I was the last person who saw Engineer S. A. Lewis as he lay seasick in his bunk, apparently watching the water as it grew deeper and deeper, and aware what his fate must be. He called me as I passed his door, and asked if the pumps were working. I replied that they were. "Is there any hope?" he asked; and feeling a little moved at the scene, and knowing certainly what must be his end, and the darkness that stared at us all, I replied, "As long as there is life there is hope." "Hope and hang on when you are wrecked," is an old saying among sailors. I left the ward-room, and learned that the water had gained so as to choke up the main pump. As I was

\* The method of communication from the *Monitor* was by writing in chalk on a black-board which was held up to view; the *Monitor* had no mast on which to hoist the regular naval code used by the *Rhode Island*. As night approached, the captain of the *Monitor* wrote, while we could yet see, that if they were forced to abandon their ship, they would burn a red light as a signal. About ten o'clock the signal was given. When the steamer stopped to allow the hawsers to be cast off the *Monitor* forged ahead under the impetus of her headway, and came so close up under the steamer's stern, that there was great danger of her running into and cutting the steamer down. When the engines of the *Rhode Island* were started to

go ahead to get out of the way it was discovered that the hawser had got afoof of the paddle-wheel, and when they were put in motion, instead of getting clear of her, the rope wound up on the wheel and drew the vessels together. This was an extremely dangerous position, for they were being pitched and tossed about so much by the heavy seas, that if the iron-clad had once struck the steamer they must both have gone down together. However, a fireman went into the wheel at the risk of his life, and with an axe cut the hawser away so that the steamer was enabled to get away at a safe distance.—From a letter to the Editor from H. R. SMITH, then of the *Rhode Island*.

crossing the berth-deck I saw our ensign, Mr. Fredrickson, hand a watch to Master's Mate Williams, saying, "Here, this is yours; I may be lost." The watch and chain were both of unusual value. Williams received them into his hand, then with a hesitating glance at the time-piece said, "This thing may be the means of sinking me," and threw it upon the deck. There were three or four cabin-boys pale and prostrate with seasickness, and the cabin cook, an old African negro, under great excitement, was scolding them most profanely.

As I ascended the turret ladder the sea broke over the ship, and came pouring down the hatchway with so much force that it took me off my feet; and at the same time the steam broke from the boiler-room, as the water had reached the fires, and for an instant I seemed to realize that we had gone down. Our fires were out, and I heard the water blowing out of the boilers. I reported my observations to the captain, and at the same time saw a boat alongside. The captain again gave orders for the men to leave the ship, and fifteen, all of whom were seamen and men whom I had placed my confidence upon, were the ones who crowded the first boat to leave the ship. I was disgusted at witnessing the scramble, and, not feeling in the least alarmed about myself, resolved that I, an "old haymaker," as landmen are called, would stick to the ship as long as my officers. I saw three of these men swept from the deck and carried leeward on the swift current.

Baling was now resumed. I occupied the turret all alone, and passed buckets from the lower hatchway to the man on the top of the turret. I took off my coat—one that I had received from home only a few days before (I could not feel that our noble little ship was yet lost)—and rolling it up with my boots, drew the tampion from one of the guns, placed them inside, and replaced the tampion. A black cat was sitting on the breech of one of the guns, howling one of those hoarse and solemn tunes which no one can appreciate who is not filled with the superstitions which I had been taught by the sailors, who are always afraid to kill a cat. I would almost as soon have touched a ghost, but I caught her, and placing her in another gun, replaced the wad and tampion; but I could still hear that distressing yowl. As I raised my last bucket to the upper hatchway no one was there to take it. I scrambled up the ladder and found that we below had been deserted. I shouted to those on the berth-deck, "Come up; the officers have left the ship, and a boat is alongside."

As I reached the top of the turret I saw a

boat made fast on the weather quarter filled with men. Three others were standing on deck trying to get on board. One man was floating leeward, shouting in vain for help; another, who hurriedly passed me and jumped down from the turret, was swept off by a breaking wave and never rose. I was excited, feeling that it was the only chance to be saved. I made a loose line fast to one of the stanchions, and let myself down from the turret, the ladder having been washed away. The moment I struck the deck the sea broke over it and swept me as I had seen it sweep my shipmates. I grasped one of the smoke-stack braces and, hand-over-hand, ascended to keep my head above water. It required all my strength to keep the sea from tearing me away. As it swept from the vessel I found myself dangling in the air nearly at the top of the smoke-stack. I let myself fall, and succeeded in reaching a life-line that encircled the deck by means of short stanchions, and to which the boat was attached. The sea again broke over us, lifting me feet upward as I still clung to the life-line. I thought I had nearly measured the depth of the ocean, when I felt the turn, and as my head rose above the water I was somewhat dazed from being so nearly drowned, and spouted up, it seemed, more than a gallon of water that had found its way into my lungs. I was then about twenty feet from the other men, whom I found to be the captain and one seaman; the other had been washed overboard and was now struggling in the water. The men in the boat were pushing back on their oars to keep the boat from being washed on to the *Monitor's* deck, so that the boat had to be hauled in by the painter about ten or twelve feet. The first lieutenant, S. D. Greene, and other officers in the boat, were shouting, "Is the captain on board?" and, with severe struggles to have our voices heard above the roar of the wind and sea, we were shouting "No," and trying to haul in the boat, which we at last succeeded in doing. The captain, ever caring for his men, requested us to get in, but we both, in the same voice, told him to get in first. The moment he was over the bows of the boat Lieutenant Greene cried, "Cut the painter! cut the painter!" I thought, "Now or lost," and in less time than I can explain it, exerting my strength beyond imagination, I hauled in the boat, sprang, caught on the gunwale, was pulled into the boat with a boat-hook in the hands of one of the men, and took my seat with one of the oarsmen. The other man, named Thomas Joice, managed to get into the boat in some way, I cannot tell how, and he was the last man saved from that ill-fated ship. As we were cut loose I saw



several men standing on top of the turret, apparently afraid to venture down upon deck, and it may have been that they were deterred by seeing others washed overboard while I was getting into the boat.

After a fearful and dangerous passage over the frantic seas, we reached the *Rhode Island*, which still had the tow-line caught in her wheel and had drifted perhaps two miles to leeward. We came alongside under the lee bows, where the first boat, that had left the *Monitor* nearly an hour before, had just discharged its men; but we found that getting on board the *Rhode Island* was a harder task than getting from the *Monitor*. We were carried by the sea from stem to stern, for to have made fast would have been fatal; the boat was bounding against the ship's sides; sometimes it was below the wheel, and then, on the summit of a huge wave, far above the decks; then the two boats would crash together; and once, while Surgeon Weeks was holding on to the rail, he lost his fingers by a collision which swamped the other boat. Lines were thrown to us from the deck of the *Rhode Island*, which were of no assistance, for not one of us could climb a small rope; and besides, the men who threw them would immediately let go their holds, in their excitement, to throw another — which I found to be the case when I kept hauling in rope instead of climbing.

It must be understood that two vessels lying side by side, when there is any motion to the sea, move alternately; or in other words, one is constantly passing the other up or down. At one time, when our boat was near the bows of the steamer, we would rise upon the sea until we could touch her rail; then in an instant, by a very rapid descent, we could touch her keel. While we were thus rising and falling upon the sea, I caught a rope, and rising with the boat managed to reach within a foot or two of the rail, when a man, if there had been one, could easily have hauled me on board. But they had all followed after the boat, which at that instant was washed astern, and I hung dangling in the air over the bow of the *Rhode Island*, with Ensign Norman Atwater hanging to the cat-head, three or four feet from me, like myself, with both hands clinching a rope and shouting for some one to save him. Our hands grew painful and all

the time weaker, until I saw his strength give way. He slipped a foot, caught again, and with his last prayer, "O God!" I saw him fall and sink, to rise no more. The ship rolled, and rose upon the sea, sometimes with her keel out of water, so that I was hanging thirty feet above the sea, and with the fate in view that had befallen our much-beloved companion, which no one had witnessed but myself. I still clung to the rope with aching hands, calling in vain for help. But I could not be heard, for the wind shrieked far above my voice. My heart here, for the only time in my life, gave up hope, and home and friends were most tenderly thought of. While I was in this state, within a few seconds of giving up, the sea rolled forward, bringing with it the boat, and when I would have fallen into the sea, it was there. I can only recollect hearing an old sailor say, as I fell into the bottom of the boat, "Where in — did he come from?"

When I became aware of what was going on, no one had succeeded in getting out of the boat, which then lay just forward of the wheel-house. Our captain ordered them to throw bowlines, which was immediately done. The second one I caught, and, placing myself within the loop, was hauled on board. I assisted in helping the others out of the boat, when it again went back to the *Monitor*; it did not reach it, however, and after drifting about on the ocean several days it was picked up by a passing vessel and carried to Philadelphia.\*

It was half-past twelve, the night of the thirty-first of December, 1862, when I stood on the fore-castle of the *Rhode Island*, watching the red and white lights that hung from the pennant-staff above the turret, and which now and then were seen as we would perhaps both rise on the sea together, until at last, just as the moon had passed below the horizon, they were lost, and the *Monitor*, whose history is familiar to us all, was seen no more.

The *Rhode Island* cruised about the scene of the disaster the remainder of the night and the next forenoon in hope of finding the boat that had been lost; then she returned direct to Fort Monroe, where we arrived the next day with our melancholy news.

Francis B. Butts.

\* After making two trips there were still four officers and twelve men on the *Monitor*, and the gallant boat's crew, although well-nigh exhausted by their labors, started for the third time on its perilous trip, but it never reached them, for while all on board the steamer were anxiously watching the light in the turret and vainly peering into the darkness for a glimpse of the

rescuing boat, the light suddenly disappeared and forever, for after watching for a long time to try and find it again they were forced to the conclusion that the *Monitor* had gone to the bottom with all that remained on board. The position of the *Rhode Island* at this time was about eight or ten miles off the coast directly east of Cape Hatteras.—H. R. S. (See page 300.)

FA  
tions  
and  
consu  
skimm  
rine,  
cakes  
learn  
make  
he sip  
he ha  
"pain  
various  
At his  
but he  
cutions  
the poi  
a salad  
there w  
ored w  
console  
ment,  
contain  
pounds  
beer, b  
copper  
cent mi  
but he  
ufacture  
their w  
age. In  
with ice  
reported  
gelatine  
citizen,  
perience  
chances,  
sophical  
of the sa  
morrow  
It is m  
of some  
discover  
diminish  
City Hea  
months.  
As to c  
been app  
the color  
—"sweat  
revolving  
termed "s  
stone or m



## DANGERS IN FOOD AND DRINK.

FANCY, if you please, the state of mind of a citizen of New York as to the deceptions and dangers which may exist for himself and his family in the food and drink they consume. That the milk may be watered or skimmed, that the butter may be oleomargarine, or that the sweetening for his buckwheat cakes may be glucose syrup, he has long since learned. Notwithstanding this, he manages to make a tolerable breakfast, only reflecting, as he sips his morning coffee, that not long since he has heard that raw coffees are frequently "painted," as those in the trade term it, with various colors, some of which contain poisons. At his dinner he would like some vermicelli, but he has recently read in the papers of prosecutions in the courts for coloring vermicelli with the poisonous chromate of lead; he would like a salad, but remembers that a few months ago there was a stir about the sale of mustard colored with a poisonous coal-tar color; he would console himself with pickles by way of condiment, but hesitates to swallow what may contain a full medicinal dose of copper compounds; he might slake his thirst with lager beer, but again fears that he will only imbibe copper or lead in another form; an effervescent mineral water might serve as a substitute, but he has been informed that many manufacturers of mineral water in the city use for their wares water contaminated with drainage. In despair, he thinks to refresh himself with ice-cream, but again hesitates, since it is reported that one of the ingredients may be gelatine whitened with zinc white. The good citizen, knowing not which way to turn, experiences a reaction, concludes to take his chances, and eats and drinks heartily, philosophically reflecting on the added significance of the saying, "Let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we shall die."

It is my purpose here to give a brief account of some of the dangers which have been discovered, and, it is to be hoped, materially diminished, by the action of the New York City Health Department during the past few months.

As to coffee: Two forms of treatment have been applied to raw coffee in order to affect the color and general appearance of the bean—"sweating," as it is sometimes termed, and revolving in cylinders. The latter process is termed "polishing" when powdered soapstone or nothing whatever is mixed with the

coffee, and "painting" when mineral pigments are added to change the color. The coffee is usually moistened to soften the exterior; sometimes a little gum arabic is dissolved in the water used.

When coffee was brought here in sailing vessels, requiring a long time for the voyage, the coffee underwent a change in the hold analogous to the sweating process in curing tobacco, or that used in the preparation of some kinds of tea. It is worthy of remark that a decided improvement in flavor is imparted by such a process to articles of the kind. The effect on the coffee was not only to improve the flavor, but to alter somewhat the form of the bean, while the color was changed from a brownish green to a more decided brown. When steamers began to carry coffee, the time of the voyage was too short to permit this sweating process to produce such an effect, and a method of treating the coffee by moist heat (140° to 150° Fahrenheit) was devised, which imitated in some respects the conditions produced in the hold of a sailing vessel. With some coffees this treatment produced a perceptible increase in the size of the bean, as well as the alteration in flavor and tint, and in this way, except in point of color, some South American coffees could be made to imitate the more popular "Java."

"Polishing" was originally practiced, without the addition of any mineral substances, to improve the general appearance of the raw coffee; but it was accidentally discovered that the addition of small amounts of pulverized soapstone effects a much more decided improvement. This led to the use of mineral substances and pigments to affect the color, until now coffee can be "painted" any desired shade by those skilled in this branch, just as one can get from a dyer any desired shade on woven fabrics. A list of the substances used in this "painting" may here find a place: gum arabic; Venetian red; French chalk, or soapstone; Silesia blue; chrome yellow; Prussian blue; turmeric; burnt umber; yellow ochre; drop-black.

The Silesia blue consists of a mixture of Prussian blue and barytes. In the sample examined a small amount of lead (probably there as white lead) was detected. The "drop-black" is ground bone-black. The other names require no explanation. Of these

colors only chrome yellow (chromate of lead) is *per se* poisonous. The ochres, however, are sometimes the product of the weathering and decomposition of pyrites containing arsenic or copper, and those elements can frequently be detected in them. In the colors examined, only the burnt umber showed arsenic; still, in consequence of careless handling, poisonous materials sometimes get mixed with the substances used.

The use of colors containing poisons for "painting" coffee has been forbidden, and to a large extent stopped by the prompt action of the Health Departments of New York and Brooklyn. Although the aggregate number of pounds of coffee thus treated is no doubt very large, the proportion to the entire amount of coffee sold has been small, and in cases of "painting," as has been seen, but few of the colors have poisonous constituents. Nevertheless, so long as buyers of raw coffee follow the older traditions, depending upon color as their guide, and

"Do not care for dirty greens  
By any means,"

or the reverse, some encouragement is given to these practices in defiance of the law, and only the enlightenment of buyers to suit the changed conditions of the coffee-trade can effectually stop "painting." At the present time the most expert buyers depend very little upon color, but judge of the samples by the appearance and aroma of the roasted beans, and the flavor of the infusion.

The coloring of vermicelli with chrome yellow seems to have come about in this wise: A large proportion of our population, chiefly Germans, are very fond of what they term "Eier Nudeln," a yellow vermicelli, the color being supposed to be imparted by the admixture of eggs with the flour used in the manufacture. Some unscrupulous manufacturers, having found that for their trade a yellow color in the vermicelli was sufficient to work upon the imaginations of their customers, omitted the expensive egg, and added instead some yellow coloring material. Turmeric, Martius' yellow (a coal-tar dye), and chrome yellow (chromate of lead) are colors which have been used. The last is by far the most dangerous addition, and at least one case of lead-poisoning in this city has been traced directly to this source. In some families the custom of making the nudeln at home prevails, which is certainly a safe plan. In some cases the manufacturers were most probably ignorant of the properties of the yellow coloring matter (chrome yellow) which they used. They simply used the material because other manufacturers did, and they

found a sale for goods so colored. It is to be hoped that, in consequence of the publicity which has been given to this matter, this form of danger may soon become a matter of history only.

Some persons imagine, when they buy mustard from a grocer of good standing, that they are receiving only the flour of mustard-seed, after grinding and bolting. They are almost invariably mistaken. If they were given what they supposed, the article would most probably lack the bright color to which they are accustomed, since the flour or farina from the four or five different kinds of mustard-seed now in the market has in but one or possibly two cases that brilliant tint; as a condiment, the genuine mustard flour would be thought to be too sharp and bitter, and as an ingredient in mustard plasters, it would be unendurable. It is also asserted that pure mustard farina does not keep well. What is ordinarily sold under the name of mustard is a mixture of mustard farina—after partial extraction of the oil—with flour or starch and turmeric; and this method of preparing the condiment has become so general, that it is not regarded as an adulteration by the manufacturers. By regulation of the New York State Board of Health, of March, 1883, manufacturers of mustard are allowed to add sixty per cent. of flour and turmeric to mustard farina, provided that fact is distinctly stated on the label of the package. These additions are not harmful. Turmeric is itself a condiment, being a constituent of the well-known curry-powder. Its physiological effects are described by the United States Dispensatory as similar to those of ginger.

A few months since it was discovered that some manufacturers were not only using in their lower grades of mustard excessive quantities of flour, but were replacing the flour in part with terra alba, and were substituting for the turmeric a coal-tar color—Martius' yellow, scientifically termed "calcium dinitronaphthalate." This color, besides being as explosive as gunpowder when unmixed with anything else, was proved by experiments on dogs to be poisonous.

That copper compounds have frequently been used to give a bright green tint to pickles and preserved green vegetables generally has long been known. It may perhaps not be known that minute quantities of copper have been found in almost all vegetable products, apparently as an accidental constituent, since the amount varies according to the soil upon which the cereals, potatoes, etc., have been grown, and the element is sometimes entirely absent. In an experiment connected with this investigation, copper to the extent of 2.57 parts of the

me  
ber  
and  
cer  
con  
in t  
T  
pou  
ous  
pos  
cert  
of n  
they  
T  
ness  
Cro  
wer  
whic  
able  
fore  
ing  
from  
sunk  
nate  
stree  
often  
T  
to be  
on th  
Paris  
why  
place  
and,  
vesc  
artes  
them  
little  
and  
of ou  
draw  
that  
\* A  
poses  
the se



metal per million was found in fresh cucumbers bought in market. In some mollusks, and in the coloring matter of the feathers of certain tropical birds, copper is an essential constituent; it has frequently been detected in the human body.

The question as to whether copper compounds are really poisonous has been vigorously disputed, and cannot be regarded as positively settled. It seems probable that to certain persons, possibly the larger proportion of mankind, they are poisonous, while to others they are not.

The westerner who visits this city on business or pleasure may "forget to taste" the Croton water; but how would he feel if he were told that the sparkling effervescent water which he drank with his claret at some fashionable club, even though it bore some well-known foreign brand with the label and cork-fastening looking as though the bottle had just come from abroad, was water drawn from a well sunk on Manhattan Island, and was contaminated with the drainage of some of its busy streets and leaky sewers.\* Yet that has been often the fact.

The assertion that New York wells are liable to be bad has been received with skepticism on the part of some. Artesian wells sunk in Paris or London yield good water, it is said; why not those in New York? In the first place, it must be said that the wells on this island, from which many manufacturers of effervescent waters draw their supplies, are not artesian wells; and in the next, that most of them are shallow, varying in depth from but little over twenty feet to seventy-five or eighty; and still further, that the geological formation of our island is such that we cannot expect to draw from these wells any other water than that which has soaked into the ground not

very far from where the well is sunk. A glance at the illustrations will make this clear. London and Paris both happen to be situated in geological basins, and stand on an impervious clay; and wells sunk in those cities which failed to penetrate to the strata below have frequently been proved to be centers for the propagation of disease.

The tendency of subterranean water is to follow the trend of the strata, especially when the strata have been bent. An artesian well in Paris or London, then, when sunk into the strata forming the basin, will draw not from the surface immediately above, but from the supplies which have filtered through the upturned edges of the strata on the hills outside those cities. Manhattan Island, on the other hand, is, so to speak, all "upturned edges." The strata, originally deposited horizontally, were in some past age thrown into sharp folds. Subsequently, a glacier moved across the surface, grinding off the tops of the folds, and filling the hollows with debris. The lower part of the island, below Fourteenth street in some places, and up to Twentieth street or higher up in others, is more or less deeply covered with similar debris. The western end of Long Island is the terminal moraine of that glacier. "Glacier scratches" are still to be found on the rocks at the upper end of the island. The strata stand nearly vertical, in some places dipping to the westward, in others to the eastward. The "strike" or direction of the edges is nearly parallel to the avenues. The consequence is, that wells sunk in the glacier debris fill up from the water which reaches the ground in the immediate neighborhood, while those sunk into the rock receive the water which has worked its way through the slanting strata from a short distance to the eastward or westward of the

\* At one time the sewers of New York were built without being closed at the bottom—to all intents and purposes an arch resting upon the earth below, affording the best possible opportunity for the liquid contents of the sewer to soak into the soil. Some sewers of this pattern still exist in the lower portion of the city.



It is unfair in the extreme to assume that all dealers are dishonest, or that if they have a choice they will invariably prefer to adulterate with the most deleterious substance obtainable. What is at the bottom of all this is a desire for gain, and results from innumerable causes. Some manufacturers and dealers endanger the health or the lives of their customers through sheer ignorance, and take the same risks themselves without being aware of it. They imitate the practices of other manufacturers so as to be able to compete with them, and only know that their goods are marketable. Questions of casuistry do not trouble them. Adulteration is supposed to embrace the element of fraud, yet, more frequently than is supposed, fraudulent intentions are absent. The moral standards of men also are variable. One man considers anything moral which is not illegal; another goes a step farther, and regards any act of his as consistent with morality, provided he doesn't get caught. Adulteration is sometimes technical, rather than actual. For

instance: some grocers buy strong vinegar, and dilute it to the point which they find their customers prefer. In Massachusetts, if vinegar contains less than five per cent. of acetic acid, it is regarded as adulterated. In England, three per cent. is the limit. If now a grocer should dilute his vinegar so that it contains but four per cent. of acid, it would be adulterated in Boston, and not adulterated in London.

The general laws of the State of New York are so constructed, or interpreted, that *injurious* adulterations or additions to food are illegal, while the plea of ignorance is seldom, if ever, accepted as a bar to conviction in the courts, though it may have weight when sentence is pronounced. Our citizens must be protected from the ignorance and carelessness as well as from the dishonesty of dealers in articles of food and drink. The law rightly assumes that dealers have sufficient acquaintance with articles in their line to be able to distinguish between what is good and what is bad.

Elwyn Waller.

## AT MRS. BERTY'S "TEA."

"THANKS, yes, with pleasure. It's awfully good of you, Mrs. Berty. She's charming; quite the prettiest girl in the room, I should say."

"Miss Malbrook, permit me to present to you Mr. Widdle. Mr. Widdle has been everywhere, my dear, even in Japan. No doubt he can give you, out of his Japanese experiences, a great many valuable hints in regard to your china painting."

"Oh, how very interesting. I always have wanted to travel in the far East. Was it *very* queer, Mr. Widdle?"

"Ah, exceedingly, I assure you. Mrs. Berty tells me that your china painting is charming. Indeed, she has shown me that lovely vase—with the violets on the crimson ground, you know. It is positively delightful. Isn't it a dreadfully difficult sort of thing to do?"

"No, not difficult, at least not very; but dreadfully bothersome. The paints dry so, you know—that is, when you don't want them to dry; when you're done, and want to fire, then they just never dry at all! And then, one has so many interruptions in one's work. Really, I assure you, several of my very nicest things have been spoiled in just that way."

"Yes. It's beastly to be interrupted. Puts one out so, you know. I remember once

being interrupted in a murder—Mayn't I take you out to the tea-room?"

"Thanks. I do want a cup of tea. Mrs. Berty always has such good tea, you know. I beg your pardon. In a murder, did you say, Mr. Widdle?"

"Yes; it was awfully annoying, I assure you."

"Yes?"

"Yes. You see the circumstances were a little trying, any way. It was my grandfather, you know—These are shockingly awkward stairs, aren't they?"

"Dreadfully. I wonder why Mrs. Berty will keep on living in this old-fashioned house. Your grandfather?"

"Quite an old gentleman, you know. In his youth he had been strikingly handsome, and as an old man there was an imposing grandeur in his presence that I never shall forget."

"I can very well believe you, Mr. Widdle."

"Ah, you are quite too good. Mrs. Berty has told me how very good you are. Thank you very much indeed. Yes, he was a grand old man. For all his seventy-one years he was erect and vigorous. His snow-white hair and beard flowed in great masses about his head, giving him a positively leonine appearance. His dark eyes shone brilliantly beneath his shaggy gray brows. His voice was rich



and full. I was very fond of my grandfather, I assure you, Miss Malbrook, and that I had to murder him really tried me a good deal."

"It must have, I'm sure."

"Thank you. You are very good to be so sympathetic. Yes, it really did. But I had no choice in the matter, you know. I was determined, though, that I would make the murder as pleasant for him as possible. Do you take sugar and cream?"

"Yes, thanks. Only one lump, please."

"I thought over the matter a good deal, and I finally concluded that probably the most agreeable way to him would be to kill him in his sleep. Is it quite right? May I not give you a little more cream?"

"No more, thanks. It is delightful."

"The way in which we lived at the time made this, also, the most practicable method. My grandfather occupied the suite of rooms in the west wing, and my own apartments were over his on the floor above. In my great-grandfather's time these upper rooms had been used as a laboratory,—my great-grandfather was an amateur chemist of considerable celebrity for the period,—and a stairway had been constructed that led directly from my grandfather's room to my own. This stairway now was disused, and the lower door was locked. I took occasion, while my grandfather was taking his daily drive, to remove all but one of the screws which held the lock in place. This one I took out, oiled, and then returned. The door still was firmly closed, but in five minutes I could draw the screw noiselessly, lift off the lock, and have the way clear. My grandfather, who was in excellent health, was a heavy sleeper; a fact that I had counted upon, both for his convenience and my own, in laying my plans.

"Everything being thus satisfactorily prepared, I waited the approach of night with a considerable degree of impatience. My grandfather and I, as was our usual custom, dined together very pleasantly. He was a most agreeable old gentleman, with a quite surprising fund of general information and a very happy faculty for telling a good story in a pleasant way. I remember that night he gave me a very interesting account of one of his adventures in Paris with Washington Irving. They both were young men at the time, of course,—it was when Irving first went abroad, you know, in thirty something,—and —"

"You would rather hear about the murder? It's very good of you to say so, I'm sure. Really, the story scarcely is worth telling. But if you like it—of course. We had a very pleasant dinner, as I was saying, and I tried to do what I could to be agreeable to my

grandfather. Since it was to be his last dinner, I really wished him to enjoy it; and I think he did. The old gentleman and I always got along very nicely together, for he was sincerely attached to me—as I certainly was to him. I assure you, I never have met a more delightful old man than my grandfather was. There was a courtly grace and ease in his manner that always reminded me of that of a French nobleman of the last century. Yet with all his courtliness he was genial to a degree. There was a benevolence in his disposition, a tenderness in his nature, that endeared him to every one with whom he came in contact. Of course, knowing him as intimately as I did, I positively idolized him!

"How I must have grieved for him after he passed away? Indeed I did, I assure you. Often and often, even now, do I think of that dear old man and long to hear his kindly voice again.

"When we had finished our wine—my grandfather never drank heavily, but his wines were of the best—we separated for the night. My grandfather always went early to his apartment, but usually sat late over his books. I also retired to my quarters, and made the trifling preparations yet to be attended to. I wished my work to be done noiselessly, as no doubt you will readily understand."

"Certainly."

"With this end in view I had already provided myself with a stiletto; but as I deemed it more prudent to stun him before delivering the fatal blow—Do let me get you another rasped roll."

"Thanks. No, not a sandwich, thanks."

"—to stun him before delivering the fatal blow, I looked about me for something that would answer the purpose of a heavy club. In a closet I was so fortunate as to find an old air-pump, a part of my great-grandfather's philosophic apparatus, and the long heavy handle of this was just what I required. I detached it carefully, so that it might be returned without injury to the air-pump, and laid it upon the table beside the knife. Then all was ready; I had only to wait until my grandfather slept.

"As you may suppose, I found waiting dreadfully tedious. Fortunately, though, I had that clever story of Crawford's, 'Mr. Isaacs,' you know. Don't you like it very much, Miss Malbrook? What a fine scene that is where they play polo! I'm really quite devoted to polo. I remember a match that I was in last summer that was the most tremendously exciting thing that I ever had anything to do with. My side—"

"Oh, I beg your pardon, the murder? Yes, I had to wait for several hours, you know. It

was a regular bore. At last, however, I heard some slight sounds in my grandfather's rooms — of steps, of a chair being moved, once of his voice a little raised as he petulantly rebuked his man for some piece of stupidity — and then I heard his door close as his man retired, and presently all was still. To make quite sure that he slept, I waited while I smoked a *regalia*.

"Do you know, I have rather a fancy for measuring the flight of time in odd ways? One of the poet fellows, you know, says something about how 'the dancing hours' are 'measured by the opening and the closing of the flowers.' Pretty idea, isn't it? I'd like to do it that way too; but a man cannot carry a whole conservatory around with him, you know. So I do it with cigars — *Conchas* for the quarters, *Londres* for the halves, and *regalias* for the whole hours. You have no idea how precisely it works when once you get into the way of it.

"When my cigar was finished I knew that the hour must be up, and as all remained still below, I proceeded to my work without further delay. Putting on the list slippers with which I had provided myself — If you are troubled with cold feet, Miss Malbrook, you will find list slippers really delightful. I mention them because, unless you should chance to require them as I did, you might never think of them; and they are the greatest comfort, I assure you. Putting on my slippers, and taking the stiletto in my hand and the handle of the air-pump under my arm, I went down the narrow stairs noiselessly. I had a screw-driver in readiness in my pocket, and, having struck a match, I had no difficulty in removing the well-oiled screw. I laid the heavy lock softly on the stairs behind me, softly pushed open the door, and so stood in my grandfather's bedchamber. The curtains were pushed back from the high windows and a flood of moonlight poured into the room — a brilliant ray striking full upon my grandfather's face and snowy beard and hair as he lay wrapped in peaceful sleep. Never had he appeared to me so strikingly, so majestically handsome as he was then; never had the gracious benevolence of his gentle nature shone out more clearly than it shone out then from his placidly beautiful face revealed to me there in the soft moonlight.

"Ah, have you ever heard, Miss Malbrook, that it isn't wholesome to have moonlight shine on you when you're asleep? Some people say it isn't, you know. But I don't see what harm there can be in it, do you? I'm sure it must be a mistake, for my grandfather slept that way for years, and it certainly didn't do him the least bit of harm. As I have told you, for his age

he was a most extraordinarily vigorous man. I couldn't help thinking at the time that his case quite upset the theory; and as I knew his taste for scientific research of all sorts, I was sorry that I had not thought sooner to obtain from him his opinion in the matter. However, it now was too late.

"Grasping the stiletto firmly in my left hand, and holding the handle of the air-pump, ready for vigorous use, above my head in my right, I stole cautiously across the moonlit floor until I stood close beside the bed. My grandfather's sleep was deep and tranquil as a child's. Indeed, he could not have slept in a more entirely satisfactory way. I could not repress an exclamation of thankfulness, for his sake, that he slept so well. Planting my feet firmly, I tightened my grip upon the handle of the air-pump, and then brought it down — Let me give you an ice now. This frozen coffee is delicious. Clever idea to freeze coffee, wasn't it? Oh, I beg your pardon. It didn't spill, I hope. No? How glad I am.

"The effect of the blow was admirable. My grandfather was thoroughly stunned in the nicest possible sort of way. Of course, I had had very little practice at this sort of thing then, and I was a good deal pleased to see how nicely my work was done. I hope that you won't think me very vain, Miss Malbrook, but I really can't help being a little proud of the way that I easily do things at sight which most people find quite hard to do even after a good deal of study and practice. I don't mean in just this one instance of murdering my grandfather, you know, but in a whole lot of things. It was just the same way, for example, when I began to play jack-straws. I played a good game from the very start, I assure you. And jack-straws is a very difficult game to play well, you know. To be quite fair, though, I must admit that in this murder matter my lawn-tennis practice was of great service to me — made me strike straight and hard, you know.

"Don't you like lawn-tennis, Miss Malbrook? I am ever so fond of it. It's such capital exercise, you know — a great deal better than croquet ever was. Isn't it queer how completely croquet has gone out? Nobody plays it, and you never even hear of it now. I remember when I was quite devoted to it. It was my grandfather, by the way, who gave me the first set of croquet that I ever owned. He and I used to play together on the lawn for hours at a time. I was quite a little fellow then, you know, and I remember my mother used to say that it was ever so pretty a sight to see us two — 'Youth and Age,' as she used to call us — playing that way together. My grandfather always was very kind to me. I

was his first grandchild, you know, and he took a great pride in me and was ever so fond of me from the very day that I was born.

"Oh, about my killing him? As I was saying, the blow stunned him beautifully. The handle of the air-pump was a desperately heavy affair, you see. After this there remained only to finish my work with the stiletto. I raised my arm to strike again—and just then there was a knock at the door! It was this, you remember, that made me think of the whole matter when you spoke of how annoying you found interruptions in your china painting. I know just how it must make you feel. It was very absurd, of course, but the interruption really made me quite angry. Could I, at the moment, conveniently have spoken to the person who was knocking, I am afraid that I should have said something quite unkind, really quite harsh, you know. But I could not very well open the door just then, nor did I altogether like to continue the matter in hand until the person who had knocked had gone away. I remained quite still, therefore, in the hope that the knocker would conclude that my grandfather was asleep and would be too polite to make further effort to wake him. But this hope was unfounded. There was another, louder knock; and presently one louder still. It was very displeasing, I assure you. Obviously, I had to act in some way that would bring this annoying interruption to an end. Simulating my grandfather's voice, therefore, I cried out in a sleepy tone:

"What's the matter?"

"If you please, sir,"—I recognized the voice of my grandfather's valet,—"the house is on fire."

"Clear out!" I replied testily—and made a motion with the pillows like that of a man settling himself to sleep again. My grandfather, I should observe, while most gracious in his manner at all times when thoroughly awake, was apt to be a trifle short in his temper when aroused suddenly from sleep.

"Very good, sir," the man answered, and I heard his steps retreating down the passage. My grandfather made it a rule to require from his servants implicit obedience.

"Unfortunately, in shaking the pillows about I had dropped the stiletto, and I had

ever so much trouble in finding it again. Somehow it had managed to work down under my grandfather in the bed, and the contact of the cold steel with his person aroused him a little. He moved slightly, and for a moment I feared that I should be compelled to use the handle of the air-pump again. Fortunately, though, before this became necessary I found the stiletto, and once more held it aloft to strike. The slight movement that he had made had placed him in a most favorable position, and I struck with all my force—

"Oh, I beg your pardon. I did not see that your plate was empty. How careless I am! Pray let me get you something more. No? Then permit me to take you back to the drawing-room. The crowd is dreadful here, and people push so. Don't you think that people are dreadfully rude about their eating at teas? Positively, they fight over their food quite like wild animals. Oh, I beg your pardon. I hope that I haven't torn it. No? I am ever so glad. I am an awfully clumsy brute, and it is ever so nice of you to be so nice about it. At Mrs. Welterton's, yesterday, I positively assure you that Miss Ruddie—the pretty Miss Ruddie, you know, not the freckled one—had her skirt almost torn to pieces by that horrible Reggy Smith. I'm not quite as bad as that, any way.

"About my grandfather? Oh, really, there is nothing more to tell; indeed, I'm quite ashamed of myself for having bored you with such a long story about such a trifle. It was only that you happened to speak about being interrupted, you know. Of course, after the man went away I had no further trouble. I killed my grandfather very comfortably and satisfactorily; and as the house was quite burned down within two hours,—I think I forgot to tell you that I set fire to it before I went at the other work,—the whole affair was glossed over very nicely.

"You must go now? I'm really very sorry. Thank you so much for the very pleasant half hour that I have had. And I do hope that I shall have the pleasure of seeing some more of your lovely china painting soon, Miss Malbrook. Really, I quite adore it, you know."

Thomas A. Janvier.



## TOPICS OF THE TIME.

## Mercantilism Transfigured.

IN that most significant speech made two years ago by President White of Cornell to his classmates at Yale, and entitled "The Message of the Nineteenth Century to the Twentieth," the influence on our national life of what the orator aptly describes as "mercantilism" is most cogently set forth. This "combination of the industrial spirit with the trade spirit" has been, as he shows, the dominant element in our American civilization; under its sway there has been a marvelous development of the physical resources of this country, but along with this a too evident decline of the higher forces. The genuine political spirit, the devotion to the public service which leads the citizen to give time and thought to the affairs of the city or the state, has been gradually dying out. Men are so consumed with business cares that they find little time or strength for public service. In education and in the cultivation of pure science progress has been made, no doubt; but how little compared with the enormous increase of the national wealth! In literature and art the movement, as he views it, is retrograde; and a good proportion of our foremost pulpits are supplied by importations from the Old World. Mercantilism is drawing into its vortex the intellectual strength of the nation. The energies of its most promising young men are enlisted in the pursuit of wealth. Such is the complaint of his own generation made by a man who is by nature an optimist, but who is a careful student of history and a close observer of the manners of his time. "I believe," he declares, "that we shall find that, so far from relatively diminishing, it [mercantilism] is relatively increasing; that, so far from begetting better elements of civilization, it is now beginning to stifle them; that it is now beginning to show itself a despotic element, crushing other elements of civilization which are to add anything to the earth's history; that, in fact,—and I say it in all soberness,—mercantilism in great cities and in small towns, in society and in the individual, is becoming a disease, certainly feverish, possibly cancerous." To those who are not too busy with money-making to think much about it, this judgment of existing social conditions will appear to be sane and moderate.

But these words of faithful warning and reproof are not words of despair. The orator expects that these ruinous tendencies will be checked; that other forces will be evoked to counteract mercantilism, and to prevent the "weakening, decline, and sterility" toward which it is hurrying the nation. His own prediction of the quarter from which deliverance will come we shall not here repeat; because we desire to make record of a most hopeful answer to the question which he raises, contained in another speech no less significant—an address by Mr. Franklin MacVeagh of Chicago, at a dinner given by the Commercial Club of Boston to its guests from the three chief cities of the West.

The manner of this speech as well as the matter of it commend it to all lovers of good literature. After-

dinner oratory is not often so graceful; its delicate wit, its bright allusions, and its deftly turned sentences exhibit a mind of fine grain and careful culture. It would be hard to find a professional talker, East or West, who could put his thoughts into better form. Evidently here is one man who, though he proclaims himself a trader, has contrived to extract some sweetness from the barren pastures of mercantilism.

But the art of the performance does not hide its purpose. The business man's responsibility to society is the serious theme on which he finally lights; and the view which he takes of the matter leaves nothing to be desired by patriot or philanthropist. The estimate of the trader's function here laid down, if it were accepted by all business men, or even by the better part of them, would speedily correct those evil tendencies of which Mr. White has warned us. The Chicago trader protests, indeed, against the undue disparagement of the mercantile vocation. "Trade," he says, "is a much-abused benefactor. It would not do to take seriously the foppish views of trade held by the idle end of society. To them nothing is dignified but idleness. This mediæval survival of prejudice is chiefly cherished by the useless part of the nobility and their admirers in America,—by that part of the *noblesse* whom the English wit must have had in mind when he made his classification of 'the men of a-bility and the men of no-bility.'"

The dignity of any calling depends first on its aims, secondly on the qualities developed in its pursuit. "Let us frankly admit," this orator goes on to say, "that the aims of trade have not been all that they might have been. But what, on the other hand, shall we not claim for those high qualities of mind and character, for the untiring enterprise, the wise judgment, and the undaunted courage that from the very beginning of history have made commerce the bearer of civilization from every center to every circumference; that made her the origin of cosmopolitan life, the solvent of the antagonisms of custom, the necessary foundation for every enlargement of the life of nations? And shall we not now claim that the ideals, the aims of trade are widening and deepening? Is it not true that men more and more are associating with the dream of wealth a sense of public responsibility and an aspiration for public usefulness? And is it not true that the good works of the nation largely depend upon the intelligent sympathy and cooperation of business men?"

If these last questions can be confidently answered in the affirmative, the future of this nation is secure. And it is certainly a good sign that from one of our chief centers of business activity should come so full and strong a statement of a doctrine that offers a solution of the gravest questions now before us. We quote in full the next two paragraphs of this noteworthy speech:

"It is a great temptation, Mr. Chairman, now that I have gotten so far on the way, to go ahead and claim



that we men of affairs are altogether perfect. But a reluctant honesty obliges me to confess that before we shall be quite all we might be to the world, wealth must be sought still more generally for its good uses. Of course men must be left free to accumulate property for their own purposes. A form of society which should prevent the free accumulation and possession of property would simply stagnate progress, and is impossible. But, on the other hand, it is not difficult to believe that the avenues to exceptional wealth can only be held by the few, as at present, through the intervention of important concessions to that spirit of democracy which is entering upon a new stage of its mastery of the world; for democracy, after all, is not more a governmental revolution than it is a social revolution. The greatest concession, it seems to me, that will be demanded of wealth by democracy—a concession that will answer the demands of progress as well—will be the frank acknowledgment of a moral trusteeship, of a moral obligation to freely use surplus wealth for the general good.

"Happy the necessity, beneficent the tyranny that will thus rule trade and wealth to their own glorious enfranchisement. When such an acknowledgment is generally made, wealth and trade shall be lifted up to the level of the highest and the best. Once inspire trade with such an aim,—free wealth from its spiritual bondage through this great ideal, give to all the pursuits of business such a right royal sanction that they shall take rank and dignity with all the work that is done by humanity in its best estate, with poetry, with every form of literature, with every form of art, with statesmanship, with apostleship,—Cæsus hugging his millions to his bosom as his own, in the narrow sense of ownership, rejecting the idea of trusteeship, will be overwhelmed in the rush of the current of modern ideas; Cæsus accepting the idea of trusteeship will be the new force in civilization for which the world is waiting."

We ask whether there be not condensed into these two paragraphs from the speech of a Chicago "trader" more solid statesmanship, more true insight into existing social conditions, a wiser solution of the greatest question of our time, than was contained in all the stump speeches of the last presidential campaign. The prediction here uttered respecting the challenge which a militant democracy will soon be flinging at the feet of a too confident plutocracy is one that may well be heeded. And the answer that Mr. MacVeagh proposes to make is the right answer. Such a recognition of moral trusteeship as he urges will pluck the sting from socialism, and save to the world the fruits of enterprise. Mercantilism, transfigured through these higher aims, will cease to be the peril of the state, and become its protection and defense.

#### The Sunday-school and Good Literature.

WHATEVER may be said of the moral and religious aims of the Sunday-school, it is evident that its relation to the literary life of the young must be of considerable importance. That it has much to do with the formation of the literary taste of a good share of the people who read is obvious. This function of the Sunday-school is, of course, subordinate to its work of moral and religious education; nevertheless, the two objects are closely related, and the building of character may be greatly helped by good habits of reading and good taste in the selection of books; while the foundations of character are often undermined by the reading of foolish and worthless books.

If, then, in imparting to its pupils the necessary knowledge of religious truth and the fundamental laws of Christian morality, the Sunday-school can also contrive to instill into their minds a healthy craving for good literature, its service will be twice blessed. That it has done something in this direction cannot be doubted, neither can its neglect and its misdoing be denied.

The Sunday-school library furnishes to a large number of the children of this country the only books save their school-books that they are permitted to handle. Cheap story-papers of one sort or another make their way into most of the homes in which these children live; but books would not often be seen in them if it were not for the Sunday-school library. If these libraries were always well chosen, many children would be guided by them into the formation of habits of reading which would prove through all their lives a safeguard and a solace. If the books which they find in these libraries are, as a rule, silly and shallow fictions, their intellectual tastes may be so depraved by their reading, that they will become visionary and restless creatures, wholly unfit for the serious business of life. That a book should be hurtful to young readers, it is not necessary that it should teach bad morals; the mischief is done quite as effectually by an overwrought sentimentalism as by a lax morality. All this is merest commonplace, but it is one of those commonplaces that need to be dinned into the ears of the people who provide reading for the young. How far many of the managers of the Sunday-schools are from comprehending it may be learned by an inspection of the shelves of the Sunday-school libraries. The trashy fiction still disseminated through them is sufficient to addle unnumbered brains and injure unnumbered lives.

The flood of silly literature has, however, begun to abate in this quarter, and the existing libraries are much superior to those in use twenty years ago. The censor has been abroad among the Sunday-schools, and his strictures upon their methods have not been wasted.

The Sunday-school hymns, for one thing, are greatly improved. The doggerel that was rife a few years since has been laughed out of the churches; the hymns now printed, though not always of a high poetic order, are generally free from that rattling vulgarity which was formerly in vogue. That the tastes of the children, as well as their devotional feelings, may be greatly cultivated or grievously depraved through the hymns they sing needs not to be said; and the improvement noticeable in this department is matter of encouragement. There is no reason why children should not be taught, through the Sunday-school hymnology, to appreciate good poetry.

Many of the libraries also, as we have said, have been subjected to a careful scrutiny, and the trashy books have been eliminated. Several years ago an association of teachers and librarians, connected with the schools of the Protestant Episcopal churches, began the preparation of a list of Sunday-school library books, into which no volume was admitted that had not been carefully read and approved by several persons of sound literary judgment. This list has been extensively sought and used by Sunday-schools in other communions, and it has determined the selection



of many libraries. Other lists of a similar character, more or less judiciously made up, have been offered to the public. All this indicates a quickened sense of the importance of this matter, and promises a general improvement in Sunday-school literature. The most ambitious project of this nature is a recent proposition to form an association of Sunday-school librarians and others interested in the support and improvement of church and Sunday-school libraries, which shall have annual meetings, with reports and discussions of the best methods of selection and management. The secular librarians, though far less numerous, have such an association and are greatly helped by their conferences; it is urged that similar coöperation among Sunday-school librarians would be equally useful.

There is one other department of Sunday-school literature in which the censor should at once be let loose. The quarterlies, the leaflets, and the various lesson-helps call aloud for his judgment. Whatever may be said about the theology or the religion of these contrivances, it is certain that good literature is a heavy loser by the quiet revolution which has practically banished the Bible from the Sunday-school, and substituted for it the lesson-helps. It is true that bits of the Bible are printed upon these scrappy commentaries, but it is only a small part of it that the average Sunday-school scholar ever sees; and the habit of handling and reading the sacred Book seems to be much less common now than it was twenty years ago. Such familiarity with its contents as John Ruskin gained and Matthew Arnold commends was by no means uncommon when these two were boys; and the loss to the children of this generation of this noble instrument of literary culture cannot be computed. "The pure and the noble, the graceful and dignified simplicity of language," said Alexander Pope, "is nowhere in such perfection as in the Scriptures and in Homer." What Carlyle says of the Book of Job is hardly less true of many other parts of the Bible: "A noble book! All men's book! It is our first, oldest statement of the never-ending problem—man's destiny and God's ways with him here on earth; and all in such free, flowing outlines, grand in its sincerity, in its epic melody and repose of reconciliation. There is the seeing eye, the mildly understanding heart, so true every way; true eyesight and vision for all things, material things no less than spiritual." The practical banishment of this book from the Sunday-school can hardly be a gain to religion; certainly it is a loss to literature. Daily familiarity with the noble simplicity of the Bible would prove an excellent corrective of vitiated taste, and a healthy stimulant of pure imagination.

But the lesson-helps become a detriment to literature, not only by discouraging the familiar handling of the Bible, but also, in many cases, by the extravagances of their own composition. Especially is this true of the illustrations by which they seek to "explain" the lesson. A pile of these absurdities lies before us from which it would be easy to cull many delectable instances. Most of them occur in connection with the object lesson, presented on the blackboard or otherwise, so that pictorial as well as literary art suffers from their dabbling. Thus in one of these "helps" the topics of the lessons for the quarter are so phrased that each one begins with the letter B, and the following instruction is given: "At the opening of the first lesson, ask the class if they would like you (*sic*) to show them a picture of a whole hive of pretty bees. . . . Tell them you are now going to put your first *bee* on the board—a bee with a pretty sharp sting, too, may be, for some of them, and write out the teaching." The propriety of training the present generation in the arts of the punster may well be called in question. After a parable of two climbing vines, the teacher is admonished to "draw a red heart with a few curly green tendrils running out from it," and then enforce the lesson of personal attachments, harmful and helpful. To show "that anything can be made an idol by being loved more than God and his service," the teacher is instructed to "draw a fishing-pole and line in a heart." To illustrate fidelity to God the following object lesson is suggested: "Cut *two hearts* just alike, and mutilage them; then in class stick them together and notice how they cling together, how they have become as *one*; so stick to God." The italics are not ours. To teach children what an abomination to the Lord is, "first offer a child a bottle of cologne to smell, and immediately afterward a piece of asafetida or gamboge."

It is scarcely necessary to particularize further. Many of these illustrations are so gross and ludicrous that we shall not repeat the sacrilege by quoting them. It is enough to say that in the craze for illustration with which these lesson-helps are afflicted, that wise law of literary art which forbids the linking of sacred and sublime themes with trifling or disgusting similitudes is constantly set at naught. How much mental injury may result from this straining after sensational representations of spiritual facts no one could easily estimate. The effect must be most unhappy both upon the teachers and the pupils, and it is clear that judicious criticism has a great work to do in correcting the extravagances of these hebdomadal commentaries. Is not the age we live in sufficiently earthly and sensual without permitting our Sunday-schools to be virtually used for the teaching of a new form of materialism?

## OPEN LETTERS.

"What shall be Done with our Ex-Presidents?"

THE open letter, "What shall be Done with our Ex-Presidents?" which appeared in the August number of THE CENTURY, has called out many interesting and suggestive contributions on the subject,

VOL. XXXI.—31.

some criticising favorably and others unfavorably the plan there proposed. At the request of the editor, Mr. Francis Wharton, Solicitor of the Department of State, Judge Thomas M. Cooley, and Senator George F. Edmunds have given expression to the following opinions on the subject:

OPINION OF SENATOR EDMUNDS.

I HAVE yours of the 18th instant, asking my opinion on the subject of "What shall be Done with our Ex-Presidents?" The suggestions in the open letter you sent have been sometimes discussed at Washington, and I do not think they meet with favor. There are many considerations against disturbing the present autonomy of the Senate, which I have not time to go into. There is nothing that I know of in the nature of republican government which makes it necessary that an ex-President should have any other station or title than that of an eminent private citizen who has done his country important service in the most trying and difficult of all its public employments.

Whether suitable pecuniary provision for the maintenance of a retiring President might not well be made, is a question worthy of serious consideration.

George F. Edmunds.

BURLINGTON, VT., Aug. 28, 1885.

OPINION OF JUDGE COOLEY.

THE open letter in THE CENTURY for August to which you direct my attention, brings before the public a supposed wrong, done alike to our ex-Presidents and to the country, by allowing the head of the government to retire immediately to private life on the expiration of his term of office. The remedy proposed is to make him life senator with a large salary.

The wrong to the man is forcibly depicted. "But yesterday a king; to-day 'none so poor to do him reverence.'" Strangely inconsistent with this is the further remark, that he is "an object of perpetual and costly curiosity," condemned thereby, at great expense, "to sustain the dignity of the first citizen of the republic for the remainder of his life." Surely this does not indicate a want of regard, nor that he is cast aside "like the peel of an orange as worthless." Indeed, it is only the reverence of the people that makes him in the public mind, as the writer says, "disqualified for subordinate positions."

The peculiarity of the wrong to the man is, that it is incidental to conferring upon him for a time an office which crowns his ambition; an office which the ablest men long and labor for, and receive, when they attain it, with the liveliest satisfaction. The crowning glory and the incidental wrong are accepted together; the one merely qualifies the other, making it a little less complete and perfect. No one has ever yet declined the imperfect gift, and it may be safely predicted no one ever will. The question on this branch of the case, however, is rather one of pensions than of life senators, and I do not care to pursue it.

The wrong to the country consists in our being deprived of the services of the first citizen of the republic "at the very time when his availability as a public servant is presumably greatest, and when he deserves to be regarded as one of the nation's most valuable assets." This naturally suggests the query whether the nation has probably lost anything by not having the like senatorial services hitherto.

Washington in his retirement, disconnected from party politics, was an object of profound reverence and respect. The people idealized him somewhat, and it

is well that they did so, for their reverence for him tended to elevate the national character, and was thus a public benefaction. Had he entered Congress, something of this would have been lost; and possibly he might have come down to us more as a party leader than as the Father of his Country. This would have been a great national misfortune. Unwillingly, perhaps, but inevitably, he would have been head of the Federal party, and would be held responsible for its mistakes during the next four years, to the serious impairment of a reputation which now is its grandeur is to the country "one of its most valuable assets."

John Adams, descending from the Presidency to the Senate, could scarcely have been useful. He was for the time discredited with both parties, and without the influence justly belonging to his abilities and patriotism. He would have been the target for abuse, and subjected to the mortification of seeing himself subordinated in the public counsels to mere party hacks and tricksters. It was happier for him that he was not subjected to such a trial,—and as well for the country.

It would not have been well for Jefferson to enter the Senate. He was a partisan at his retirement as much as ever; he had thereafter his full share of influence on public affairs; and the regret is that he had so much to do with them, rather than that he participated so little. His domestic life, as we have it portrayed to us by his family, was beautiful, and we love to dwell upon it, and are the better for it; but we must ever regret that his uncharitable views of his political antagonists, which he kept putting on paper, were left where biographers and editors could pounce upon them.

I cannot follow down the list. There was good senatorial timber among the Presidents, but there was an obvious want of the senatorial quality in some cases, and I do not believe that so far the losses have been greater than the gains in the ex-Presidents retiring to private life. It is a great mistake to assume that a man would be less partisan after four years of party abuse in the Presidency than before; the experience of the country disproves the assumption. Think of Jackson, Van Buren, Polk, or Johnson—to name no others—as non-partisan senators!

But there is one case in which we ought to be thankful every day of our lives that an ex-President was not made senator on the plan proposed; for we should then have missed the most resplendent portion of his career, and the country the most important part of his life-service. That was the case of John Quincy Adams: the Old Man Eloquent; the triumphant champion of free speech in Congress. In the Senate he would have failed of his true destiny: his true place was in the House as the chosen representative of a great State; he needed the inspiration and the antagonism of numbers, and he needed also the backing of a constituency.

And right here is one of the weaknesses of the proposed plan: the senator would have no constituency. Chester A. Arthur, as senator for New York and with New York behind him, would be a man of power; but Chester A. Arthur, offered the senatorship from sympathy and to save his dignity, might well decline the doubtful honor. He would not in influence be a

peer among equals, and small minds would be likely often to remind him that he only lingered superfluous on the stage.

Important sentimental considerations are against the plan. It is a great and blessed thing for a country when it has among its citizens those who hold no office, but who stand before the public mind disconnected from the exciting questions of the day, as representatives of an honorable national history. If among them are men who have attained the first station, it might possibly be thought beneath their dignity to accept election to a lower; but how much more should it be so thought if the lower were offered as a mere favor, irrespective of the public choice, and might be held on to until perhaps the senility of old age should make the attempt to perform public duty a public mortification!

The answer, then, to the question, "What shall be Done with our Ex-Presidents?" is this: Allow them gracefully and with dignity — if they will — to enjoy the proud position of "first citizen of the republic." Their lives in retirement, if they be such as belong to an illustrious career, will be a continuous and priceless public benefaction. If they bore themselves worthily in office, party asperities will begin immediately to wear off; their virtues will be exalted in public estimation, and their homes will become the pilgrim shrines of patriotism. If they have been incompetent or otherwise unworthy, the shortest dismission to oblivion is best for them and best for the country.

Thomas M. Cooley.

ANN ARBOR, August 31, 1885.

OPINION OF THE HONORABLE FRANCIS WHARTON.

It has been lately proposed in the columns of THE CENTURY that ex-Presidents of the United States should be *ex-officio* senators, and should have a pension for life of half the presidential salary. To the first branch of this proposition I think there are serious objections.

1. Our legislative structure is exclusively electoral; and the possession of a permanent seat in the Senate would be an anomaly to which public opinion could with difficulty be reconciled.

2. There would be no prospect of obtaining a constitutional amendment for such a purpose; and the adoption of such an amendment, even if it were possible, might be a dangerous precedent. It is not safe to amend a constitution, unless for reasons far stronger than those given for the proposed alteration.

3. Composed as the Senate is, such an addition would often so far determine its character as to give it a bias in opposition to what may be a salutary popular tendency. Supposing, for instance, that the interests of the country would be best subserved by the Administration of President Cleveland receiving the hearty support of the Senate, and supposing that the Senate, in Mr. Cleveland's third year, should be equally divided, it will be at once seen that the control of the body, if ex-Presidents were admitted to seats, would be in the hands of ex-Presidents Hayes and Arthur. Or let us take the period between 1849 and 1868, embracing the eras of slavery agitation, of civil war, and of reconstruction, and let us see how the proposed addition to the Senate would have affected the course of events by which the burden of slavery

was ultimately removed. From 1849 to 1852 the President-senators, according to your correspondent, would have been Messrs. Van Buren, Tyler, and Polk; from 1852 to 1856, Messrs. Van Buren, Tyler, and Fillmore; from 1856 to 1861, Messrs. Van Buren, Tyler, Fillmore, and Pierce; from 1861 to 1862, Messrs. Van Buren, Tyler, Fillmore, Pierce, and Buchanan; from 1862 to 1868, Messrs. Fillmore, Pierce, and Buchanan. Of all these ex-Presidents, Mr. Van Buren was the only one who had any sympathy with anti-slavery agitation; and even Mr. Van Buren declared that the fugitive-slave law should be retained on the statute-book, and that there should be no compulsory abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia. At the most critical period of the civil war, there would have been five ex-presidential votes which, on disputed issues, would have been blocks in the way of getting rid of slavery. As it was in the past, so it would be likely to be in the future. Men who have possessed power, especially those who have controlled the destinies of a nation, are generally unwilling to see pulled down the system they helped to build up; yet there is no country which has been in the advance line of civilization whose history has not been marked by a pulling down of old systems and a building up of new. To such an advance the amendment proposed would be a serious obstruction. Mr. Jefferson's policy of peace and of progress, beneficial as it was, could never, at least in the earlier years of his administration, have been carried out, if there had been in the Senate a platoon of Federalist ex-Presidents who would have made up a majority to veto his nominations and defeat his reforms; and the same fate might have befallen Mr. Lincoln's policy of limiting slavery and then abolishing it when incompatible with the maintenance of the Union, had the then living ex-Presidents been in the Senate taking an active part in politics.

It may be said that by giving ex-Presidents seats in the Senate without votes, the political equilibrium of the Senate would not be disturbed, while the ex-Presidents would be elevated to a post at once innocuous and dignified. I do not think that the conferring on ex-Presidents of such an office would be an elevation. When Napoleon went to Egypt, he took with him some French scientists. They were captured by an Arab chief, who asked them what their occupation was, thinking that at least they might accompany his cavalcade as mounted interpreters. They answered, so it was related, that their habits were sedentary. Now to the Arab there was then only one industry that was exclusively sedentary, and that was sitting on eggs, to which some of the fatter of the philosophic captives were condemned. Not much more practically useful would be the seats without votes which the project before us in this view would assign to ex-Presidents. The right to address the Senate would add nothing to their influence, since they could at any time address the Senate through the press. But depriving them of a vote, while giving them a seat, would impress on them, what no other human power could have impressed — the character of ciphers.

The objections just stated do not apply to the proposition to give to ex-Presidents a pension amounting to half the presidential salary. Such a measure would not be unconstitutional. We have had precedents of

granting thanks to ex-Presidents, and of allowances to Presidents' widows. If such provisions are constitutional, then unconstitutionality could not be predicated of pensions to ex-Presidents. But a stronger argument can be given for such a provision. The President is commander-in-chief of the army and navy, and as such is as much entitled to a retiring pension as is any officer in the service he commands.

There is reason, in fact, for such a provision far greater than exists in respect to the officers of the army and navy. An officer on service is not required to give expensive official entertainments; nor after his retirement is he likely to be overborne with visitors who exact from him hospitalities which he cannot without breach of courtesy avoid. It is notorious that few of our older Presidents were able to live within their official income, and that some of them were greatly embarrassed after their retirement by the expenses which their political distinction brought on them. General Washington and Mr. John Adams may be put out of consideration, since the former possessed a large fortune, and the latter's frugal if not unsocial habits relieved him from many expenses now considered inseparable from the office. Mr. Jefferson, whose hospitality though simple was genial and profuse, found that what properly remained to him after his expenditures as President was swept away by expenses in keeping up an establishment made in a large measure incumbent on him by the fame which, as President, he obtained. Mr. Madison, having no family, was able, by severe economy, to preserve a part of his modest patrimony to the end; but Mr. Monroe died insolvent, and General Jackson's estate was so impoverished by his Presidency as to make it necessary for him, childless as he was, to borrow largely, when returning to private life, to be able to re-stock his farm. It is true that since then the President's salary has been doubled; but his expenses have *pari passu* increased, and in the same proportion has increased the feeling of the unfitness of an ex-President engaging in business or in professional life.

Two concluding observations may be made:

1. Such a pension would take away the excuse for undue and disreputable economy at the White House.
2. Giving a suitable pension to an ex-President is more kind, more just, and more constitutional than withholding help from him when he is in poverty, and then, after he is dead and has suffered all the distress of believing that he is leaving his family without provision, buying his manuscripts or library and erecting to him a tomb.

Francis Wharton.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 2, 1885.

[From an interesting letter by Allen G. Bigelow we quote the argument given below.—EDITOR.]

EVERY United States senator represents a State. It could hardly be hoped that a President-senator should do otherwise. Hence, if Presidents became senators, now one State and now another would have one, perhaps two, even possibly three more senators in Congress than the constitution now permits, doing violence to our ideas of representation. Could it be expected that Mr. Arthur, were he now in the Senate, would be much more or less than a senator from New York? But New York is not entitled to another senator, and

no sister State would consent to such an arrangement. By the proposed plan New York and Ohio would now each have three senators; while in 1888, should Messrs. Cleveland, Arthur, and Hayes survive, New York would have twice as many senators as every other State in the Union except Ohio, which would still have three. In 1825 Virginia would have had five senators, Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe being her life-senators, in addition to the two regularly elected from that State.

Allen G. Bigelow.

#### The Poetic Outlook.\*

FROM the coal-fields and the oil-regions the reports are reassuring. There seems to be no doubt that the supply is ample for the wants of the world yet these many years. Whatever comfort there may be in physical light and heat we may have without scrimping. But what of poetry? Is the supply of that running short?

Of verses there is no lack. Never before was there a time when so many people of both sexes had the knack of garnishing some sort of measure with some sort of rhymes. But is not the dearth of poetry somewhat alarming? Of our own leading poets (Bryant and Longfellow and Emerson and Whittier and Lowell and Holmes), three have gone over to the majority, and although the voices of the others are yet heard among us, and will be, we trust, for many days, the youngest of them is above three-score. In England the names that stand out with like distinctness are those of Tennyson and the Brownings; of these, one has been silent now for twenty-four years, and the others are gray-haired men, to whom the solemn chant, "*Morituri Salutamus*," is already familiar. Who are rising up to take the places of these poets of the people on both sides of the sea? It is a strange but not a singular fact that they have no successors by natural descent. What great English poet was the son or daughter of a great poet? Great engineers, great lawyers, great statesmen, transmit their power to their children; but poetry seems to defy the laws of heredity. In other paths of mental activity the children of poets are often eminent, but not in the path by which their parents climbed to glory.

The biologists say that traits often skip a generation, appearing in the third and fourth, though wanting in the second. The commandment of the decalogue which threatens calamities upon "the third and fourth generation," says nothing about the second, is thus sometimes supposed to follow a physiological law. That notion is probably more curious than scientific. But even on this theory poetical genius does not appear to be hereditary. A glance over a chronological list of English poets shows that the great names do not reappear. Neither Chaucer, nor Spenser, nor Ben Jonson, nor Shakspeare, nor Milton, nor Dryden, nor Pope, nor Wordsworth, nor Scott, nor Byron, nor Shelley left any near progeny who have been distinguished as poets. Mental power can be transmitted, but poetical genius seems to be an individual possession, not subject to physiological laws.

But not only is it true that the sons of the poets do

\* It should be stated that this paper was written before the publication of Mr. Stedman's essay in the September CENTURY, on "The Twilight of the Poets."—EDITOR.



not take the places of their fathers; it is much to be feared that few successors are arising to them from any other source. In England who are the coming poets? William Morris and Swinburne and Robert Buchanan and Matthew Arnold—these are names somewhat noted, but which of them holds any such rank, or has won any such fame as Tennyson and the Brownings had won, and were holding, twenty-five years ago? In our own country it is not best to particularize; sweet and inspiring singers are among us; of the tuneful women, especially, there are not a few; but the fact remains that the places of our elder bards are not likely to be filled when they have passed away. The younger poets of this generation have gained no very strong hold on the multitude of their contemporaries. There is not one of them whose name is now known as Longfellow's or Bryant's name was known in a past generation; not one of them who is, in any large sense of the word, the poet of the people.

Is this because the present generation is less hospitable than the past generation to this high art? Something of this, no doubt. The arts of design and decoration, the arts that deal with things rather than with words, are occupying the thoughts of our contemporaries, to the exclusion of the finer art of rhythmic speech. Whether this change in the direction of the artistic motive is sufficient to account for the decadence of poetry may, however, be doubted.

It was sixty-four years ago that Mr. Bryant read his Phi Beta Kappa poem on "The Ages" at Harvard Commencement, and one of the seniors who listened to the poem was Ralph Waldo Emerson; it was fifty-four years ago that Mr. Whittier's "Legends of New England" was published; forty-six years ago that Longfellow's "Voices of the Night" appeared; forty-four years ago that Lowell's "A Year's Life" first saw the light. The times of which these poems were the product were different times from ours. They were times in which certain great questions of human welfare began to be hotly discussed. At the time when Bryant's first considerable poem appeared, a movement in church and in state was beginning to gain some headway, into which a large number of young men threw themselves with all the ardor of their nature. It is not necessary to describe all the phases of this revolution; it may be shortly characterized as the uprising of the sentiment of justice against certain long-cherished political and theological ideas. It was an ethical revolution; its strength was in its appeal to the hatred of wrong, to the love of equity and fair play. So far as the statement applies to the anti-slavery reform, it needs no argument; but it is equally true of the theological reforms simultaneously urged in various quarters. When Dr. William E. Channing wrote his critique on "Calvinism" in 1820, and when Dr. Nathaniel W. Taylor preached his *Concio ad Clerum* in 1828, the two men were far enough apart in their theology, no doubt; but the plea of both was a plea for justice against injustice; for equity against absolutism. They agreed in declaring that God had been represented to men as a tyrant, in protesting indignantly against this representation; and in insisting that the Judge of all the earth would do right. The root out of which the new theology grew was an ethical conviction; and this was true of it in all its varying phases. Whether this protest against the old theology

was justified by the facts or not is a question into which we do not enter; it is enough to say that the men who made it believed it to be just; that the impulse that led them on was a passionate love of righteousness. Certain philosophical notions became entangled in this debate, and it was round these, at length, that much of the battle raged; but it still remains true that the theological revolutions of fifty years ago had their source in a revolt of the moral sense of men against what was believed to be immoral in certain theological dogmas.

It was this battle against injustice, organized into the institutions of the state and framed, as some thought, into the creeds of the church, that was raging when these great poets of ours began to find their voices. It is not necessary to tell on which side of this battle they enlisted. From their earliest years all of them were witnesses for righteousness. They are all endowed with vision, music, sense of beauty; they know how, as Mr. Austin has lately said, to transfigure life; but the fire by which all their gifts were kindled was the love of righteousness. Vassals they gladly owned themselves, not first of beauty, but of all highest Truth; and they hastened, in words of one of them, to

"Lay on her altar all the gushings tender,  
The hope, the fire, the loving faith of youth."

The poet, as the same voice in the same old bears record, is one

"Who feels that God and heaven's great deeps are nearer  
Him to whose heart his fellow-man is nigh;  
Who doth not hold his own soul's freedom dearer  
Than that of all his brethren, low or high;  
Who to the Right can feel himself the truer  
For being gently patient with the wrong;  
Who sees a brother in the evil-doer,  
And finds in Love the heart's-blood of his song."

Such was the inspiration of our greatest poets; such the passion that mastered them; it is not possible to conceive of any of them as existing without this enthusiasm of humanity, this genius of righteousness.

Their brethren on the other side have been of the same mind. In the last great singers of the English tongue the ethical temper and the Christian spirit have found full and masterful utterance.

Unhappily no such strenuous strife for moral values enlists the energies of our contemporaries. The particular causes to which we have referred no longer call for championship; slavery is dead and the protest against absolutism in theology has done its work,—overdone it, no doubt; for while no one now believes that God is a tyrant, there be many who seem to doubt whether he has any authority at all. The "advanced thought" of fifty years ago found expression in the doctrines of the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of men; what is regarded as the advanced thought of to-day finds expression in the dismal negations of a materialistic pessimism. The poetry that exhales from this abyss is of a clammy and spectral sort; the breath of life is not in it.

It is plain that the conditions are not favorable at present for the production of great poetry. A stronger faith in spiritual realities and a broader and more genuine humanity are needed for the nourishing of high poetic inspirations. There are some signs of a resurrection of faith, and there are great questions of human rights yet to be settled, not, there is reason to fear, with-



out the confused noise of the warrior and garments rolled in blood. The Christian law has been roughly applied to the distribution of political power; it is yet to be much more fully applied to the distribution of property. Before that thought and that fact are wedded, there is likely to be "a bridal dawn of thunder-peals," and the bard will not be wanting to sing the nuptial song.

*Washington Gladden.*

#### Wanted — a Universal Tinker.

IN some of our cities the introduction of the French eight-day clock created a new occupation — that of general clock-winder. Householders found that their clocks required a good deal of setting, and regulating, and encouraging, and scolding, and winding; so a score of them would club together and hire a man to call around once a week and do all of these things. This made the French clock enduring, and life went smoothly on again.

Good modern houses are now so elaborate, that what we sorely need is an expansion of the clock-winder idea; that is to say, there is room for a new occupation — that of Universal Tinker. Nearly every day in the year, in a large dwelling-house, you will find a mechanic of some sort at work. To-day a slater is renewing a slate on the roof; to-morrow a plumber will be renewing a washer in a bath-tub; yesterday a joiner was adding a shelf in the china closet. These men must be paid one or two dollars apiece for service worth from ten to fifty cents. The Universal Tinker — under a regular salary of three dollars a month, paid to him by each of forty or fifty householders along a street or in a neighborhood — would have done the three jobs in an hour, and the expense to you would be nothing but his trifle of wages and the trifle of material he would use.

At first the Universal Tinker would be pretty busy — until he got your house in ship-shape everywhere; after that he would become largely a *preventer* of mischief, by watching for it and checking it before it got a fair start; and so, as a rule, ten minutes a day would be all the time he would need to spend there. And what rest and peace he would give you after all these years of fretting and harassment!

The coming benefactor — the Universal Tinker — will do such things as these for you, to-wit:

Put in window-panes.

Mend gas-leaks.

Keep the waste-pipe and other water-pipe joints tight.

Make periodical search for sewer-gas and head it off, instead of waiting for an unaccountable death in the family to suggest possible sewer-gas and an examination.

Watch the zinc and things in the electric bell batteries, and renew them; add water before the water gets out; reënforce the strength of the sal ammoniac while it yet has some strength to reënforce.

Find out why a certain door or a certain window won't go on the burglar alarm, and apply the remedy.

Find out why the alarm clock persists in taking the alarm off the house in the night and in putting it on in the daytime, and cure the defect.

Keep all the clocks in the house in repair, properly set, and going.

Mend roof-leaks, with slates, tin, or shingles.

Glue the children's broken toys, especially those costly French dolls whose heads are always coming off, and whose parts have to be sent all the way to New York to be fixed together again.

Paint newly inserted joints of tin eaves-pipes the color of the rest of the pipe. The tinner never does that, but leaves a three-minute two-dollar job for the painter.

Glue and otherwise repair the havoc done upon furniture and carved wood by the furnace heat.

Keep the cats out of the cold-air boxes, and put wire netting over the box-ends.

Pack water-pipes in sawdust, where the thoughtful plumber has left them a chance to freeze.

Silence the skreaking door-hinges with soap or oil.

Jack-plane the edges of doors that won't shut.

Reset door-lock sockets which have become too high up or too low down by the settling of the house-walls.

Supply lost door-keys.

Fix the window-catches so they will catch.

Correct obstinate sashes that refuse to slide up and down.

Readjust window-ropes that have gotten out of the pulleys and won't work.

Put up a shelf here and there where it is wanted.

Repair the crumbling chimney-tops from year to year.

Dig up and repair the earthenware drains now and then.

From time to time unchoke the pipes that drain the roof.

Level the billiard table and tighten the screws.

Put a dab of paint or putty or something here and there where needed.

Any bright, handy fellow can learn to do all of these things in a little while. The writer knows a householder who does them all, and is entirely self-taught. The Universal Tinker could earn eighteen hundred dollars a year, be idle an hour or two a day, and save you five hundred dollars a year at an expense not worth mentioning.

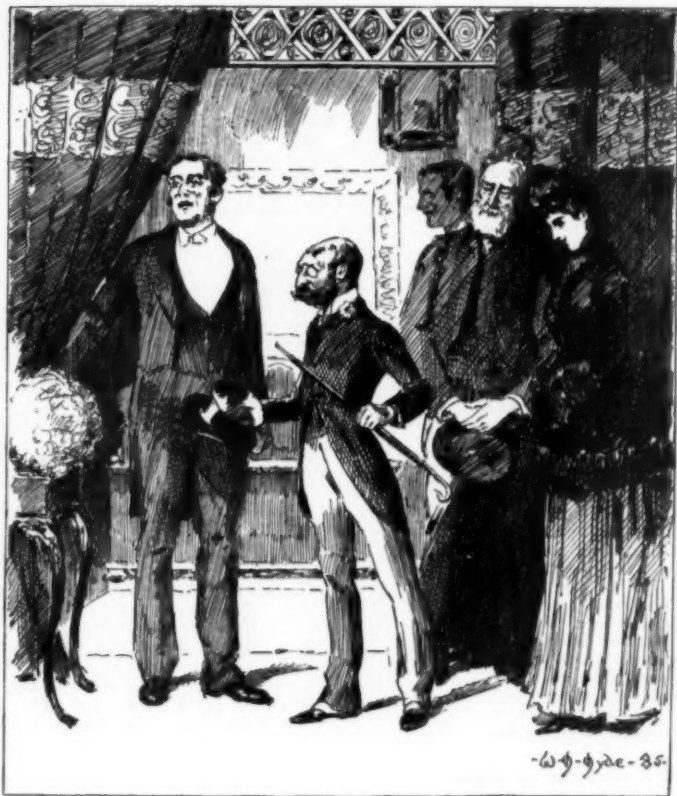
*X. Y. Z.*



"There  
Folk-song

\*There

# BRIC-À-BRAC.



AMERICAN ARISTOCRACY.

Footman (announcing): "Mister Stuyvesant Van Rennselaer Schermerhorn-Binks."

## IN THE LIBRARY.\*

### The Sultan of My Books.

"There is many a true word spoken in doggerel."—*Cock Folk-song.*

COME hither, my Wither,  
My Suckling, my Dryden!  
My Hudibras, hither!  
My Heinsius from Leyden!  
Dear play-books in quarto,  
Fat tomes in brown leather,  
Stray never too far to  
Come back here together!

Books writ on occult and  
Heretical letters,  
I, I am the Sultan  
Of you and your betters.  
I need you all round me;  
When wits have grown muddy,  
My best hours have found me  
With you in my study.

I've varied departments  
To give my books shelter;  
Shelves, open apartments  
For tomes helter-skelter;

There are artisans' flats, fit  
For common editions,—  
I find them, as that's fit,  
Good wholesome positions.

But books that I cherish  
Live under glass cases;  
In the waste lest they perish  
I build them oases;  
Where gas cannot find them,  
Where worms cannot grapple,  
Those panes hold behind them  
My eye and its apple.

And here you see flirting  
Fine folks of distinction:  
Unique books just skirting  
The verge of extinction;  
Old texts with one error  
And long notes upon it;  
The "Magistrates' Mirror"  
(With Nottingham's sonnet);

Tooled Russias to gaze on,  
Moroccos to fondle,

\*These original poems are taken by permission from "Ballads of Books," a volume to be edited by Mr. Brander Matthews.

My Denham, in blazon,  
My vellum-backed Vondel,  
My Marvell,—a copy  
Was never seen taller,—  
My Jones's "Love's Poppy,"  
My dear little Waller;

My Sandys, a real jewel!  
My exquisite "Adamo!"  
My Dean Donne's "Death's Duel!"  
My Behn (naughty madam O!);  
Ephelia's! Orinda's!  
Ma'am Pix and Ma'am Barker! —  
The rhymsters you find, as  
The morals grow darker!

I never upbraid these  
Old periwigged sinners,  
Their songs and light ladies,  
Their dances and dinners;  
My book-shelf's a haven  
From storms puritanic,—  
We sure may be gay when  
Of death we've no panic!

My parlor is little,  
And poor are its treasures;  
All pleasures are brittle,  
And so are my pleasures;  
But, though I shall never  
Be Beckford or Locker,  
While fate does not sever  
The door from the knocker,

No book shall tap vainly  
At latch or at lattice  
(If costumed urbanely,  
And worth our care, that is);  
My poets from slumber  
Shall rise in morocco,  
To shield the new comer  
From storm or sirocco.

I might prate thus for pages,  
The theme is so pleasant;  
But the gloom of the ages  
Lies on me at present;  
All business and fear to  
The cold world I banish.  
Hush! like the Ameer, to  
My harem I vanish!

*Edmund Gosse.*

#### De Libris.

TRUE — there are books and books. There's Gray,  
For instance, and there's Bacon;  
There's Longfellow, and Monstretlet,  
And also Colton's "Lacon,"  
With "Laws of Whist" and those of Libel,  
And Euclid, and the Mormon Bible.

And some are dear as friends, and some  
We keep because we need them;  
And some we ward from worm and thumb,  
And love too well to read them.  
My own are poor, and mostly new,  
But I've an Elzevir or two.

That as a gift is prized, the next  
For trouble in the finding;  
This Aldine for its early text,  
That Plantin for the binding;  
This sorry Herrick hides a flower,  
The record of one perfect hour.

But whether it be worth or looks  
We gently love or strongly,  
Such virtue doth reside in books  
We scarce can love them wrongly;  
To sages an eternal school,  
A hobby (harmless) to the fool.

Nor altogether fool is he  
Who orders, free from doubt,  
Those books which "no good library  
Should ever be without,"  
And blandly locks the well-glazed door  
On tomes that issue never more.

Less may we scorn his cases grand,  
Where safely, surely linger  
Fair virgin fields of type, unscanned  
And innocent of finger.  
There rest, preserved from dust accurst,  
The first editions — and the worst.

And least of all should we that write  
With easy jest deride them,  
Who hope to leave when "lost to sight"  
The best of us inside them,  
Dear shrines! where many a scribbler's name  
Has lasted — longer than his fame.

*Cosmo Monkhouse.*

#### On the Fly-leaf of a Book of Old Plays.

AT Cato's-Head in Russell street  
These leaves she sat a-stitching;  
I fancy she was trim and neat,  
Blue-eyed and quite bewitching.

Before her, in the street below,  
All powder, ruffs, and laces,  
There strutted idle London beaux  
To ogle pretty faces;

While, filling many a Sedan chair  
With hoop and monstrous feather,  
In patch and powder London's fair  
Went trooping past together.

Swift, Addison, and Pope, mayhap  
They sauntered slowly past her,  
Or printer's boy, with gown and cap  
For Steele, went trotting faster.

For beau nor wit had she a look,  
Nor lord nor lady minding;  
She bent her head above this book,  
Attentive to her binding.

And one stray thread of golden hair,  
Caught on her nimble fingers,  
Was stitched within this volume, where  
Until to-day it lingers.

Past and forgotten, beaux and fair;  
Wigs, powder, all out-dated;  
A queer antique, the Sedan chair;  
Pope, stiff and antiquated.

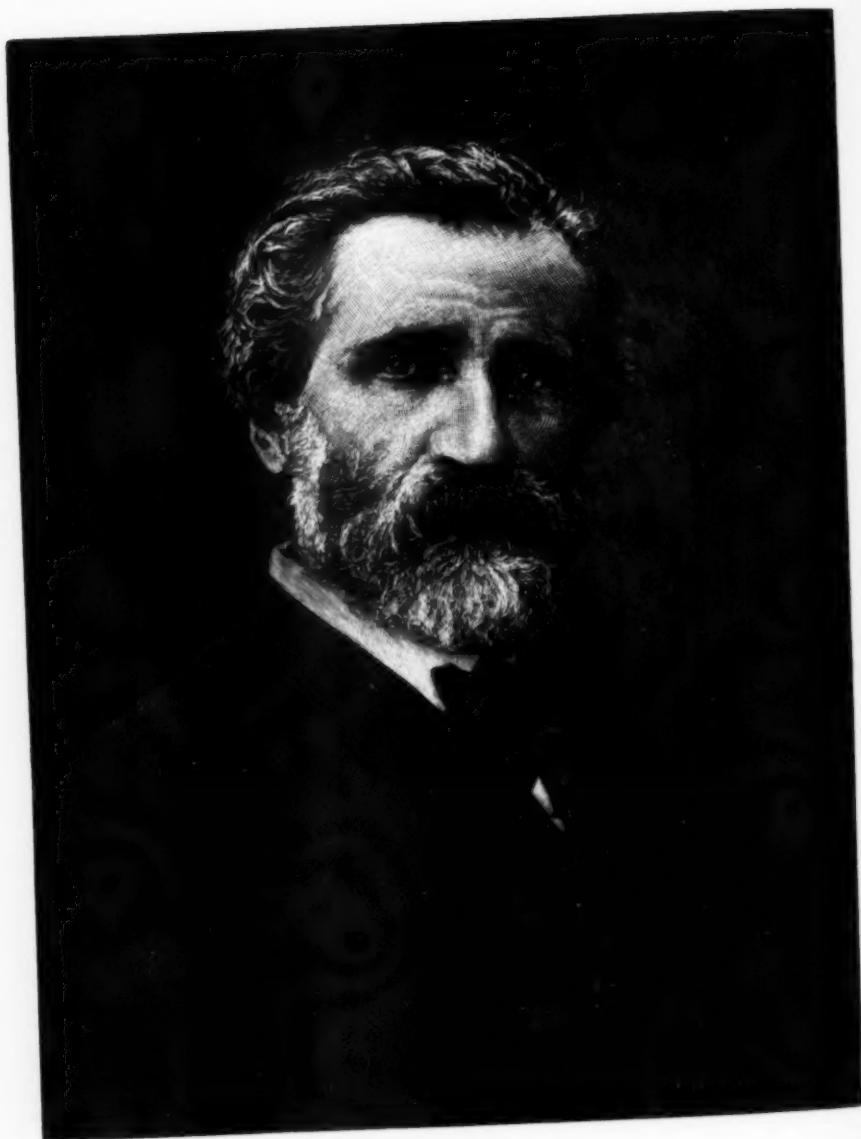
Yet as I turn these odd old plays,  
This single stray lock finding,  
I'm back in those forgotten days  
And watch her at her binding.

*Walter Learned.*

e  
muse.

e

and.



St. Ignace 236, 24, 1874  
*J. Verdy*

T

VOL.

IN a  
 na  
 The  
 make  
 ple.  
 the c  
 shop-  
 from  
 groce  
 he an  
 retrea  
 came  
 move  
 quent  
 on th  
 schoo  
 in th  
 may  
 heels  
 onou  
 An  
 Tehe  
 enjoin  
 his c  
 head  
 when  
 them  
 Persi  
 head  
 high  
 fore  
 seate  
 opera  
 rema  
 it is  
 herda  
 oran  
 this  
 furth  
 The